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JUNE
1917

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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

MURRAY SIMONSKI, Superintending Editor

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Vol. VII., No. 6 EDITORIAL *JUNE, 1917*

WHO MAKES MARRIAGE A SUCCESS?

A Big Editorial for the June Bride, and Others, to Ponder

THE June Bride comes! Sweet and calm and serene, looking out with unclouded eyes through the filmy folds of her veil—eyes in whose depths the light of happiness lies. And she is happy, this little June Bride, happy with boundless trust in the love that encircles her round, happy with unlimited faith in the roseate future stretching away before her daintily shod feet. She believes—as all lovers do, and should—that the love on which she builds her happiness is greater, deeper, better, holier, than the love of any other pair of lovers through all the æons that have gone before.

And she is beautiful, this little June Bride; her face is illumined with the glory of love—the very homeliest woman that ever was is beautiful when she loves, forgetting self.

She looks at the man beside her, and she sees him, not as he is; not as others see him and know him to be, but as she has clothed him in the robes of idealized love; and he, knowing something of the heights on which she has placed him, is humbled to the dust at her feet, and—if he be a real man—resolves with all the manhood in him to prove worthy of her trust and love—to be worthy of the little June Bride.

This is the beginning; the fairy tales used to count it the end—"and they lived happily ever after." "Lived happily ever after!"—*that* summed up all the long years that came after, all the trouble and the sorrow, all the gladness and the joy, all the growing nearer together or the widening of the gulf between, all the spring and the summer, all the autumn and the winter of life—"they lived happily ever after!"

The little June Bride does not marry expecting to be other than happy; yet sometimes she is. And then, with wide, startled eyes, she looks around and sees many one-time lovers who have forgotten the heights on which they once dwelt and who are now in the valley of despair, the street of indifference, or the mart of social dues. And wildly she clasps her hands and wildly she asks of a heaven of brass, "Why, oh, why must this be so?"

And from somewhere beyond that heaven of brass comes the answer, "Look to your foundation. How did you build?"

"I built on love," wails the little June Bride, turning her eyes to earth. And the brass of the heavens was riven as the lightning flashed and the rain descended.

"You built on love!" The lightning flashed asunder body and spirit, and the little June Bride cowered down to break the blow she knew must fall. "You built on love! What love?" Lower yet the little June Bride cowers. "I built on love, love of the earth, earthy, and my foundations were laid in sand—fleeting and unstable; and now—Ah, me! They are washed away."

"Build again!" comes the thunder; "and look to your foundation! All is not lost. Build again!"

And a gleam of the sunshine of Hope falls athwart the little June Bride.

The Three-Thirds of Love

Most marriages are determined by the law of attraction, but, unfortunately, the law of attraction is threefold—physical, mental, spiritual. Usually the physical attraction comes first, and then we may "fall in love at first sight." Most persons—again unfortunately—think this is love. It is not. It is only one-third of love. But many, many marriages are founded on this one-third of love, and the result is disastrous. It seldom lasts; and since the hold is purely physical, it is not long before the man or woman—or both—longs to be free.

Mental attraction may come first, but usually it follows the physical; it occurs only when the persons have had sufficient time and intercourse to become acquainted with and interested in each other's tastes, inclinations, pursuits, likes, and dislikes. A happy marriage may be built on these two-thirds of love, since companionship is possible because congeniality is assured.

Spiritual attraction is the highest form of attraction and is necessary to the ideal marriage. It develops the highest nature and gives each an understanding of the other that is not possible with only the first two-thirds of love.

Given the three-thirds of love, the two are properly mated; they respect each other's individuality and give each other absolute freedom, free from jealousy, suspicion, deceit, untruth. They give each other happiness, knowing that to receive happiness we must first give it to others. They give of their own richness of character, of mind, withholding nothing of self; and they enjoy to the full that companionship of mind and soul, that rounding out of deficiencies which is very near to perfection, to the completeness that every soul craves.

Building for Life

The man or woman who plans to build a house looks well to the foundation, knowing that only with a good foundation can stability and permanence be secured. To the builder the foundation is of more importance than the superstructure—given a good foundation, he can build anything; given a poor foundation, he can build nothing. Character is the foundation of all happiness in marriage. If the man be honourable, he is building his happiness on sand if he marry a girl who considers only the end she wishes to achieve, caring nothing for the means by which she accomplishes that end. The girl who scorns a lie is building on sand if she weds a man who handles the truth carelessly.

But to live daily with any one exactly like one's self would be insipid and stupid in the extreme; therefore there should be difference of disposition. If the man have a sullen temper and sulks, this evil spirit must be met and conquered by the woman's bright, sunny disposition; if she be quick tempered and unreasonable, he must be slow to anger and of good judgment.

No one person is perfect, nor even well rounded out. The nearer we can come to perfection, which is completeness, the happier we are. We all lack, and we unconsciously seek in the other those things which will round out our angles, fill in our deficiencies, and make for a more perfect and complete whole. The girl with a mercurial disposition needs the man of steady reliability; he may be slow, but he is always there, a sure refuge. The man who is not happy, except he have a half-dozen irons in the fire, and who is always ready to try something new, needs to come home to a calm, serene woman—she may even be stolid—but she gives him the sense of stability that he lacks. Each balances the other.

The Ideal of Love

The complete fullness of love is never attained. The heights on which we would dwell are never gained. Love is not a condition, but a growth; and if that growth be stopped, decay sets in. Love lives by giving and by growing; on the second of time that love ceases to give, love ceases to grow; there is no standing still in the Kingdom of Love; there must be a growth or a decay. The roses in the little June Bride's bouquet are beautiful as they grow, but once they cease to give out beauty, they cease to grow, and become of no value, unless, maybe, to the June Bride herself—and she lays them away as memories of a dead past.

But the analogy is incomplete. Roses must reach their height of beauty, and then fade; but love never fades if it go on growing—and it may grow forever. Herein is love, great so great that naught else even approaches it. Herein love lives alone. Love is of the immortelles.

The ideal marriage is that of the ideal man and woman. This does not mean that they must be perfect, physically, mentally, spiritually; but it *does* mean that they must be ideally suited to each other. It is seldom that we meet any one who exactly "fits in" to our needs and wants, who never "jars" us, and who never fails in understanding and sympathy. No two persons begin life with the same heritage; no two persons have the same environment for the formation of character; no two persons have the same education; no two persons live under the same conditions of life. This is true even of those born of the same parents and brought up together; true of those who attend the same school and learn the same lessons; true of those born in the same station of life and within the same environment. The thing that is you—the soul—gives a different bent to your character and colours your life differently to mine. We call it individuality, and it marks you as you, and sets me apart from all others.

Individuality is made up of character and disposition; and in the ideal marriage the characters should be similar, but the dispositions different.

Character is the fundamental principles—the foundations; disposition is the manner and method of applying those principles. Character is made up of honour, truth, uprightness, honesty, refinement, in a greater or lesser degree; sometimes these are negative instead of positive, and then the character is dishonourable, untruthful, dishonest, coarse.

Ideals and Common-sense

Common-sense must save our ideals. The little June Bride saw her bridegroom, not as he was, but as she had idealized him. That was well. So she should. But it takes common-sense to hold to our ideals when Jack keeps breakfast waiting or the toast is burned. Idealized love does not "hold hands" when he comes in at night too tired to notice that we look just as sweet as ever we did in the days before we were won. And if Jack happen to fall asleep from sheer weariness, in his chair, over the paper, and if his mouth should fall open—what? It wouldn't? Well, wait and see!

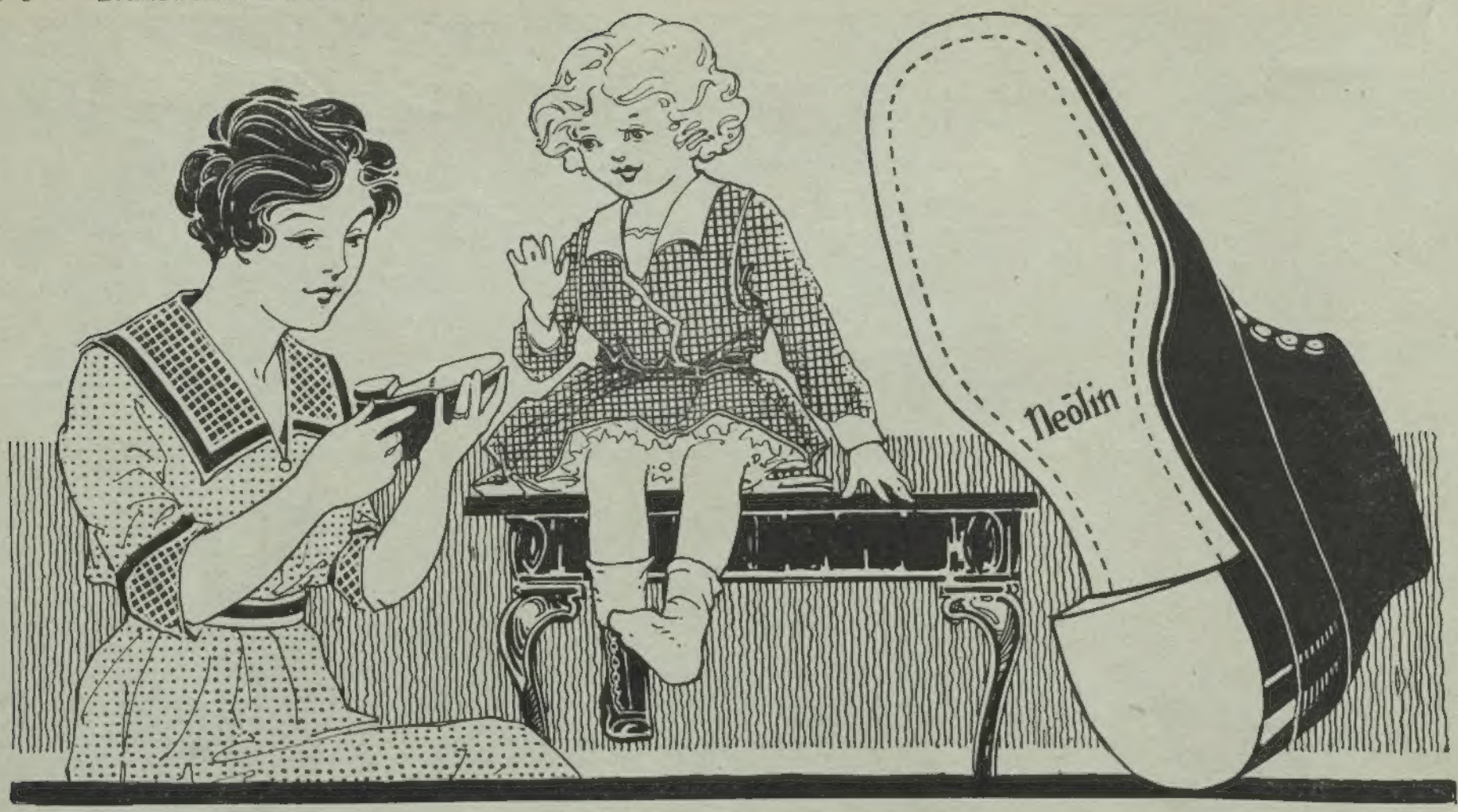
When the day of disillusion comes—which is only another way of saying that the first glamour of love has worn off—and we get down to hard facts, then it is that common-sense is needed. Nothing else can save. We did not marry for the wedding-day, or for the honeymoon, but for life. But if we have looked well to our foundation, we need have no fear. The adjustment that always comes—it may be in a week or a year—is not of love, but only of conditions. Love is there the same as ever, but conditions have changed; and we must adjust ourselves to these conditions. Now, instead of the homage of candy and flowers, we have a community of interests, something that concerns us and not just me.

This is where the basis of companionship should be laid—the companionship that makes beautiful the commonest details of life, the small experience of every day. Nothing can be sordid or commonplace when love is there. If we have married with the three-thirds of love, companionship is easy. Then our aims, our tastes, are identical, although our opinions are not. We may differ as to the decoration of a room, the way we like our steak done, or our favourite colour, and still be happy. But if we differ on matters of manners and conduct, then it is difficult for love to conquer.

Most men grow. Many women do not. They become absorbed in their children and in the house. They forget that a man needs companionship, and that if he does not get it at home he will usually go outside for it. But the woman does not mind. She has the children. Then one day the children are grown up and want to live their own lives. Presently they go out into the world and have homes of their own, and the woman is left disconsolate. She turns then to her husband. But years ago he carried his interests elsewhere, and habits are strong. Besides, he grew and developed; she did not. With the children gone, she is exactly where she was thirty years ago, except that she is a better housekeeper and knows almost all there is to know about children. But he is not interested in housekeeping or children; she gave him no interest in the one and monopolized the other years ago; and she despairs of learning anything of those things which occupy him now. But she will, if she be wise. If she does not, it means a lonely old age for her. Unless——

But it's a far cry from the little June Bride to her grandchildren!

Kathleen E. Kinsey.



Women are Saving Shoes and Saving Health with Modern Neōlin Shoes

Women are searching for ways to save. They are making thrift a slogan and a business.

Thousands and thousands of women are saving on shoe bills. And saving on doctor bills. And saving in work and worry. By virtue of Neōlin.

Neōlin is the new-idea shoe sole with modern sole qualities.

It meets modern standards of long, lasting wear.

It meets modern views of health with waterproofness and flexibility and lightness. It takes you foot-dry over wet pavements. It relaxes and relieves tired foot-muscles.

"I wear Neōlin for its modern style." "My children pound and play, but Neōlin lasts and lasts—and makes no noise." "My beautiful floors and furniture are never scratched by shoe soles since Neōlin came." "My shoes just last and last, and the uppers hold their style longer—because of Neōlin." "No more wet feet—Neōlin."

Modern people everywhere—young and old—are talking thus.

Say "Neōlin" to your shoe dealer. He, or a more progressive dealer has shoes for you, for the men-folk, and for the kiddies, with soles of Neōlin.

Your shoe repairer can put Neōlin soles on your present shoes.

Neōlin has been a great success. Because of distinct superiorities, it is replacing leather for shoe soles. Neōlin's appearance can be imitated. But Neōlin's qualities are the result of methods and materials known only to us.

Now there *are* other soles that *look* like Neōlin. But there is only *one* Neōlin—and every pair of soles is branded with the trademark below.

To be sure of the genuine Neōlin—*mark* that mark, stamp it on your memory. Ask for Neōlin, with the accent on the "O"—Neōlin—the trade symbol for a quality product of—

The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. of Canada
Limited

Neōlin

CHARMING GIRLS MORE THAN EIGHTY YEARS YOUNG

The Belles of Half a Century Ago

Queen Mary complimented Mrs. Smith on the excellence of her knitting.

HALF a century ago, Miss Margaret Critchlow and her seven sisters were the acknowledged belles of Bridgetown, Barbadoes. They were accomplished swimmers, performing many a quadrille in the ocean. When Margaret married Mr. Alexander Smith, it was to go to a farm near Fergus, Ont., where they took up pioneer life with all the vigour and vim of youth.

Many years later, Mr. Smith was made manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce in Napanee, and it was to their home in Napanee that the body of Lord Cecil was taken after his tragic drowning in the Bay of Quinte. He was buried in the Smith's family plot.

Mrs. Smith has knitted many pairs of socks for the soldiers and sent one especially fine pair through the United Empire Loyalist Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire to Queen Mary, from whom a gracious letter of thanks was received, complimenting Mrs. Smith on the excellence of her work. She is in her ninety-first year.

AT eighty-four Mrs. Thomas Scott, of Woodstock, is amazingly active in mind and body; she is never so happy as when tending her beautiful flowers. She devours the contents of the morning papers with her early cup of tea and is then prepared to discuss vivaciously the topics of the day—and those of a long gone by yesterday. She frequently takes jaunts to the Capital to shop and for a refreshing change; but after a few days in town, she grows restless, and cannot stifle an obvious longing for her garden. In the winter, her home is made cheery not only by her presence, but by blossoms which grow for her when they would die for any one else. Her intense love for her flowers is the secret of her success. She was Miss Helen Eakins, of Oxford County, and boasts of her United Empire Loyalist connections. Mrs. Scott comes of a long lived family, her mother attaining the interesting age of ninety-nine, and from present indications she is quite likely to reach the same age. Mrs. Scott's interest in the War is very keen.

Flowers grow for Mrs. Scott because she tends them with love.

At eighty-four, Mrs. Roome won a prize in a knitting competition.

NEARLY all of Mrs. Roome's waking hours, and many of those when she should be sleeping, are spent in knitting socks for the boys at the Front. Ever since the War began, this dear old lady of eighty-four has given every possible moment of her time to patriotic activities, first in Toronto, and now in North Bay, where she lives with her daughter. It is not an unusual thing for some member of the household to find Mrs. Roome at daylight busily knitting that more socks may be completed in order that the next consignment of the Red Cross may be richer by her generous donations. Her work has inspired many younger women of North Bay to learn to knit and to be proud of the accomplishment. Recently a knitting contest was held, and Mrs. Roome won the prize, though the competitors were women whose youth might have counted a more potent factor, had not skill entered into the game in a sporting way and long practice won out.

MRS. AUGUSTUS KEEFER, of Ottawa, turns back, with a still lovely hand, the pages of history and takes us to Bytown days when she came to the Capital a bride. No seat of Government then! No paved streets and apartment houses! Snipe shooting took place on Queen Street. A cemetery occupied the site which is now our principal thoroughfare. Foodpads, called "Shiners," frequently waylaid those travellers who made their way from Upper to Lower Town, or vice versa.

She talks humorously of the day when no railroad connected Ottawa with the outside world. Speaking of railroads reminded Mrs. Keefer of the courtesy of the Grand Trunk officials when they obligingly stopped the train for her to alight at her father's farm, instead of carrying her some seven miles farther on. Once she was told, apologetically, that the train could not stop for her convenience as usual. "What shall I do?" she asked. "Allow us to take you on a hand car," replied the official. And she did.

The railways used to stop the train for Mrs. Keefer in Bytown days.

Mrs. Moffatt has knit sixty-three pairs of socks, and is still at it.

ON the 25th of May of this year, Mrs. Sophia Moffatt will be ninety-five years young. She is one of the earliest pioneers of Wentworth County, Ont., her family being either the first or second to locate on the mountain above the city of Hamilton. In her girlhood King Street was the thoroughfare of a village, and the famous Boulevard now skirting the edge of the hill was a cow-path, along which she often brought her father's cattle from their bush pasturage.

Her friends say that her longevity is due largely to her indomitable spirit, and her doctor friend attributes her wonderfully preserved body, steady nerves, and sound heart, to the fact that she has taken practically no medicine in her life!

Since war broke out, Mrs. Moffatt's time has been devoted to the knitting of socks for the soldiers and the piecing of quilts for the stricken ones in the war zone. The socks to date number 63 pairs.

HERE is the mother of the Roberts Clan; of Charles G. D., of Theodore, of Mrs. Macdonald, and grandmother to other famous writers. The Roberts Clan might almost be said to have been born with a pen in its mouth! Mrs. George Goodridge Roberts is "Granny" to all those who know her, and she is "Granny" to many who only know those who know her. Her reminiscences of New Brunswick in the days of long ago are thrillingly interesting, but even more so are her personal reminiscences of the "boys," Charles and Theodore, whose military achievements of to-day are scarcely more dear to her than the successes of their earlier years. Mrs. Roberts recently had a birthday and was by long odds the "life of the party." She is as bright as sunshine, and as keen as the proverbial two bladed knife. She takes an absorbing interest in all that is good about her, from the great-grandchild's newest toy to the complications of the London War Office or the Russian situation.

Mrs. Roberts is the mother of the Roberts Clan, of literary fame.

Early rising is responsible for her longevity, Mrs. Anderson says.

JUST ninety-one years young will Mrs. William Anderson be this coming August. She is one of a family of nine children, all of whom she has survived, except one sister, who is now eighty. She clings to the old-fashioned habit of rising early and is often up and out before six o'clock in the summer. She walks as erect as any young person and is as careful of her appearance as a girl of twenty. She boasts of having had but few illnesses and believes that work and activity tend to prolong life, and that they add to health and happiness. She is still active and looks as though she will see many more summers. Her memory is remarkable, and she relates with keen zest and remarkable accuracy of detail events which happened more than eighty years ago.

We want two-hundred-word articles and photos of "Women Who Are Not Affected By the High Cost of Living," and of "Women Undaunted By Physical Handicaps." For each article and photo accepted we shall pay $2.00.

EIGHTY-FIVE years young is Mrs. James Tibbitts, and she is brisk and alert long after her children show signs of fatigue. And she is so delightfully up-to-date. But still more delightful is she, when with a soft pink flush, she tells of the days when Fredericton was an Imperial Garrison town, for we happen to know that dashing young officers would ride in mad haste daily to pay court to the beautiful and popular Fannie Long, of Kingsclear, N.B. Miss Long was not captured by a pink coat and gold braid. She married a "forty-niner" and went to the gold fields of California for a few years. But home-sickness brought her back to the Maritime Province, and her home was thereafter in Fredericton. Mrs. Tibbitts' daughter is the wife of the Hon. J. D. Hazen.

An old-time belle of the Imperial Garrison at Fredericton is Mrs. Tibbitts.

The girl who wanted more color

The secret she learned is one you, too, can use to give your cheeks the lovely glow—the radiant complexion you have longed for.

THE girl to whom a pale, colorless complexion is really becoming is one in a thousand. The rest of us *must have* at least a touch of color—and if we are to possess *all* the charm of that radiant, velvety skin—one you love to touch—we must have the kind of color that "comes and goes."

Oily skin—shiny nose!
If this is your bugbear, make this Woodbury treatment a daily habit.

What is keeping most of us from having this charm?

It is a dull, sluggish skin that is keeping so many from having this charm. And just as long as you allow your skin to remain lifeless and inactive, this charm will be denied you.

To change this condition, your skin must be freed every day of the tiny dead particles so that the new skin will form as it should. Then, the pores must be cleansed, the blood brought to the surface and the small, muscular fibres stimulated.

You can do this by using regularly the following Woodbury treatment. It will keep the new skin, which is forming every day, so healthy and active that it cannot help taking on the radiant touch of color you want your complexion to have.

Begin tonight to get its benefits for your skin

Use this treatment once a day—preferably just before retiring. Lather your washcloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Then finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice* wrapped in a soft cloth. Always be particular to dry the skin well.

If your skin happens to be very thin and rather sensitive, substitute a dash of ice water for the application of the ice itself.

The first time you use this treatment you will begin to realize the change it is going to make in your skin. You will feel the difference at once.

Use the treatment persistently and before long your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness and freshness as well as the lovelier color which the daily use of this Woodbury treatment will bring.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get a cake today. It is for sale by dealers everywhere.

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast.

MADE IN CANADA

Send 4c now for book of famous skin treatments

One of the Woodbury treatments is suited to the needs of *your* skin. We have given just one of them on this page, but you can get them all, together with valuable facts about the skin and its needs, which few people know, in a miniature edition of the large Woodbury Book, "A Skin You Love to Touch." For 4c we will send you this miniature edition and a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of any of these famous skin treatments. For 10c we will send the miniature book and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Write today! Address

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2606 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario

Sallow—colorless!
Such a skin will yield to the effective treatment described here.

Send now for this miniature edition of the Woodbury Book on the skin and its needs.

The school at Cavendish. I envied the other children who were allowed to go barefoot, while I had to wear "buttoned boots."

THE ALPINE PATH

The Story of My Career

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Cape Leforce. The hole through which I could just thrust my hand. It widened so that it severed all connection with the mainland.

WHEN the Editor of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD asked me to write "The Story of My Career," I smiled with a little touch of incredulous amusement. My career? *Had* I a career? Was not—should not—a "career" be something splendid, wonderful, spectacular at the very least, something varied and exciting? Could my long, uphill struggle, through many quiet, uneventful years, be termed a "career"? It had never occurred to me to call it so; and, on first thought, it did not seem to me that there was much to be said about that same long, monotonous struggle. But it appeared to be a whim of the aforesaid editor that I should say what little there was to be said; and in those same long years I acquired the habit of accommodating myself to the whims of editors to such an inveterate degree that I have not yet been able to shake it off. So I shall cheerfully tell my tame story. If it does nothing else, it may serve to encourage some other toiler who is struggling along in the weary pathway I once followed to success.

Many years ago, when I was still a child, I clipped from a current magazine a bit of verse, entitled "To the Fringed Gentian," and pasted it on the corner of the little portfolio on which I wrote my letters and school essays. Every time I opened the portfolio I read one of those verses over; it was the key-note of my every aim and ambition:

"Then whisper, blossom, in thy sleep
How I may upward climb
The Alpine path, so hard, so steep,
That leads to heights sublime;
How I may reach that far-off goal
Of true and honoured fame,
And write upon its shining scroll
A woman's humble name."

It is indeed a "hard and steep" path; and if any word I can write will assist or encourage another pilgrim along that path, that word I gladly and willingly write.

I was born in the little village of Clifton, Prince Edward Island. "Old Prince Edward Island" is a good place in which to be born—a good place in which to spend a childhood. I can think of none better. We Prince Edward Islanders are a loyal race. In our secret soul we believe that there is no place like the little Province that gave us birth. We may suspect that it isn't *quite* perfect, any more than any other spot on this planet, but you will not catch us admitting it. And how furiously we hate any one who does say it! The only way to inveigle a Prince Edward Islander into saying anything in dispraise of his beloved Province is to praise it extravagantly to him. Then, in order to deprecate the wrath of the gods and veil decently his own bursting pride, he will, perhaps, be induced to state that it has one or two drawbacks—mere spots on the sun. But his hearer must not commit the unpardonable sin of agreeing with him!

Prince Edward Island, however, is really a beautiful Province—the most beautiful place in America, I believe. Elsewhere are more lavish landscapes and grander scenery; but for chaste, restful loveliness it is unsurpassed. "Compassed by the inviolate sea," it floats on the waves of the blue gulf, a green seclusion and "haunt of ancient peace."

Much of the beauty of the Island is due to the vivid colour contrasts—the rich red of the winding roads, the brilliant emerald of the uplands and meadows, the glowing sapphire of the encircling sea. It is the sea which makes Prince Edward Island in more senses than the geographical. You cannot get away from the sea down there. Save for a few places in the interior, it is ever visible somewhere, if only in a tiny blue gap between distant hills, or a turquoise gleam through the dark boughs of spruce fringing an estuary. Great is our love for it; it's tang gets into our blood; its siren call rings ever in our ears; and no matter where we wander in lands afar, the murmur of its waves ever summons us back in our dreams to the homeland. For few things am I more thankful than for the fact that I was born and bred beside that blue St. Lawrence Gulf.

And yet we cannot define the charm of Prince Edward Island in terms of land or sea. It is too elusive—too subtle. Sometimes I have thought it was the touch of austerity in an Island landscape that gives it its peculiar charm. And whence comes that austerity? Is it in the dark dappling of spruce and fir? Is it in the glimpses of sea and river? Is it in the bracing tang of the salt air? Or does it go deeper still, down to the very soul of the land? For lands have personalities just as well as human beings; and to know that personality you must live in the land and companion it, and draw sustenance of body and spirit from it; so only can you really know a land and be known of it.

My father was Hugh John Montgomery; my mother was Clara Woolner Macneill. So I come of Scotch ancestry, with a dash of English from several "grands" and "greats." There were many traditions and tales on both sides of the family, to which, as a child, I listened with delight while my elders talked them over around winter firesides. The romance of them was in my blood; I thrilled to the lure of adventure which had led my forefathers westward from the Old Land—a land which I always heard referred to as "Home," by men and women whose parents were Canadian born and bred.

HUGH Montgomery came to Canada from Scotland. He sailed on a vessel bound for Quebec; but the fates and a woman's will took a hand in the thing. His wife was desperately seasick all the way across the Atlantic—and a voyage over the Atlantic was no five days' run then. Off the north shore of Prince Edward Island, then a wild, wooded land, with settlements few and far between, the Captain hove-to in order to replenish his supply of water. He sent a boat ashore, and he told poor Mrs. Montgomery that she might go in it for a little change. Mrs. Montgomery did go in it; and when she felt that blessed dry land under her feet once more, she told her husband that she meant to stay there. Never again would she set foot in any vessel. Expostulation, entreaty, argument, all availed nothing. There the poor lady was resolved to stay, and there, perforce, her husband had to stay with her. So the Montgomerys came to Prince Edward Island.

Their son Donald, my great-grandfather, was the hero of another romance of those early days. I have used this tale in my book, "The Story Girl." The *Nancy* and *Betty Sherman* of the story told there were Nancy and Betsy Penman, daughters of a United Empire Loyalist who came from the States at the close of the war of Independence. George Penman had been a paymaster in the British Army; having forfeited all his property, he was very poor, but the beauty of the Penman girls, especially Nancy, was so great that they had no lack of suitors from far and near. The *Donald Fraser* of "The (*Continued on page 38.*)

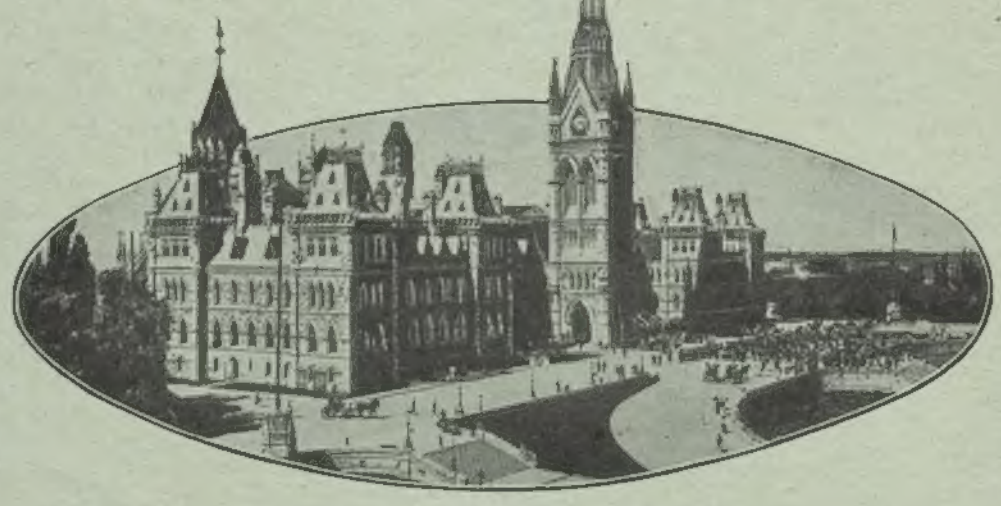
The house at Clifton where I was born. I think that Prince Edward Island is a good place in which to be born, and a good place in which to spend one's childhood.

As I looked at six years of age, when I started to go to school. We lived so near that I could not take my dinner as the others did. They put their milk bottles in the pools and nooks of the brook to keep cool—I had to go home for mine.

The old Presbyterian Church under whose roof I thought Heaven was, and that one could get to it through the little square hole in the ceiling. I planned to go up there some day.

NATIONAL SERVICE FOR THE WOMAN

A Page for the Canadian Woman Who Wants to Help the Empire Win The War



Edited by KATHLEEN K. BOWKER

Take the Tarnish off Your Citizenship

PUBLIC opinion is the crystalization of numbers of personal opinions. Your opinion counts. It is of vital importance that you "think right" on national subjects.

Next year—if not before—the vote will be in your hands—a weapon, or a lever. It may prove a boomerang, when the time to vote arrives, if you do not understand some of the matters that are at stake. Women should realize that, civically and nationally: their consciences need awakening; their minds need training that they may reason along new lines; their hearts need direction to make their actions, not merely well-meaning, but effective. This education should not be partisan, but on broad lines. A study should be made of existing laws, Dominion and Provincial, and of conditions.

The best sources of information are the Acts themselves. Books of the Statutes are to be found in all the larger libraries, and copies of individual Dominion Acts may be obtained free from The King's Printer, Ottawa; Provincial Acts from The King's Printer in the Capital of that province.

Simpler forms of the "Laws Relating to Women and Children" have been compiled by Henrietta Muir Edwards and published by the National Council of Women; these may be obtained (price twenty-five cents) from Mrs. McIvor, 205 Yonge Street, Toronto, and from Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, 78 Pleasant Boulevard, Toronto. "Rules of Order," which tells some things about Parliamentary Procedure, that every woman ought to know, will be supplied free, together with other interesting literature of a like nature, by Miss Lea, Literature Convener of the National Equal Franchise Union, 55 Woodlawn Ave. W., Toronto.

Data on existing conditions is more difficult to obtain; your newspapers, magazines, women's clubs, health department, municipal offices, and personal investigation, all help; while nearly every society will supply information on its own special subject.

Do not wait until election day. "*Do it now.*" "The vote is the hall-mark of our citizenship." Is *your* citizenship ready to be marked "sterling"?

Eat What You Can; and Can What You Can't

Last year the Women's Institutes managed a very successful Home Gardening and Canning Campaign, whose splendid results justified the enlargement of the scheme this year. Particulars may be had from the Superintendent of the Women's Institutes for Ontario, George Putnam, Esq., Parliament Buildings, Toronto. In these, women who are not Institute members will find much to help and interest them.

Bulletin No. 11, "Canning and Preserving," Department of Agriculture, Winnipeg, Manitoba, gives the whys and hows of the subject, with recipes and illustrations of utensils recommended. Bulletin No. 184, "The Uses of Vegetables, Fruits, and Honey," Department of Agriculture, Toronto, should be in the possession of every housekeeper before the month is out.

It tells her the secrets of keeping fresh fruits on her shelves all winter, of canning green vegetables from her own garden, so that she need never buy expensive canned goods; and proves "how sweet are the uses of adversity," when adversity introduces the use of sweet flower-flavoured honey. Appetizing recipes are also given. Write for them to-day.

"Be Prepared"

Every true mother is in sympathy with an organization which tries to make girls better housekeepers; more capable in womanly arts; helps them to become better mothers. The Girl Guide Movement aims to do this.

Women are stepping forward, facing an ever-widening horizon. They have need of loyalty, steadfastness, courage, and self-reliance. All these are embodied in the Law of the Girl Guides. The General Secretary, Miss Edith M. Mairs, 22 College Street, Toronto, will forward full particulars and instructions for forming a Company if you ask her.

For Wives and Mothers

The women of the Empire are faced by the grave problem of increasing the production of TIME! Even Daylight Saving cannot put more than twenty-four hours into the day.

And yet *your King and Country need you* to make gardens: pick and preserve fruit and vegetables: make munitions: replace men in a hundred ways.

You must still keep house, bear and rear children. You must do it with little help, as servants and day-workers grow fewer and farther between. Console yourself by remembering that you are freeing some able-bodied woman to give full time to National Service.

To help yourself, try: Beginning your day early, thus avoiding interruptions during work: doing "real cooking" twice a week: serving cold or quickly prepared meals at other times. "Back-yard picnics" save sweeping and dish-washing. Use maple-wood plates and paper napkins.

Put away all ornaments, extra brass, silver, china, unframed photos, etc. Also any rugs that are not absolutely necessary. Buy simple, ready-made (in Canada) clothes. Production is more vital than plaits. Avoid frills and starched clothes. Don't make your laundry a burden to yourself or to any one else. Concentrate on what you are doing, so that neither thought, time, nor strength is wasted.

"How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day," by Arnold Bennett. The Musson Book Co., Toronto, though written for business men, has some hints that may be useful to housewives.

The Busy Bee

Canada is a good country for the apiarist. There are ten thousand bee-keepers in Ontario alone. The honey-money of some of the specialists exceeds $2,500 a year, while others find it a useful auxiliary business or pleasurable pursuit. Bees are not valuable for their honey-making alone. They help to ensure the fruit crop, and are useful pollenisers of several farm and garden crops besides. The bee year may be said to commence in the autumn. But colonies complete in their hives may be obtained in May, and swarms in June or early July. Bees are kept at fourteen of the experimental farms. A visit to the one nearest you will be well worth while, if you intend to keep bees.

Bulletin No. 26, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, gives a store of useful information on the subject, and while necessarily condensed, will act as a guide-book to other sources of knowledge. It will tell you how to get in touch with your nearest Bee-Keepers' Association. Mr. Morley Pettitt, Provincial Apiarist, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, is Secretary-Treasurer of the Ontario Bee-Keepers' Association, the largest and oldest of these societies.

"The A.B.C. of Bee-Culture" (A. I. Root Co., Medina, Ohio, U.S.A., price $2.00) is an encyclopædia of practical bee-keeping. "The Life of the Bee," by Maurice Maeterlinck (translation published by Dodd, Mead, and Co., New York) has become a classic.

Prevention, Cure, Or ——?

If you bought a valuable motor car that could never be replaced, you would clean and oil it, after using, and keep it repaired.

Your own bodily machinery needs even more attention.

Take it to a humanity mechanic, your doctor, once a year at least. Have it overhauled. Take exercise—and exercises—to keep it in order. Don't be "medically unfit."

It is estimated that in the States every seventh person dies of tuberculosis. The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, 105 East 22nd Street, New York, is headquarters for the educational campaign to ensure the medical examination of all citizens. They publish some awakening literature on the subject. Some of it is free. A price list for the rest will be furnished on request.

Tuberculosis is not confined to New York. Canadian statistics are very high. Practically everybody breathes in tubercle bacilli at some time. If you are strong and healthy, you can kill them. If not, they can kill you! Rout them with proper food, sunlight, and fresh air. Co-operate with your doctor and your decency for a clean person and a clean house. Co-operate with your health officers for a clean community.

Believe in health, fresh air and in preventing tuberculosis. Agree—

To keep some windows open in my home, day and night, summer and winter.

To keep my body in good general condition by eating simple, wholesome food, and thus save myself from getting tuberculosis.

To take plenty of sleep and rest.

To avoid spitting on sidewalks or floors, because disease is spread by spitting.

To get all the fresh air and sunshine and outdoor life that I can.

To try to have the windows opened often in the place in which I work.

To take at least ten deep breaths twice a day outdoors.

To try to get my friends and relatives to join the fight against tuberculosis and to observe these rules.

The Object of This Page

THE tide of National Service is sweeping the Empire from the centre of its throbbing heart in London to its farthest bounds in the islands of the sea; and we, in this broad and wide, prosperous and resourceful Dominion are not behind in our wish to accomplish, in our desire to "do our bit."

Woman is serving the Empire well—in recruiting, in caring for the soldier, in giving of her best. But in these great works, which are most imperative, others equally important have been neglected.

The Government is now bringing these less imperative, but equally important, subjects before our notice, and in our National Service Page we shall, each month, give you practical information on definite ways and means by which you may "do your bit" and help to win the War.

The Government stands back of us with its accurate and reliable information, its pamphlets, publications, statistics—free for the asking—and its demands for your hearty co-operation.

Write for information on economic subjects to Kathleen K. Bowker, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto.

Have You Realized

That a temperature of seventy degrees of heat is enough to start incubation in fertilized eggs? And that the result is that from 4 to 6 per cent. of all eggs marketed are unfit for human food? That eggs exposed to excessive light, heat, or damp, deteriorate rapidly through evaporation and loss of flavour? That eggs should be kept in a cool, dry place, never near kerosene, onions, fish, etc., as they readily absorb odours? That eggs should never be washed, since, the shells being porous, more dirt will be rubbed in than wiped off. That to give buyer and seller a square deal, eggs should be sold by weight? That the present system of marketing eggs actually puts a premium on careless, dilatory methods? That, as the price of meat increases, the consumption of eggs will increase? That women can help to keep prices normal by refusing to buy from dealers who display eggs for sale in store windows, where they are subject to light, odours, and the direct rays of the sun?

The Dominion Live Stock Commissioner is making a special appeal, through the Press, for the conservation of eggs, as a proof of patriotism. Bulletins Nos. 16 and 208 give some startling and important facts about eggs. At least ninety per cent. of the egg buyers are women. The majority should win.

Be a Booster!

Are you proud of your town? Is it one with: Clean streets, well-lighted? A good water supply? A low death rate? Few flies? Plenty of back-yard gardens? Good government? Up-to-date schools, having school nurses and dentists in attendance? Well-equipped parks? Supervised playgrounds? Clean street cars? First class factories and restaurants? Good roads? Safe railroad crossings? An "Up-to-strength" battalion or Home Guard? Citizens who care about it?

Find out what assets your town has, or needs, and set about getting the latter. Your Town—or Township—Clerk can tell you, if he is the right man in the right place. If so, give him hearty support. If not, replace him. You can!

You have a right to attend Municipal meetings. Exercise it. Find out who manages your community, and how they do it. Visit your hospital and your schools. Your children go to the latter. You or some of your family might have to go to the former. You help to support both. Get a personal bird's eye view of how your money is being spent. Interest your citizens, outsiders, in the community. Visit newcomers, and give them a warm welcome. Show hospitality to visitors. Make your station an inviting gateway, and not a danger signal.

Don't forget the place you live in. Find the wrong things—and right them. Find the right things—and boost them. Use your voice and your vote.

Weeds and Seeds?

A war of prevention and preparedness in which every child can and should take part.

There are ten reasons, not all generally known, why the 37 different varieties of noxious weeds prevalent in this country should be destroyed. Teach your children to know these weeds, and how and why they should be rooted out.

Bulletin No. 188, Department of Agriculture, Ontario, will enable you to do so. Exhibition Circular, No. 45, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, and Circulars Nos. 31 and 32, Department of Agriculure, Manitoba, will teach you how to plant and cultivate for weed control. This is important, because two of the four ways of increasing production per acre are "prevention of injury by weeds, insects, and plant diseases," and "use of better seeds." Over forty million bushels of seed are required annually in Canada to produce our ordinary farm crops.

Canada has a Seed Growers' Association, and a seed control act. A man may be prosecuted for selling (registered) seed wheat that has more than one noxious weed seed per pound.

Teach your boys to be careful with the Wild Oats!

MISS VIRGINIA'S KIDD

How the "Kid" Was Exchanged

By EDITH G. BAYNE

MISS Virginia Grantley stared into the open suit case before her. It may have been partly the meretricious character of the contents which had caused her jaw to sag and a cry of almost horrified surprise to escape her. At any rate, instead of beholding her legitimate purchases of the afternoon, her bewildered gaze rested upon the following items: One pair of men's tan shoes, one black-and-white-checked cap, some soiled collars, a pair of cheap military brushes, a packet of playing cards, two empty "pop" bottles, a pink striped shirt, a paper-covered book with a questionable looking title, and several neckties of outspoken patterns.

A nice assortment of articles for a spinster lady of respectable habits and rather cultured tastes to be carrying about!

These things were all that were visible to the naked eye. Goodness only knew what lay beneath! Miss Virginia didn't know and didn't care. She snapped the offending suit case together and sank into the nearest chair.

Rapidly she reviewed the events of her return journey from the city. It was Saturday, and of course the streets and shops had been crowded, but she couldn't remember a moment when she had allowed her own suit case out of her sight. At just what point had the unfortunate exchange occurred? Her own property might easily have been the twin of this; it was just such another ordinary brown leather affair with no distinguishing marks of any kind.

Yet, looking more closely on the changeling she now detected a couple of foreign labels at one end. Miss Virginia took up her" house specks," adjusted them carefully, and proceeded to make deductions from the limited amount of circumstantial evidence at hand. But there was little to aid her, and when she had walked gingerly about the suit case three or four times, she returned to the home base, confessing herself completely baffled.

"I do believe I've lost my grip in more ways than one," she said aloud. "To think that I, at my age, and with all my experience in travelling—tut, tut, it's just *too* ridiculous!"

Then an idea struck her and a gleam of triumph lit her keen blue eyes.

"That man on the train coming home!" she exclaimed, jubilantly, "When I put my head out of the window at Leaside to talk to Cousin Anne Brownlow, the seat ahead became empty, and he took it. I remember being glad, because he smelt horribly of stale tobacco. My, I wish they'd run a Pullman on our line!"

She looked askance at the grip.

"Yes, he was just the sort of man who would wear clothes like that and—and play cards and read French plays and—all the rest of it!"

She remembered that he had been sandy-complexioned, was short of stature, had the end of one finger on his left hand missing, and wore a soft grey hat. Those four points would help.

And after a moment she had another clue.

With true feminine curiosity, she had taken a fresh peep into the grip, and there on the leather lining near the lock she found the owner's name and address in neat black letters that were so very small she could scarcely make them out. What Miss Virginia read was: "O. U. Kidd, Toronto."

Now Miss Virginia had always led such a lonely and blue-stocking sort of an existence that slang was a closed book to her. Then, too, she was worried over her loss. In nervous haste she hurried to the village depot and despatched to the three leading city dailies the following telegram for the Lost and Found columns:

"O. U. Kidd, Toronto, is urgently requested to communicate with Miss V. Grantley, Cloverdale."

FROM early spring until well along in the autumn Miss Virginia spent a great deal of her time out-of-doors tending her vegetables and flowers and vines.

She was in her garden one warm afternoon in the ensuing week picking lilacs to send to a sick friend, when she heard her gate click. She peered over a young locust hedge and saw, coming up her neat gravel path, an elderly man who looked like a retired farmer of some means.

"Hey!" he called out as he spied her blue sunbonnet. "Is this whar Miss V. Grantley lives?"

Miss Virginia assured him that such was the case and came around to the front of her grounds, a big sheaf of lilac blooms in one hand and her garden shears in the other.

"Your name is Kidd, of course?" she queried, rather doubtfully. "And you've come for your suit case?"

Perhaps it was the sandy-complexioned man's father come to retrieve the grip, she thought.

"Oh, sure," was the reply. "But let's go up an' set on the verandy a spell."

Poor old chap! No doubt he was tired, having come some distance! Miss Grantley made him comfortable in a deep willow chair and they chatted for a few moments on the weather, the crops, and kindred topics. The old man fanned himself with his hat.

"I'm retired," he told Miss Grantley, as he sized her up out of a pair of bold dark eyes that seemed to be the only feature of his face that had remained youthful. "Yep! My sons run the old place now an' I'm livin' by myself on a new farm. Got a hired man to do the work, an' I can take a purty good time now—only (he coughed), only of course I'm so durn lonesome. I got an ottymobilly. Do you like ridin' in them?"

"Not very," said Miss Virginia. "Of course, if I know the man at the wheel—"

"Say! You do look purty with them posies on your lap! I'm kinda glad you're not a gal. I thought as how mebbe you might be young an' giddy—"

MISS VIRGINIA rose suddenly. Two red spots burned in her cheeks.

"I'll go and get your suit case, Mr. Kidd," she said stiffly, and moved off.

"Say, now! Don't git huffy. I don't mean no harm."

"Where is *my* suit case? Did you leave it at the station?" she demanded suddenly, turning about.

"That man!" exclaimed Miss Virginia. "He was just the kind of man who would wear clothes like that and—and play cards and read French plays and—and—all the rest of it!"

"Say, looky here, miss—ma'am—"

"Answer me, please!"

"Wall, I declare to goodness!" and the visitor rose uneasily as Miss Virginia stamped her foot. "I don't know nothin' 'bout a *suit case*. I only answered your ad. 'Oh, You Kid,' is what it said—"

Miss Virginia stared, still uncomprehending.

"I've answered forty-three ads sence poor Maria died," the old man continued. "But yours sounded very promisin,' I must say you suit me fine, too. The others was mostly widders or silly gals—"

"I—I—I'll call my dog!" breathed Miss Virginia.

"Eh?"

"Here, Ponto, Ponto, Pon—"

But seizing his hat, the old gallant took the steps in two bounds and scuttled away, the lady watching him with a tense, inscrutable expression.

It is to be feared that Miss Virginia was not quite as angry as she should have been, for, as her strange visitor's back receded in the distance between the rows of budding maples, she smiled.

He had called her pretty! She went into her cool sitting room and made an excuse to herself to pass the mirror over the umbrella rack. After that, as she moved about her various duties, she neglected no mirrors whatsoever.

"Well, I'm not a fright, anyway," she murmured with considerable satisfaction, at last. "My hair has only a little grey in it, and it's thick and well cared for, and I've got a good colour. My figure, too—why only last week Lige Peter's boy, the new one in the store, seeing me at a distance, as he came up the walk, thought I was a young girl! Not that it matters, of course!"

At this point she sighed. Of lovers she had had none, absolutely n-o-n-e. Once, away back in the impressionable early twenties, she had seen a young man whom she perhaps could have—oh! Well, you never can tell! Maybe he drank or something. She sighed again, and that young man being still in her mind, she proceeded to recall the episode in which they had mutually figured. She had gone out on the river in a leaky punt one day, and about forty rods from shore the inevitable had happened. As she had been about to go down for the third time, some one with a bulldog grip had seized her and towed her to safety.

How handsome he had looked with his red hair all wet, as he had scolded her gently for having been so foolhardy! He must have been a true hero, the kind who deprecates publicity, for he had gone away without telling her his name.

A ring at Miss Virginia's door-bell! "Goodness! Who's that, I wonder?" she exclaimed to her dog,who lay at her feet. "At this time of night!" She hastened to answer it, and there stood a young man carrying a suit case—but alas, not *her* suit case, for this was yellow.

"I'm a travelling salesman," he announced at once, with an ingratiating smile on smooth-shaven face, and eyes that had a roving commission.

"I don't want anything to-day," returned Miss Grantley in decided tones.

THE light from her hall lamp revealed him to her but left her in part shadow that rendered her face and form indistinct.

"Aren't you going to invite me in? I've just got off my train, and I knew you'd welcome me, so I didn't go to a hotel. Are Mamma and Papa in, or have you sent 'em away for the evening?"

"Sir!" She thought she hadn't heard aright!

"What's that?" he asked, in surprise.

"Leave my house this instant!"

The young man's mouth fell open.

"Well, I like *that!*" he observed, ruefully. "Gee! Your name is Miss V. Grantley, isn't it?"

"It is. But—"

"Then, what's the matter? What is so urgent that you want to see me about? I'm the 'Oh, You Kid' boy, you know. That's what every one between Toronto and Halifax calls me. Here I am! Shoot!"

The last word must have given Miss Virginia an inspiration, for she turned quickly to the wall and pulled down an old muzzle-loader that her father had used in the Fenian Raid.

"Yes, I'll *shoot!*" she flung back. "I'm the best woman shot in the country. So, *one, two, three—*" At the one she had made a feint of cocking, at the "two" she had brought the gun to her shoulder, at the "three"—all that could be seen of the travelling salesman was a pair of heels rapidly diminuendoing away down the moonlit path.

"This is getting on my nerves," said Miss Virginia, as she double-locked all the doors. "I'm going to pack up in the morning and go for a visit to Cousin Anne Brownlow. This will teach me to be more careful in wording telegrams. It wouldn't have hurt me to use a few more words, anyway, for I can make Mr. Kidd (if there *is* such a person) pay for the expense I've been put to. Oh, dear! I—wish there was a man in the house to-night."

The next morning, very early, Miss Virginia set about packing her old black club-bag, preparatory to a visit to her cousin. She had finished by eight o'clock and was on the point of taking her dog to a neighbour's (who usually boarded him whenever his owner was away for very long) when she heard her gate click. Peeping under one of the front window blinds, she (*Continued on page 32*).

WILL MY DAUGHTER BE A GREAT SINGER?

By ARTHUR B. FARMER

Head of the Psychological Clinic, Memorial Institute, Toronto

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Louise Edvina: Intensity of thought, feeling, and expression, with rapidity of movement; ability to feel and express all the more serious emotions.

Margaret George: At her best in songs of sentiment; note the full lips and chin. Strong religious feelings; very ambitious.

Madame Albani: Note strength and balance of features; very full, yet flexible, lips; smooth, rounded formation and unusual breadth across eyebrows; full, pronounced wide-open eyes—strong affections, ambition; remarkably strong sense of rhythm, tone, quality, and pitch; great facility of speech, developed to a remarkable degree and capable of giving powerful expression to every emotion.

Beatrice La Palme: Wit, mimicry; imitative and dramatic talent; ambition and thoroughness are indicated in the short, flexible upper lip.

Pauline Donalda: Unusually fine sense of tone and pitch; strong affections and religious feeling. Note breadth and fullness across eyebrows.

"HUSHABY Baby, Hushaby Dear," and we slipped into Slumberland to the soft crooning of our Mother's voice and the rhythm of her "There, there," as she gently patted us into the "Land o' Dreams."

That was our first singing lesson, and it embraced the four essentials of good singing: Enunciation, Tone, Rhythm, Feeling.

True, the lullaby was guiltless of harmony, but the melody is all that a baby or young child hears. The untrained mind, either in child or adult, appreciates only the tune; to them complicated harmony, exquisite though it may be, makes no appeal. The lullaby is the child's first step in music. The baby who never hears a lullaby is robbed of one of her greatest privileges, and the mother who never sings a lullaby deprives herself of one of the most exquisite joys of motherhood.

Children are musical. The exceptions to this rule are very, very few. It is as natural for them to sing as it is for them to breathe. Don't laugh at their attempts and don't parade them, as you would a curiosity, for the delectation of visitors. Anything that destroys a child's naturalness and unconsciousness is bad and should be avoided. Watch any child or group of children at play. If they are unconscious of being watched, their movements and motions are undulating and swinging—full of the grace and poetry of music. Their sense of rhythm is strong and accurate; they will dance, naturally and in time, to the strains of a wheezy old street organ, the beating of a drum, the clapping of hands, or even the tapping of a foot on the floor.

The child's education in music should begin in her mother's arms to the sound of her lullaby and the rhythm of her "There, there," She learns to speak by hearing others speak and she must learn to sing by hearing others sing. So the mother must continue her education, by singing herself. She should sing at her work, at play with the child, when she is glad, and when she is sad. It is healthy to sing, and it is surprising how much singing improves the speaking voice. The child should be encouraged to join her little voice with yours, and you must teach her simple little melodies—lullabys and Mother Goose Rhymes at first, then Canadian Folk Songs.

Folk Songs are the expression of a people, of a nation. The melodies have come down to us through many generations and through many minds; they have been worked over and over, and adapted, pruned down and smoothed, strengthened and emphasized through long, long hours and long, long years, until they give to us the thought, the emotion, the life, the heart itself, of the nation. Don't shut the old organ or piano up in the best room, no matter how much out of tune it may be; bring it out into the light. Children need light and music. Turn your best room into a living-room, and make the organ or piano the centre of the family home-life in the evenings and on Sundays. Don't waste this means of developing your children and of adding to their pleasure and yours.

An organ is as necessary to the schoolhouse as the blackboard and should be as much used. The teacher's voice may be uncertain and hard, because the throat muscles have been so long unused, but practice will improve it, and the children will sing if only she chooses simple songs. What matter though she can play only with one hand and nothing but the tune? The point is to keep alive the spark of music in the soul of the child. The old-fashioned singing school was a great institution and should not have been allowed to fall into disuse. But it passed with the spelling bees and the corn husking bees. A new-time singing school should be in every community, where the children are taught to sing by note and not by rote. In many small places and rural districts church singing is neglected, and this is regrettable, as church music gives the child a good idea of harmony and can give him a good start in singing parts; this teaches concerted action and is invaluable in laying a foundation for the training which may come later and may prove that the child has a voice worth cultivating.

Enunciation

THE great advantage the human voice has over any other musical instrument is that it is capable of expressing definite thought, rhythmically and tunefully, in the form of words. Other instruments can express only tone and rhythm, and, for this reason, those vocalists who neglect enunciation are degrading the human voice to the level of man-made instruments.

A few years ago a large proportion of the teachers of singing in English speaking countries were either French or Italian, or had received their training in either of these countries. The French and Italian languages differ from the English in the complete absence of the sounding of final consonants; as Italian and French are sung, the final sound is always a vowel. The correct enunciation of final consonants in English requires special and careful training, which is not taught in the French and Italian schools because it is not needed. Fortunately this foreign fad is passing, and to-day the clean enunciation of words is being recognized as of quite as much importance as tone and quality. A blurred tone in singing spoils the quality and the effect, and to obtain a clear enunciation calls for the same training as in speaking. The muscles of the lips, tongue, and palate must be made strong and responsive if the words are to be formed clearly enough to be understood by the audience in the rear seats. Those whose lips are thick find difficulty in making their words understood at a distance.

Control of the lips, teeth, and tongue in the formation of words is closely related to the language centre of the brain. The singer should have this centre well developed; this development is shown by eyes that are reasonably large and fairly prominent. Persons with deep-set eyes find it difficult to enunciate in a clear, artistic, and effective manner.

Tone

TONE is the chief characteristic that distinguishes the singing from the speaking voice. Tone in singing includes the two elements of quality and pitch. Nothing is more unpleasant to a sensitive, trained ear than singing that is out of tune, and yet many persons sing and keep on singing all their lives a half or quarter-tone off the note. They are entirely unconscious of their deficiency because *their ear has not been trained to hear.* It is exceedingly difficult to teach a child to speak who is born deaf, and when he does speak, the voice is harsh and unmusical, and without pleasing tone and quality. The voices of persons who become deaf, gradually take a harsh, unpleasant quality, because they cannot hear, and there are no sound sensations to which the vocal muscles can respond. The voice responds to the ear—and it is the mind, not the ear alone, that hears. The child who hears, who listens attentively to music, vocal or instrumental, merely as a result of attentive listening, will improve in voice quality and control. I have known a child supposed to be hopelessly unmusical develop sweet quality and good voice control merely through a few months of training in listening.

Every home can have an instrument of some kind, even if only a flute or accordion, a little organ or piano—any instrument is better than none, if only it is used as a means of training the child to hear and remember tones and intervals; while the development of the phonograph, bringing, as it does, into the home the voices of the best artistes, should be, and properly used will be, a great factor in developing a race of singers.

The child must be taught to listen to the sounds she makes, as in no other way can she learn to sing in tune and improve the quality and tone of the voice. Before you can make correct musical intervals *you must hear them.* Even though you are naturally musical, listening to the sounds you make must be an important part of the training of the vocalist, because the muscles that control the pitch of the voice are regulated only by the impression received by the ear.

The sound centre of the brain is located just beyond the outer ends of the eyebrows where the cords may be felt when the teeth are closed. When the sense of sound and tune is deficient, the face has marked hollows at this point, but a strong development of the sense of tone and tune is shown by the fullness and breadth of the forehead just back of the outer corners of the eyebrows.

The piano has the intervals fixed, and, therefore, the pianist can succeed with but a moderate development of the sense of tone and tune, but the vocalist must have these qualities well developed.

The quality of the tone is very closely related to the pitch; the power or volume depends more on the physical conditions and emotional developments.

The physical foundation of vocal work lies in the lungs. The singer must have large and well developed lungs to produce a powerful tone. Large lungs are usually related to a good development of the nose; and while those with small noses may sing very sweetly, they are incapable, as a rule, of the greater power and volume of those with more lung capacity.

The general health is also an important factor in the production of tone and quality, and should receive the greatest care and closest attention from the vocalist. A catarrhal condition of the throat and nose will ruin any voice; and this condition is closely connected with the activity of the skin in elimination, the other eliminative organs, and with digestion. Good digestion and an active skin are very important to the singer.

(*Continued on page 48*)

Very ambitious—will love to appear in public. Musical and artistic. As a singer will have quality rather than power of tone and will do best before small audiences.

Unusually talented singer. Compare general form of head, rounded form of forehead beyond the eyebrows, full lips, and strong nose, with Madame Albani. Strong love of religious music suggested by height of head behind the hair line.

A very fine sense of tone and pitch, together with love of rhythm and motion, is indicated in the rounded type of face. The nose is rather small for a successful singer; special attention should be given to the development of lung capacity and control.

Very talented little girl. Notice the fullness beyond the eyebrows, and the extraordinary development of the top section of the head. Artistic feeling, ambition, and a high order of dramatic ability are indicated.

WOULD YOU CALL HIM A COWARD?

He Said He Was—Do You?

By BESSIE F. WALLACE

Illustrated By GEORGE H. CHARLES

I had made up my mind not to enlist. I was afraid of being killed—a sort of moral coward, as it were.

It wasn't that I minded death itself—it was the "Afterwards" that frightened me.

I was not a good man—I knew the inside of three jails. I wasn't fit to die, and I knew it. So I kept on dodging the recruiting officer.

Then, there came, in my father's stiff handwriting: "Your mother is dead. You have now added murder to your other crimes. I hope you are satisfied."

"Why do you wait, dear brother?" My singer sang the old song as it had never been sung before.

Then the minister spoke. I don't know what his text was, but he spoke of Him who had given His life for others and of His great love.

It wasn't a recruiting sermon exactly, but he said we might now atone——

I went straight to the nearest recruiting office and signed up.

Was there a chance in the "Afterwards" for a fellow as bad as I had been? Could I ever hope to atone——?

I MET him just after he had returned to Canada in one of the earlier parties of soldiers invalided home from the great slaughter-fields of Europe. I was attracted to him by the pathos that I knew lay behind the pink shield that covered one eye, even before I had seen the medal that Royal hands had pinned on his breast. Of his experiences on the battlefield, even of how he had won The Victoria Cross, I found him reluctant to speak; but he told another story, a more personal story, that thrilled my heart with pity for this big, stalwart, world-wise, yet boyish, man of thirty-five years.

Here is his story, just as he told it to me and to my companion, a young woman, whom I had accompanied to the Convalescent Hospital:

"My name is George Wharton, at least, that is the name I've been known by for the past two or three years. I've had several names in my time, but this last is the one I've disgraced least of all, I guess.

"No; I didn't go Overseas with the First Contingent. At that time, I had no intention that I would ever enlist. When the recruiting officers first began looking for volunteers, I would slink down the side streets to avoid meeting one. Course, I could have adopted a limp, or rheumatism in my shoulder, or my eyes might have suddenly gone bad on me, in the same way that I knew lots of other fellows to have become suddenly affected, so soon as their duty seemed to point Overseas. But with all my faults—and the Lord knows there's plenty of them—I never became an adept at lying. I've done lots of things worse, but, somehow, my tongue seemed to get sort of paralyzed whenever I tried to tell a point-blank lie. I guess it's remembering the lessons on lying that my mother used to teach me.

"But I had made up my mind not to enlist. I was afraid of being killed—a sort of moral coward, as it were. It wasn't that I minded the thought of hard work, or suffering, or privations. It was not that I minded death itself; but it was the 'Afterwards' that frightened me. You see, I had not been a good man; I was familiar with the inside of at least three jails, and while I was not afraid of any amount of pain, or even of being through with this life, I was frightfully scared of the 'Afterwards.' I wasn't fit to die, and I knew it. So I kept on dodging the recruiting officers.

"My father was a good man; too good, I used to think. At least he was so good, he never could understand how I could be so bad; for I was bad even as a boy. He never had patience with me. As for Mother, she was the sweetest mother a boy ever had, and she shielded me all she could. And my little sister Alice—she was only five, but the loveliest little girl that ever lived—I believe I might have been different if I had not lost her. I was barely sixteen when I got into my first real scrape, and Father ordered me from the house and told me never to come back. I wanted to say good-bye to Alice and pleaded with Father not to let her know how bad I had been, for I wanted her to remember me as kindly as she could. I shall never forget my father's stern answer:

"'Alice is very young. She will soon forget, I hope, that she ever had a brother.'

"I can see Mother yet, throwing out her arms as though to shield me from a blow. As for me, I knew there was no appeal from my father's verdict, and I hung my head and slunk from the house.

"From that day I rapidly became worse. There was no incentive to try to keep straight. I was bitter toward my father, for I thought he had been too severe. I never went back to the house, for I knew it would mean trouble for Mother if she or Alice saw me.

"I shall always remember my first term in jail. I had plenty of time to think; I became frightened at where my course was leading me, and I made up my mind that as soon as I got out I would quit my old life and do the Prodigal Son act. Then, one day, a newspaper came to me addressed in my father's stiff penmanship. I opened it eagerly. There was a blue pencil mark opposite a name in the Deaths column—my mother's name. Underneath was written, 'You have now added murder to your other crimes. I hope you are satisfied.' It was a cruel punishment, that. My gentle little mother had died of the disgrace of having a son in jail. All this happened nearly twenty years ago, but it is as vivid to me as if it had been only last week.

"When I got out of jail, I determined to do better. But I was branded. An ex-jailbird hasn't much show anywhere, or hadn't in those days, and I soon went back to my old pals and my old life. I'm not going to trouble you with the history of my misdeeds, but I'm just letting you see why I was so much afraid of what death might mean to me.

"Then, about two years ago, I was standing, one evening, at a corner waiting for a street car, when I suddenly heard some one begin to sing. I looked around and found I was in front of a lighted church. I was always passionately fond of music, but I had never listened to anything before like that song. I hesitated a moment and then went inside the church, thinking that there was an entertainment. I sat down near the door and listened, spell-bound, till the singer was through. It was only then that I realized it was merely a choir practice I had been listening to and that I had no right to be there. I slipped out quietly, but I had heard enough to know that the practice was for the regular services on the following Sunday. I went to hear her again on Sunday, and the Sunday after that, and soon I was attending the church every Sunday, and hanging around outside during the weekly practices, listening for her voice. At first, I did not always wait for the full service on Sunday; I would slip out after her solo was over. Gradually, though, I began to sit throughout the service, just to look at her. I had found out her name from a program—Alice Ferguson—and it pleased me that she was called Alice, for somehow she made me think of my little sister. Sometimes I would imagine that she knew I was watching her, and would even fancy that she looked right at me and sang especially for me.

"This went on for about three months, and gradually I had begun to wonder if there were any chance in the 'Afterwards' for a fellow who had been as bad as I had been. Then one Sunday my singer sang that old song, 'Why do you wait, dear brother?'—sang it as I believe it had never been sung before. After that the minister spoke. I don't know what his text was, but he spoke of Him who had given His life for others, and of the great love that prompted the act. It wasn't a recruiting sermon especially, but he referred to the opportunities for atonement that might be seized at the present time.

"When I left the church, I went direct to the nearest recruiting office and signed up. The corps I joined left for Overseas very soon afterward, and my only regret at going was that I should no longer be able to hear my sweet singer.

"Of the year I spent in the trenches I will not speak. It is all too near and clear to me yet, for me to be able to speak of it calmly. Only my last day there will I mention. When I got the wound that shattered this eye, I felt a sudden severe pain, and a great weakness overtook me. I believed it to be the approach of death. But I braced myself. I was going to die, but I was going to die fighting till the very last second of time. How long it lasted I do not know, but it seemed an eternity to me. My captain passed me. He was in a great hurry, for our trench was in dire peril. When he saw my wound he insisted that I go and have it dressed. I just laughed and told him it wasn't worth while. I believed I was dying, but I fought on and on—for hours it seemed. When the weakness seemed about to overcome me, I would grip afresh and still fight on. Suddenly a great blackness enveloped me, and out of it a sweet voice sang, 'Why do you wait, dear brother?' I felt it was death, no longer to be defied.

"Why, are you here, too? When did you die?" "You have been dreaming," she smiled. "Do you mean that I did not die, after all?"

"THEN I knew no more, until, gradually, out of a vast silence, I heard the singer again. I was strangely comfortable and content and lay without opening my eyes. I believed myself in Heaven, and as I listened to the singing, I remembered how I used to doubt that it could be possible for angels to sing more sweetly than Alice Ferguson. I knew then that I was right. This heavenly singer, I thought, was no better than she had been. Had I not believed I was dead, I would have thought it was her voice I was listening to. When the song was ended, I lay still, with closed eyes, wondering what would happen next. Feeling a soft touch on my wrist, I looked up, straight into the eyes of Alice Ferguson.

"'Why,' I said wonderingly, 'are you here, too? When did you die?'

"She smiled as she answered understandingly:

"'You have been dreaming, I think.'

"'Do you mean,' I exclaimed, 'that I did not die after all?'

"'You came pretty near it,' she answered; 'but you will be all right now, I hope.'

"She gave me a soothing drink and would not let me talk any more just then, but later we saw a great deal of each other.

"She seemed attracted to me, just as I had been to her. Perhaps it was the way my eyes constantly followed her about the room that brought her first to talk to me. I learned that she was a nurse as well as a singer and had volunteered for service some months before.

"One day she said to me, 'You remind me so much of some one I have seen before. There was a man I used to see attending the same church I did at home. I never knew his name, but you look so much like him.'

"Then I blurted it all out—how I had first heard her sing and had gone to church merely to listen to her; how her voice came back to me in the trenches, just as I sank into the unconsciousness that I thought was death; and how it was her voice that had recalled me to life from the very brink of eternity. But I was surprised that she should have noticed and remembered me.

"'Oh,' she explained, 'I saw (*Continued on page 32*)

YOUR BOY AND AGRICULTURE

"Will My Boy Be An Agriculturist?" is the subject of Professor Farmer's article in the July number of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

This article is of vital importance in view of the food famine which we are facing, and the Dominion wide crusade for increased production. Professor Farmer gives much valuable information in regard to Agriculture, and the qualities and abilities that go to the making of a successful farmer.

"I can almost remember being one of Solomon's wives," she said dreamily.

Concluding Instalment

WHEN WAR CAME UP OUR STREET

By FRANCES CRAWFORD FIRSTBROOK

Illustrated by DUDLEY WARD

I TOOK the children to hear the Rev. W. A. Cameron preach his last sermon before leaving for the War. I must say I liked him in his soldier's uniform. His discourse was all about love—strange theme when he was going away to fight—but it fitted in with the spirit of the congregation like an acorn into its cup. He said that at the last day, when the Lord calls his own, He will not say, "Jane, did you believe in predestination? Were you sound in doctrine from your shoes up? Was your creed all set in order and fastened with orthodox clasps?" Not a bit of it. He will say, "Jane, come right up here, and sit with Me. I was poor and you visited Me; I was sick and in prison and you came unto Me. Don't be backward, Jane; you are My disciple. You stood up for the down-trodden." Mr. Cameron did not say these very words, but that is how I fitted the sermon into my life. Sol drew me down and whispered, "Let us ask the Clement children to dinner!" How that boy went right to the point! Mrs. Clement was feeble-minded and couldn't cook anything fit to eat. Some sermons I have heard only lead to a blind alley on a dark night.

The Conrads were the early birds who came out North before Shack Town had a being. They bought a large piece of ground, built a small house, and waited for the boom. Mrs. Conrad was thrifty, made money on her hens and garden truck, while her husband went about and took options on several other blocks of land. The boom came, and the Conrads were on Easy Street—quite wealthy for working folk. Now comes the sad part of their story. Mrs. Conrad lost her head and cooled off on her old friends, built Corinthian pillars on the front of the house, turned the chicken run into an Italian garden, bought twin beds, gave a pink tea, and tried to line herself up with the aristocracy.

When war broke out, Mr. Conrad said he would not enlist; he had never thought much of soldiering as an occupation; he declared that those who played the game during peace should now take hold and do their duty in time of war. But he had nothing to do; his business was at a standstill; the only land sold was an occasional lot in the cemetery. When reports of the murder of Nurse Cavell came out, he enlisted. He told me he really thought he should have gone before the men with children; "But," he added, "one can't right-about-face all in a minute. I have no children, and if I am killed, my wife will have plenty. To be sure, I am not very husky—life as a land speculator does not develop muscle—but I am willing to do my bit. It's a fight for liberty, and I want to be in on it."

First he went to Niagara. Later he was moved to Camp Borden. One Friday he came home on leave, took off his uniform, and said he did not intend to go back to the camp again; he had enlisted to fight Germans, not to pull stumps in a sand desert. He showed me his hands, all torn and bleeding. His wife and I tried to reason with him, but to no purpose. He told us to stop chattering; he knew what he was doing.

One evening Mr. Faulkner, an old man who lived at the head of the street, told me that while he was at the town hall in the afternoon he had heard that two officers were coming in the evening to arrest Conrad.

It was then eight o'clock. I hurried up the street into the Italian garden, through the Corinthian pillars and the frescoed hall, back into the Conrad's dining-room.

"Come," I cried, "the officers are after you. Jump into your uniform at once and don't disgrace us. Run down by the Don, then round by the Convalescent Home; at that point take the car to the City, after that the train to Camp Borden; and do it quick! If there is no other way, hire a motor."

"What do you take me for?" he asked, as sullen as a frozen marigold.

"Take you for!" I said, warming up. "For a man and a soldier. You said that you were willing to die for your Country. Put to the test, it seems to me you can't bear a scratch on your little finger. I tell you the officers are down the street! Hurry!"

His wife began to cry, threw her arms round his neck, and implored him not to get arrested. We bundled him into the kitchen, threw his uniform after him, and hoped for the best.

By-and-by he came to us ready for the road. His face had cleared up, and he said that after all he guessed he would go back to Camp Borden, but he'd raise a devil of a row if they put him on the job of pulling stumps. He walked out the back gate a few minutes before the officers came to the front door. Conrad made good, earned his stripes before he went to England. Nobody ever knew, but his wife and I, how narrowly he escaped being a deserter.

ONE day I took Ruby Ann down to the city to buy an electric iron. I did not want it much; the old sad irons I had since Sandy and I started house were good enough for me. Truth to tell, I was a little annoyed at Ruby Ann, bothering me at war time with new fangled ideas.

"What's the matter with my ironing, Miss Particular?" I asked.

"Nothing at all," she answered sweetly; "your clothes look beautiful, but you are so set and old fashioned, you shy at a new idea as though it were spinal meningitis. Now, you know you do!" she said laughingly. "Mother dear, can't you see that an electric iron saves fuel, is cleaner, and is always ready for use?"

She went on talking at such a rate that I felt our whole family would be scrapped and thrown to the dogs if I did not get that iron quick, so I said, "After the work is done up, we'll start for the City."

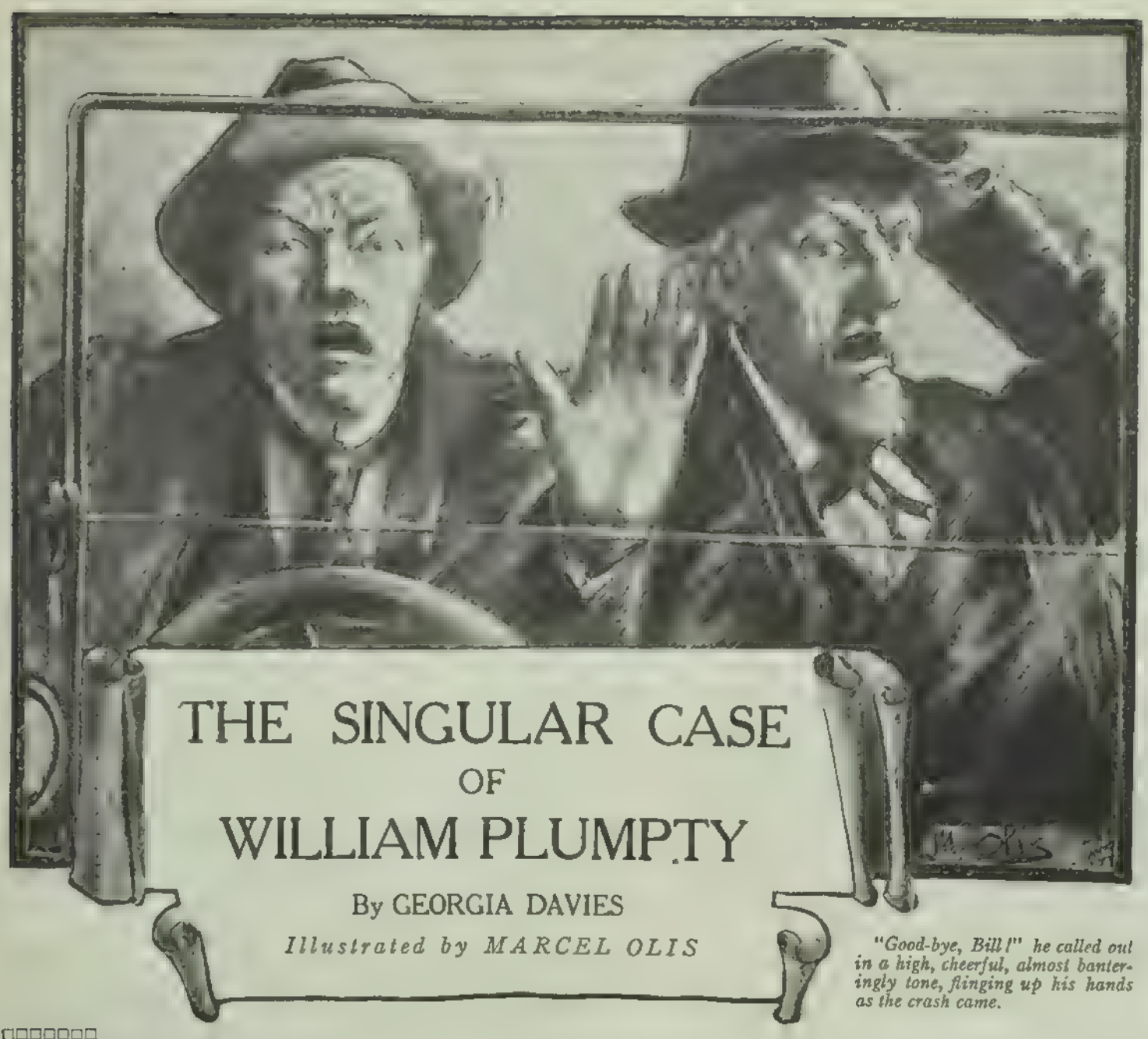
We bought the iron and were just leaving the shop, when a sudden sort of hushed murmur arose in the street, and every one seemed to stand still. I felt some way as though I were in a boat that had been struck by a torpedo and was beginning to settle. Men looked frightened, women startled, a little child near me began to cry; yet most of us did not know what had happened. All at once a clear, young voice sounded far up the sunlit street: "Kitchener is dead! Kitchener is dead!"

AN extra was out, telling that our gallant leader had been drowned. His vessel had gone down in the North Sea with all on board. A man at my side seemed at last to revive from the shock and said to a companion, "Well, it's a sad blow, but England has other men who will fight till the end." Soon a torrent of tongues seemed fairly to swirl up and down the streets. Every one talked, speculated, and mourned. But I never hear the name of Kitchener that I do not think of that awed silence that crept over the business centres of Toronto when word first came that a great man had been swept off his post of duty and swallowed up by the hungry waves. It seemed like a great, silent monument raised to his memory.

After Kitchener's death another anti-German wave rolled over Canada. Our city of Berlin grew restless. Berlin! The very name gave the place a black eye. Give a dog a bad name, and to most people he is only a low-down mongrel cur. Berlin was, and is, a most thrifty, well managed city. A vote was taken, and after some legal delay the name was changed to "Kitchener." Some of our streets had German names; these were replaced by others, patriotic and British. About this time I heard some one ask at Eaton's for Berlin wool. The saleswoman speared her with an icicle glance and said, "We keep no such article in this store."

There are those who maintain to this day that Kitchener is not dead, but up in Russia helping with the War. I cannot tell upon what they base their belief, but I do know that in a true and very vital way Kitchener is not dead.

Mrs. Jelleby is a widow with money. She built a handsome house and moved up North to enjoy our pure air. She had an only son, a fine strapping fellow, whom his mother tried to run in a groove made by her own peculiar ideas. She seemed to take no part in either helping the poor or working for the soldiers. She never attended church in our neighbourhood. When the collection was being taken for the British Red Cross, Mrs. MacIntosh and I were appointed by the League to call and see if she would give a donation. We were shown by a Japanese servant (*Continued on page 40*)



THE SINGULAR CASE OF WILLIAM PLUMPTY

By GEORGIA DAVIES

Illustrated by MARCEL OLIS

"Good-bye, Bill!" he called out in a high, cheerful, almost banteringly tone, flinging up his hands as the crash came.

WHEN I consented to accompany my old friend, Lenny Briscom, on the trial trip of his new runabout, it was not because I was braver than my fellows. It was rather that I lacked courage to refuse. And although one and all of my fellow townsmen declared that nothing could have induced them to accept his invitation, I knew better.

Every one *always* did as Uncle Lenny wanted. He was far and away the most popular man in Harmony Centre, the peaceful Canadian town in which we lived. And yet I find that the word popular calls up a vision of a politician talking himself into favour, or of one who canvasses a town for its good opinion, so I should rather say Uncle Lenny Briscom was our best-beloved citizen.

He was as unobtrusive as a sunbeam, and almost as silent, much of his conversation consisting of nods and understanding looks. On only one or two epoch-marking occasions had I seen him excited and heard him indulge in his one profanity, "Great Crimson Christopher!"

When his small, shambling figure appeared on the street, he was greeted with affection by all ranks of our society. Had he expressed a desire for such an office, to a man and with one voice, we would have proclaimed him Mayor of Harmony Centre; nay, we would have done more; we would gladly have loaned him our lawn-mower—supreme test of devotion. But Uncle Lenny, who could have asked all, wanted nothing. Was this his secret?

My niece, Pinky Patterson, who is highly educated, and dabbles in what she calls "the occult," corners me sometimes and tells me curious tales of clairvoyance, mesmerism, hypnotism, and such new-fangled notions; but, as far as I can judge, Len Briscom leaves all those fellows out of sight. The pictures which Pinky shows me of famous hypnotists represent these uncanny chaps as being of what a novelist calls "a majestic mien," their hair abundant and curly, and their eye so magnetic and terrible that even a lion would quail before it.

Uncle Lenny is not like that. He has no more *presence* than a wisp of hay or a dried-up leaf. He buys his clothes, ready-made, at the Harmony Centre Emporium, and nature has not built him for ready-mades. The pockets of his coat always come down too low, the knees of his trousers are too near his ankles, and altogether too much of his trousers legs go to waste and have to be turned up at the bottom. As for hair! If, in some sentimental mood, he gave a lock to a friend, what was left would not be worth combing!

But his eye! With such an eye, why should he need to talk? An eye that an angel might have coveted—not piercing or dominating, but limpid, confiding, candid as a child's, and yet with the exceeding wise and sombre look an infant sometimes brings with him as he comes from far, far places. It was of the purest and most celestial blue I have ever seen in a human head. Such a charm was in his glance, that strangers were attracted to the silent little man, children followed him as though he were the Pied Piper; and Dan Pinson, town drunkard and brawler, of whom even our policeman was afraid, he had so tame that he would have eaten from his hand.

So who was I, that I could refuse when Uncle Lenny beamed beguilingly and coaxed, "Come on, Bill; come out for a little spin! Aw, come on!"

Exaggerated as it may seem, I would have followed the quaint figure in the ready-mades to Kamchatka; or even stepped aboard a Zeppelin steered by Len, and bound for the Kaiser.

Pinky Patterson says it was my Karma—I am not educated, like her; I am not up on metaphysics, if that's what you call 'em. I am only a Presbyterian, a Liberal, and a Registrar of Deeds, so I can only say if Karma had taken the shape of my next-door neighbour, Simpson Cutter, he would have got the cold shoulder.

I was under no delusion as to Lenny's mechanical ability. In Harmony Centre we know all about each other. Our system made the Bertillon, or any other, seem careless. If any Eugene Aram had sought to hide a guilty secret in Harmony Centre, Pikesville, Cranberry Corners, or anywhere near our neighbourhood, I would have said, "In vain, in vain, Eugene; try somewhere else!"

Household tasks which the rest of us take for granted we must do—although loathing them—he shirked—screens, double-windows, stove-pipes, etc.—until some one else did it for him. Once, to my knowledge, he spent a whole morning putting a fastening on his gate, and then he had put the staple on the gate and the hook on the post! Of course I changed it for him and said nothing, and he *never even noticed!* Need I say more?

I am very fond of Lenny Briscom. Except for Pinky, who calls me a "cushiony old dear," (whatever she may mean by that) I have no one else I am so drawn to. My wife abhors sentiment and insists on all the world being "sensible." She is always reminding me, "A man of your years—"

Uncle Lenny is the only man in Harmony Centre who calls me "Bill." I insist on "Mr. Plumpty," or "William." When one has the outline and gait of a fat robin, it takes a lot of dignity to counterbalance *Plumpty;* but I let Len, unrebuked, call me "Bill" in public, and even submit to "Old Hundred" when he is in affectionate mood and we are alone.

So I stepped aboard the car of destiny. As we zig-zagged down the main street of Harmony Centre, we had the right-of-way. Grocery teams ducked hastily into alleys; people fled to shop steps; children scattered from the road like partridges; and the Baptist minister drove into the hotel yard. And yet from the Hon. W. P. V. Sprague, our Liberal member, came hearty greeting.

"Good for you, Briscom," and Dan Pinson waved an inebriated arm and shouted, "Doin' fine, Uncle Lenny!"

I am not brave; perhaps I am too fat. I do not plan to be heroic, but respectable. I am, as I said, a Registrar of Deeds, a position not demanding physical prowess, so I have no shame in confessing that before I had been in that predestined machine five minutes, I was in a cold funk; another five minutes and my scalp was crawling with horror; I could have shrieked aloud, but my tongue was paralyzed. I sat, incapable of motion.

IT was just thirty minutes and twenty-three seconds, as computed by our local mathematician, when the climax came. At first we had been on the level, marking the dusty road on the bias as we went, but now, behold us approaching Sky Hill, a short, steep, twisty hill, at its foot a bridge spanning Trout Brook, a wide, brawling stream. On either side the road fell away sharply into deep gullies leading down to the brook.

Afterward, when I asked Lenny why he had not turned to the West, where the road was level, he said simply, "I thought I did steer to the right," and I had no heart to reproach him.

Our speed seemed to increase every second. Trees, horses, cattle, farmyards flew past us in a streak; we jumped, we skidded, we biased, we thumped over bridges and the boards flew up, we struck the top of Sky Hill with a bang, and, for the first time conscious of my companion, I heard him say in a voice of curdling terror, and the words seemed not spoken but seared on my brain:

"Great Crimson Christopher! She has run amuck!"

HALF way down the hill he moaned, *"Oh, my poor wife!"* Then at the far end of the bridge, where the crash came, a second later, he flung up his hands and called out in a high cheerful tone, almost banteringly:

"Good-bye, Bill!"

A long, long silence.

When I awoke, I looked into the leather face of old Dr. Ketchum. I was in my own bed. I had sense enough to recognize the familiar, gay log-cabin quilt.

"How are you now, Mr. Plumpty?" the old man asked in his professional tone, which was not at all the same he used when trading horses. He was born to be a horse-dealer, but circumstances had made him a doctor.

I meant to say, that I had not had time to find out, but to my astonishment replied in an accent of concentrated horror:

"Great Crimson Christopher! She has run amuck!"

My wife drew near, anxiety in her eye.

"Oh, William! Do you know me?"

With an exceeding "patness" I groaned, *"Oh, my poor wife!"*

Then I realized that dear little Pinky was hovering over my pillow, her eyes full of tears, her rosy cheeks pale.

"Dear Uncle," she whispered, and kissed my cheek.

I tried to say, "Cheer up, Pink!" but heard a voice, the identical high, courageous, cheerful note of Uncle Lenny, but yet issuing from my own throat, call banteringly, *"Good-bye, Bill!"*

Then I fainted dead away.

Although not noticed by me at the time, Len Briscom had been an anxious watcher over my unconsciousness. Of course he was comparatively unhurt. What could hurt an autumn leaf? I believe Uncle Len simply floated into safety, although he explains it this way: The bank of the road, just where we crashed into the end of the bridge, fell down into a deep roadway leading to the creek, where teamsters drove their horses down to drink. A canny countryman, coming toward us with a load of hay, had seen our eccentric approach. Deciding that not even all the road was too much for us, he hastily started to drive down to the creek. Uncle Lenny was tossed lightly into the air and fell like a bird into the cosy nest Providence had prepared for him. I was flung into the creek, and if you think that a soft couch, just try it!

I was cut about the face and head, bruised from head to foot, and when I came to myself, I was one big ache and unable to move. But this was not serious. The real injury was in the shock, which left me absolutely unable to speak, except to utter the three sentences which had been bitten into my consciousness as if with a hot iron:

"Great Crimson Christopher! She has run amuck!"
"Oh, my poor wife!"
"Good-bye, Bill!"

GRADUALLY this awful state of affairs became known to our own circle, first to myself—too tired and collapsed to care much for awhile—and then to my wife, Pinky, and poor Len, who looked like a broken-hearted ghost, and to Dr. Ketchum.

The old doctor was, as he said, "Kerfoozled." He had no past experience to guide him.

Pinky says he understands horses intuitively, but humans only instinctively, and mostly merely professionally. My, that girl is educated!

Nerves he held in contempt. He recognized only two diseases, consumption and rheumatism, both incurable, and I could not be classified with either. So he could only say that perhaps time would restore my speech when I had gone long enough past the event for the shock to fade from my mind. So, by-and-by, when his famous Ketchum's Spavin Cure had limbered up my stiff body, he departed.

I sat in my large, pleasant room, cheered by the companionship of Pinky Patterson and Len, and tried to wait patiently and woo back my lost speech.

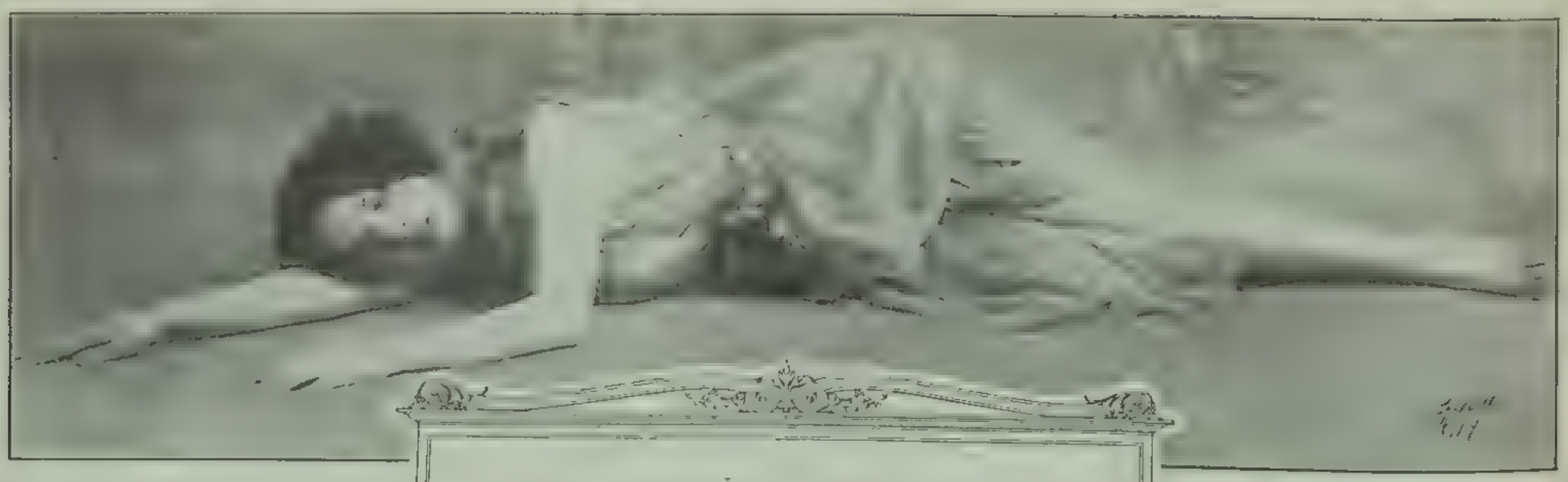
Love—wonderful love—teaches wisdom; and I have thought since that I was saved much agony of mind by the courageous, outspoken, matter-of-fact way in which Pink and Lenny spoke of my case. They refused to see Tragedy, even when her black wings were flapping over us.

I was provided with a slate and pencil. I found I could think as clearly and express myself in writing as readily as ever. It was as though the cords of speech were frozen to all other ideas, and responded only to a three-fold suggestion. No matter what I *meant* to say, it could not assume enough importance in my mind to dominate my speech, and so the three sentences came forth, or rather, one at a time, and always in their original order. They had marked the three stages of a drama. Pinky took a keen interest in my case—what I might call a professional interest—as she read volumes on nervous diseases, but confessed she could not find a case just like mine. I could have said, like Emerson, (*Continued on page 42.*)

Big Confederation Issue

On the first of July, Canada will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of Confederation To fittingly commemorate this important event, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will issue a special Confederation Number, containing important articles on the growth and development of Canada as a Nation

The cover of this issue will be an elaborate design in colour, symbolical of Canada's achievements in peace and war; and the whole issue, made entirely in Canada, by Canadians, and for Canadians, will demonstrate the strength and purpose of the people of this great Dominion in materially establishing the meaning of their ideals.



THE RHYTHM OF HEALTH

How Maud Allan, the World-Famous Canadian Dancer, Keeps Body and Mind Vigorous by Nature Dancing

By RICHARD M. WINANS

ONE of the broadest visioned of all the nature dancers who practise the translation of music into motion is Maud Allan, a most charming Canadian, born in Toronto.

Those who witness her interpretation of life, through rhythmic movement, cannot help but recognize the obvious, that always Miss Allan will remain a girl, even although she demurely confesses to memories of having lived and danced in the Syracusan groves of Sicily, more than two hundred years before Christ

The essence of youth is one with her whole life and being, for she is young in the spirit of æsthetic ages; an inheritance which has come down to her out of the cloud-curtained realms of Mythology, even from Cybele herself, daughter of Earth and Sky, who taught dancing to the gods and goddesses in the Fairyland of Myth, at a time when the world was in the momentous throes of Creation.

Blessed with so rich a spiritual inheritance from other centuries, it is not at all difficult to understand how Miss Allan so fully and delightedly experiences the youthful joy of living, having a soul attuned to the heart-song of the world and to the rhythmic movements of the later Hieratic dances of Egypt, which 2500 years B.C. so beautifully interpreted the Music of the Spheres and the harmonic progression of the Stars, and which, centuries after, the Greek, Simonides, so felicitously characterized as "silent poetry."

Miss Allan would have the whole world enjoy with her the practice of natural dancing, to the end of attaining to a more complete and perfect life; a life of more exquisite spiritual beauty, of higher physical development and strength, of more exalted artistic ideals, of greater moral, mental, and physical stamina.

"Every one should dance," says Miss Allan, "but in the free, spontaneous spirit of the Greeks, giving vent to self-expression. This never can be accomplished through the medium of modern ballroom dances, which are, for the most part, hideous. They inspire no worthy emotions, because they are based on decadent dances of inferior races.

"Much more can be accomplished," she declares, "by teaching children than adults whose prejudices and conventionalities must be overcome. Dancing, therefore, should hold a prominent place in school life. Adults could be reached by community dancing, where the spirit of emulation and fellowship would enter, as in community singing.

"The necessity for music and art in the lives of people cannot be exaggerated," continued Miss Allan. "It can be scientifically demonstrated that even a gramaphone by its vibrations changes the rate of vibration temporarily of those who are listening, and this modification of themselves (if the music is not base) is beneficial. It helps to shake from off their feelings and thoughts all that is of a lowering nature. It cleanses the mind and feelings, just as soap and water does the body, thus uplifting the moral standard, expanding the intellect, and making man more spiritual. That, according to Christian teaching, is why man is on earth: that he may grow more spiritual.

"In an age long prior to the Aryan race, humanity first expressed music. The rhythm—the music—of the spheres was then, as it still is, inherent in everything, animate and inanimate, just as everything is subject to the laws of gravitation. Quite naturally, therefore, bodily music—or dancing—was the first attempt at expressing impressions, so far as art is concerned

"Going back tens of thousands of years, we find that Thoth, the wonderful Egyptian teacher, gave an impetus to dancing, and this dancing, combined with the reverence of the Greek artists for Thoth, whom they called Hermes, was the inspiration for that marvellous music in stone—ancient Greek sculpture—which never since has been surpassed

"Dancing flourished greatly under the wonderful influence of Orpheus, whom I believe to have been a real man and not merely a myth. Orpheus was a great world-teacher, who came as the 'artist' to sound the note of harmony and establish a mighty reservoir of beauty that has since fed the artistic veins of Europe, bursting into expression whenever we have given it a chance by creating an atmosphere conducive to it. The reverence and the spirit of worship of the early Christians found expression in the beautiful Cathedrals which decorate Europe.

"MUSIC and dancing are the appropriate and normal methods of expression of the whole community, but systems and theories of expression must be made subservient to spontaneity, which is the Divine spark in us seeking outlet.

"As for myself," went on Miss Allan, "I believe that in one of my previous incarnations I danced in ancient Greece, and I want to do what I can to bring back its message to the Twentieth Century. I hope soon to give Revival Dances based on the old Greek style and in the real spirit of ancient Greece, but with some improvements on the antique. These Revival Dances will be for the whole community. My plan now is to reproduce a part of ancient Greece. I intend to secure the co-operation of five or ten thousand people who feel the same way, and we shall endeavour to entertain, on a colossal scale, upwards of 20,000 people daily, by giving them glimpses of the life that many of them lived in past incarnations.

"Merely as a matter of physical exercise, I believe Greek dancing is far more beneficial than calisthenics, because of the element of joy which so largely enters into the former, but which has no place in the dull routine of the latter.

"If proof were wanting of the importance that the Greeks attached to dancing, it may be found throughout the pages of Plato's 'Republic,' where it is prescribed as one of the principal branches of education. All the dances of antiquity took their derivation from the four dances referred to by Plato; and among them, what more idyllic than that known as Caryatis, the dance sacred to Diana, danced by noble Spartan maidens in the forest near Caryæ? It was the Dance of Innocence, danced naked around the altars of the goddess, and their chaste rites have been immortalized in our modern architecture by the pillars which are known to us as 'Caryatides.'

"Sparta, again, was the home of another dance sacred to Diana, the Hormos, a kind of farandole instituted by Lycurgus to inculcate in the youths and maidens, who danced it without draperies, the fearless modesty which was the boast of the Spartan national character. Even in such early days, there were those in whom nudity in woman awoke base thoughts, and to whom Lycurgus replied, 'I wish them to perform the same exercises as men, that they may equal men in strength, health, virtue, and generosity of soul, and that they may learn to despise the opinion of the vulgar.'

"The youth of Greece were educated to the dance principally with a view to the exercise and training of their muscles, although the æsthetic and artistic influence of the nature dancing practised by the Spartans was by no means overlooked."

IT may well be noted in passing, that Lycurgus planned to have so normally developed and made pliable the abdominal muscles of the Spartan girls through the medium of the Greek or "natural" form of dancing, that when they came to be mothers they might experience painless, or, at least, less painful, childbirth. And if some of the available records may be depended on as accurate, he almost, if not quite, attained his purpose. The wife of one of the most noted directors of physical education in the United States declares that as a result of living as much and as nearly as possible an out-door life, *a la* Sparta, (while conforming, of course, to modern conventions as to draperies) from early girlhood to the present, she actually has attained to that greatly desired boon—painless childbirth.

This remarkable woman, herself a notable figure in the field of physical education, as directed to the proper physical development of girls, personally told me that because of long and continual practice of such natural exercises, she had experienced no discomfort whatever at any period before, nor mentionable pain or exhaustion at the time of childbirth. "And all because," she said, "when on my long extended outings in the open, I discarded, as nearly as consistent with the conventions, the burdensome hamper of clothes, and thus as much as possible exposed my body to the free play of the sun, the wind, and the rain of the great out-of-doors, dancing with playful, joyous abandon along the streams and through the woods and fields." This experience-wise woman's creed in physical culture is to "take only such exercise—for the sake of exercise—as is pleasing, naturally, spontaneously, without restraint, without set 'method' or regulating formula—simply the doing of some physical exercise as play, or, in other words, just because you want to do it; and natural dancing comes very near to being the ideal form for such exercise, for we do that for (*Continued on page 50*)

"This is a graceful and natural position of the body in repose," Miss Allan remarks of this very beautiful position.

"I dance as I feel, and the mood may be changed by the falling or rising of the music."

"This is a spiritual rather than a physical expression," is Miss Allan's description of this movement.

"In this pose," says Miss Allan, "I am giving expression to the artistic and the ideal."

"Here, I am giving expression to an emotion that leads to artistic development."

"By these movements a dancer attains poise and grace," Miss Allan says.

THE MAGPIE'S NEST

New Readers Begin Here

DREAMY, and living much in the dreams she fashioned from the old romances she read, Hope Fielding lived in a world unreal, but real to her.

To her father's lonely ranch in Alberta came three strangers talking of the railroad which was coming through; one of these, Conroy Edgerton, who had a daughter about Hope's age, sent her a box of chocolates. When the railroad did come, Mr. Fielding, who was a path maker, and not a money maker, moved back farther north.

Hope was ambitious and needed money to pay her way through the Normal School. She went to the city and engaged as housemaid in a hotel where Evan Hardy—one of the men—was boarding. Here Conroy Edgerton came and she recognized him instantly. He was interested and they met a few times.

Jim Sanderson—boarder—had been pursuing Hope for months, and finding her alone, made himself so objectionable that she knocked him down with the butt end of a revolver. Then she left the hotel.

Hope taught school and found life flat and unprofitable; she made friends with Mary Dark and Mrs. Patton, and with Allen Kirby who happened to be Edgerton's chauffeur. He took her motoring until Edgerton came—then Edgerton took her. He wanted to send her to college, but she would not decide without time to think it over.

By ISABEL PATTERSON

Illustrated by MARY ESSEX

CHAPTER VII.

HOPE was dressing for the Tennis dance. She had been out half the night before, and had just wakened from a cat nap meant to atone for it. Now she brushed her hair and read at the same time. Her ears did not burn, though they should have. They were only pleasantly pink.

Mary Dark and Mrs. Patten were discussing her. Rather, Mrs. Patten talked and Mary listened, her sorrowful grey eyes veiled, her mouth curled at the corner.

"You should have some influence with her," mourned Mrs. Patten. "She's getting herself talked about."

"Yes, we're proving that," remarked Mary, in a detached manner. "What do you want me to do?"

"Give her a hint," said Mrs. Patten, distinctly irritated. "Eleanor Travers asked me about it only to-day. She was *seen* in Mr. Edgerton's automobile last week."

"She shouldn't have been seen," agreed Mary, gravely. "I'll tell her so." Mrs. Patten opened her mouth to speak, then stopped, and a tide of painful colour flowed into her face. Mary saw it, through her eyelashes, and dropped them lower.

"I will really try to," said Mary, her tones subtly altered. "Of course she's a little fool. That's why we like her—"

"Oh, yes, I know," said Mrs. Patten, thoughtfully. She was not a fool, though she might act like one on occasion. "You mean she's herself; she's different. But one has to pretend." She flushed again. "Of course I told Eleanor it was all a mistake."

"She's known Edgerton since she was a baby, almost," said Mary, twisting the truth to the comforting effect of a lie.

"Yes, we understand," said Mrs. Patten.

"Perfectly," said Mary, who did.

"It would be such a pity," went on Mrs. Patten. "People would like her, if she'd give them a chance. But she can't afford to do that sort of thing."

"That's it," agreed Mary again, with unperceived irony.

"Mr. Edgerton is so conspicuous. What is he like? Mrs. Shane told me—"

"He snubbed Cora Shane. She tried to add him to her collection. I can fancy what she told you. He's—not bad. An overgrown boy; shrewd, kind, selfish, simple, very simple. He doesn't like women who swear, and tell smoking-room stories. So Cora—"

"Of course," interrupted Mrs. Patten, with an inflection of malice. "Is it true that he doesn't live with his wife?"

"Not quite, yet," said Mary, allowing that to be interpreted as it might chance. The possible, though remote, significance of the remark in that context did not escape her. She laughed quietly. "Oh, yes, it might happen. In that case—Hope could afford to."

Mrs. Patten was silent, thoughtful.

"But," added Mary, meanly, "it's really the chauffeur Hope is flirting with," again making a half truth serve. It served. Mrs. Patten almost turned pale.

"Oh, that's impossible," she gasped.

"Or the automobile," said Mary, dreamily. "Getting down to essentials, Hope is rather direct, you know."

"It was Ned who mentioned it to me," said Mrs. Patten, distinctly distressed. "He wouldn't believe it, of course."

"She must have snubbed Ned," said Mary profoundly, forgetting her audience. Mrs. Patten winced. They sat awhile in silence. Mary was thinking of the friendship between Hope and Edgerton.

It had all been under her eyes; she had watched it with a certain pity, but no desire to interfere. She knew the uselessness of attempting to deflect from any course such a secretive, yet straightforward nature as Hope's. Somewhere the girl would find an outlet. She would go through, under, or over an obstacle, softly and silently and as though unaware of opposition. There was nothing meanly obstinate about her, but in certain ways there was no approach to her, either. She would do no harm, probably; but certainly, having been born, not under a star that danced, but under a little, faint, wondering comet, she would never fall in tune with the world to the extent of establishing a fixed orbit. One must take or leave her. Which of these the world would do depended, Mary justly reflected, largely on her luck.

Mary had come to know Edgerton well. To him she was only a quizzical smile, a clever brain, deft hands. He trusted her. Sometimes he sent word to Hope through her—little notes, punctiliously unsealed. She had been unwilling, at first, but he could easily reach Hope, and it was better this way than through another, less her friend. Mary, sitting at her desk in his own office, fancied she could tell when he was thinking of Hope, and at such times, when he caught her eyes on him, he would redden slightly and pore over his letters and estimates again. Squared up to his big mahogany desk, which failed to dwarf his solid proportions, absorbed in files and legal papers, he would look the very embodiment of sanity and well-rewarded shrewdness. And presently he would give her a small, white envelope, addressed to Hope, and, putting on his hat, go out suddenly, without looking at her.

LATER, Hope would take the note, read it with quick carelessness, nod, and chatter of other things. Or she might telephone to Allen Kirby, and tell him she could not see him that evening. Then Mary would laugh, and Hope would join her very gaily. Sometimes she merely tore up the missive and said, "Oh, bother!"

The day before, she had said, as though to herself, "All right," and sat awhile thinking. Mary went away. She was not a mind-reader, or she might have remained to remonstrate. Later, she imagined Hope tearing through the night in the black and brassy eighty-horse power monster with Allen Kirby gravely at the wheel and Edgerton tangling himself up in meaningless words, trying to explain to Hope things about them both which neither understood. In reality, that young lady was curled up cross-legged on the deep-red carpeted floor of Edgerton's rooms, beside an open suit case, neatly folding an assortment of cheerful neckties and carrying on a desultory conversation with the owner of them.

"Did any one see you coming?" had been his first apprehensive question, as he closed the door sharply behind her.

"No, I guess not," she replied, carelessly. "Do you mind?"

"I?" he said, and stared at her. But he was aware of the extraordinary recklessness of women. "I don't think I should have let you come here."

"But it's cold out," she argued. "And I can't have *any one* where I live. Besides, I wanted to see. Your room looks like you." It did, being large and substantially comfortable, but without originality. There were no books; she commented on that, roaming about and tossing aside a newspaper or so disdainfully. She tried the big leather chairs, and presently insisted on helping him pack. He was going on the midnight train, to be absent a month or more.

IT was characteristic of him to have these expensive rooms, across the hall from his offices, in the one really large and modern office building in town. He had furnished them himself; the small, rather shabby hotel annoyed him, and the expense was a matter of indifference to him. But he did think he should not have let her come. He had not known where to see her; had asked her to appoint a place. Allen told him the car was out of order. She had suggested his office; mere hospitality had prompted this alternative. He felt rather strange when she assented immediately; he didn't know what he felt, until she entered, and then he had expressed everything in that apprehensive question. He thought of his own daughter, and he made a vow that if ever she needed him, he would stand back of her. What else could you do for a girl?

It gave him a wistful delight to see her stroll about, half tiptoe, touching this and that. When she came near him once, he put his arms about her timidly, and gave her a clumsy kiss. She squirmed away, laughed, and prodded his broad chest with a slim finger. "Aren't you fat?" she teased irrelevantly. "I daresay you wouldn't feel it if I tried to beat you." But he did feel it. Good heavens, to be over forty, and have sweet-and-twenty laugh at you! Then she folded his expensive silk shirts, and socks, his innumerable ties, his fine linen handkerchiefs, with the care of a child keeping house, and made herself very busy, and said she was sorry he was going. His trunk was enormous; she said she could get into it, and proved the fact. The extent of his wardrobe filled her with frank amazement. People, she reflected, were very interesting, when one saw them thus at first hand, surrounded by the evidences of their own taste and personality. This was so unlike her own room, which was a bare little cell, with queer sketches of her own on the walls, one small battered trunk, a highly uncomfortable chair, an imitation couch covered with real cushions, and a pair of Japanese clogs pathetically toeing toward each other in the centre of the room. They were always in the centre of the room, never neatly ranged against the wall. How out of place he would be there! It made her laugh. But he broke in on her thoughts. He had been pacing up and down, lighting and throwing away cigarettes, watching her.

"Are you going to college?" he asked at last, abruptly.

Her own answer surprised her a little, for she said involuntarily: "No." And she was sorry she felt forced to say it, for he looked generously disappointed.

"Then, what can I do for you?" he asked finally.

To that she had no answer.

This refusal had crystallized suddenly in her mind, as the result of long, rather inchoate reflections on it. Dimly she perceived that college would not give her what she wanted. The end of college would be simply the end of college, not the beginning of anything else. She was seeking her youth, not trying to give it up, to college or anything. What had college given to Mary? She would have read more books. She could read them anyway. She would still have her part to (*Continued on page 34*)

She loved the gay and gallant spirit she read into him, and it seemed, absurdly, to have something to do with the way his hair grew off his temples and with the wrinkles that came across his nose when he laughed.

The WOMEN'S PARLIAMENT of CANADA

THE QUESTION OF THE MONTH

SHALL WE HAVE TOTAL PROHIBITION?

The Affirmative

WHY I AM IN FAVOUR OF TOTAL PROHIBITION

By HATTIE A. STEVENS

President Ontario Women's Christian Temperance Union

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
'This is my own, my native land' "

SURELY but few there are on this free soil of Canada who are not proud of their noble heritage, and who would not willingly sacrifice much for their young country's best interests; for that which would add enormously to her strength, and health, and wealth, and high and noble purposes; and who would not willingly fight any enemy that threatened her. So with confidence, I appeal to the readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD to note a few facts showing why we should have Prohibition throughout Canada.

Because it would rid us of our greatest curse—the liquor traffic—which has, ever since the dawn of Creation, been the enemy of mankind, and always and ever a symbol of the bottomless pit.

Because, for years previous to Provincial Prohibition, it sent to drunkards' graves over 5,000 Canadians annually. A business that killed 5,000 citizens in one year should be summarily dealt with—it should not be allowed to do business a second year. But no! The evil traffic has gone on and on, and innocent, heart-broken wives and children have suffered without redress, half starved, hopeless, and neglected. What chance had such children of growing into strong and desirable citizens such as Canada needs? That some of them have is due to the mercy of God, the self-sacrifice of their mothers, and the kindness of friends; not to the State on which rested most of the responsibility. Truly,

"There's a wrong in all the land, and the beautiful are slain.
Amid her graves the nation counts her revenue of shame."

Mrs. Hattie A. Stevens

What a heritage is left to these children of drunken parents, even to the third generation! Particularly is this noticeable in its effect on the brain and nerves, causing dullness, feeble mindedness, idiocy, and imbecility.

Careful research work has been made along this line, and the family histories of 3,711 school children have been traced through three generations. They were divided into two classes, viz.: those *free* from hereditary alcoholic taint, and those *with* hereditary taint, and it was found that of those free from the taint, 96 per cent. were proficient, while only 23 per cent. of those with alcoholic ancestry were bright, and one-third of the remaining 77 per cent. were very deficient.

Dr. L. S. Forbes, the famous English scientific expert, makes the damning statement that the world is rapidly going mad. "I only hope," he says, "that the national conscience may awaken to some sense of the nation's awful peril. To-day there is one lunatic to every 269 of our population. The true causes of insanity are the *vices*, not the *worries*, of civilization. I would put the causes of insanity in the following order:

First, Drink. Second, Cigarette smoking. Third, Heredity."

Though a young nation, we, in Canada, have our own share of feeble-minded children: it being ascertained that there are 7,700 defectives in the schools and homes of the Province of Ontario in all stages from weak mindedness to insanity.

Now, let us contrast this with statistics in Kansas, which has been a Prohibition State for a generation, and we find that 54 of its counties are without an *idiot*, and 87 have no insane. Is not this significant and worth emulating? Again, this traffic is a robber of our country's resources, turning wholesome foodstuffs into that which, as Shakespeare says, "Steals away the brains" of its victims and their posterity, and causes disease, and poverty, and death.

Listen! During the fiscal year ending March 31st, 1916, there was consumed in Canada 3,071,443 bushels of grain and 4,884,460 pounds of molasses in the production of our various brands of beer and spirits, which, at a fair market price, would bring about $4,244,000, besides the $87,000,000 spent on drinking these death-dealing poisons, and the loss to the country of the labour of the drinkers while incapacitated for work, which, at a careful estimate, would amount to at least $66,000,000 more, making in all over $157,000,000 wasted by the liquor and its traffic during the year. Truly it decreases our efficiency at every turn.

The "Strength of Britain" movement tells us that the actual loss of foodstuffs through the drink trade since the War began would have been enough to feed the great metropolis of the world, London, during that same time. It uses up more sugar than the army, while the soldiers on duty and the wounded in the hospitals must go without, or with a negligible quantity. A story comes to us from one of the hospitals of old London of a man returned from Egypt, ill and wounded, in this hospital, which is not far away from the docks where sugar arrives in thousands of tons; but he asks in vain for sugar in his tea. This luxury is not for him; it is for this enemy trade which is making its millions by destroying the sugar and grain which are so needed for food.

Miss Ada Ward, a clever English speaker, (*Continued on page 46*)

THE OBJECT OF THIS PAGE

Is plainly to give the women of Canada a voice in the solving of great National Problems. Below are three ballots. Read the two sides of the debate, then mark your ballot, expressing whether or not you want Total Prohibition in Canada, and have any other women members of your household, or neighbours, sign the other two. Send them to

The Woman's Parliament
of Canada,
62 Temperance St.,
Toronto, Ont.

BALLOT Mark X in Ballot in square indicating your vote

☐ I am in Favour of Total Prohibition

☐ I am Opposed to Total Prohibition

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . .

County..... ..... *Province*.. ....

(Voters must be 21 years or over)

BALLOT Mark X in Ballot in square indicating your vote

☐ I am in Favour of Total Prohibition

☐ I am Opposed to Total Prohibition

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . .

County.. . . . *Province* . . . . . .

(Voters must be 21 years or over)

BALLOT Mark X in Ballot in square indicating your vote

☐ I am in Favour of Total Prohibition

☐ I am Opposed to Total Prohibition

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City..... . . . . .

County . . . . . *Province* . . . . . .

(Voters must be 21 years or over)

The Negative

WHY I AM OPPOSED TO TOTAL PROHIBITION

By H. F. GADSBY

Author of "Politicians I Have Met" and Other Sketches

LET me state right at the start that John Barleycorn has had nothing on me for five years. It was that long ago that I gave up drinking. Since then I have not had a glass even of the mildest beer. No moral reform overtook me. No good woman wooed me to rectitude. No rebellious stomach or peevish liver warned me to desist. I simply decided that I had had my share—perhaps a little more than my share—and I quit. I had been drinking twenty-five years, and so far as I can see it has not undermined either my health nor my strength of purpose.

Dominion wide Prohibition would cause me no personal inconvenience whatever, and yet I object to it as I do to Provincial Prohibition or any other form of prohibition which is in advance of public opinion. That indeed is my first argument—that the goody-good people, spurning all considerations of fair play and good faith, are putting their mean little "ism" over while the country is in a general state of depression owing to the War, and our soldiers, who might be expected to vote "no," are absent attending to more important matters. As I have said in another place, prohibition in Canada is not a conviction—it is a mood—all blue.

To illustrate my complaint, take Ontario. There we had a good strong liquor law, not enforced, perhaps, so strictly as it might have been, but a good law nevertheless and equal to all practical purposes. We also had Local Option and the "three-fifths clause," said clause being a prudent method of balancing the eagerness of the agitators against the constitutional apathy of the average voter towards reforms which aim to make people good by law. With this wise Local Option law, Ontario was becoming "dry" as fast as public opinion warranted. It was neither ahead of nor behind public opinion, but abreast of it, which was the proper place for it to be.

H. F. Gadsby

Nothing Sir James Whitney set his hand to showed his knowledge of Canadian character so well as this three-fifths clause, which was intended to protect the moderate drinker from the results of his own timidity. Timidity? Well—say, lack of courage. He doesn't see anything wrong in gladdening his heart with an occasional horn, but he doesn't care to boast about it. He knows that this is a mealy-mouthed generation and that the good people, who make a noise out of all proportion to their numbers, will call him a sinner. The three-fifths clause was a well judged effort to even things up.

By the way, calling the other fellow a sinner is one of the best things the advocates of Dominion-wide Prohibition do. Sin, with them, is not necessarily wrong. It is oftener than not anything which is pleasant or comforting to the senses. In one of our most advanced prohibition newspapers I read not long ago a tirade against ice cream soda the argument being that it frittered away money besides being pleasant to the taste, and, therefore, wicked.

The Pharisees in all ages have taken that view. But Christ made no such mistake. At Cana He turned the water into wine for the delectation of the wedding party, and I see no reason to believe that it was unfermented wine He handed over to the merrymakers. If I know my Greek there is no difference between "glukus" and "oinos" save the difference between a light wine and a heavy one. I have noticed that bilious people especially when they are of a religious turn of mind, choose as their favourite hatred and name as a sin that form of physical indulgence which disagrees most with their own stomachs. These crusaders are really great cowards. They distrust their own will power to such an extent that they would make the community pass laws to protect their health. As I said before, liquor makes some of them sick—ice cream soda makes others—therefore they are both sinful.

To get back to Ontario. Local Option was not quick enough for the moral reformers, so they started in to abolish the bar. With this movement I thoroughly agreed. The bar is a swinish institution. There are better ways for a gentleman to take his liquor than to stand up to a trough and stick his head in. One of the great political parties in Ontario, mainly through insistence of its leader, made abolishing the bar the first plank in its platform, promising to drop it if the thing were defeated at a general election. It was defeated at a general election, but the promise to drop it was shamelessly broken. The leaders went right on with their agitation.

Came the Great War, and the other great political party in Ontario, which happened to be in power, thanks largely to a campaign fund, raised among the liquor men, not only abolished the bar, but the shops, and the retail sale of liquor in the Province generally. The leaders of the other political party, glad to get so much more than they had bargained for, fell in behind the Hearst Government and made the transaction complete.

To make matters worse, the Hearst Government did not consult, nor did Leader Rowell and his followers advise the Hearst Government to consult the people. They simply joined together to put it over as "a war measure," while the people were looking in another direction. There will be a plebiscite after the War. Although there were many thousands of soldiers in Ontario at the time, the reformers did not consider it expedient to bring on a vote. (*Continued on page 46*)

Jean Blewett's Own Page

Morals to Mend

ONLY THE CHOSEN FEW have the gift of picking a friend for his virtues; more of us have the gift of picking him to pieces for his lack of them. I do not know how many of you are aware that a "Self-Improvement Society" was started in Toronto some years ago. It had a constitution and it had rules, one of which was that no member could correct or comment upon certain faults in others until he or she had overcome like faults in himself or herself.

Its existence was brief. That "faults in himself or herself" was the stumbling block in the way of the society's progress. There is no spice in spying on and rounding up our own shortcomings. We are always trying to improve others. This is particularly true of women. Partly because we are mostly real reformers, and partly through pure meddlesomeness, we love to engage in an orgie of alteration in others. It is the pharisaical streak in us. A little of this sort of thing may be a virtue, but a little goes a long way. The people who go about looking for "morals to mend" are going to get leave to mend their own morals and manners before long. This habit of sitting in judgment seems to grow on people, to be stronger and more general, but it may be that it is only more noticeable. Come to think of it, the greatest Preacher the world has ever known had to speak with no uncertain sound on this very matter nearly two thousand years ago. The mote and the beam are long-lived.

Bridal Roses and Veils

IS THERE ANYTHING as nice as a girl, a clear-eyed, young-hearted girl? Unspoiled, unselfish, she seems made to give happiness to every one. Nobody knows what she and her wise little ways, her coaxing, cozening words and looks mean to Father. She is the only person in the world whom he allows to boss him openly and in the eyes of all. He does not mind her doing it; nay, he delights in it. Proud of her, fond of her, foolish over her—this is Father. There never was such a girl—and she is his, all his own. Like her Mother, very like her Mother at her age. Yes, come to think of it—but why think of it? Girls used to marry too young, much too young. Twenty! A girl is a mere child nowadays at twenty. He must caution Mother not to mention that she was a trifle under that age when he drove her over to the Manse in his new top buggy and married her. It might put notions into his little girl's head, and he doesn't want notions put there. She is his, and he refuses utterly and unconditionally to share even her thoughts with any other male person. The protective jealousy of parenthood is a pathetic thing, a futile thing as well. Father has been proud no end of the fact that he and his Sylvia married young and in haste and have not begun to grow old, or to think of repenting; but now he is fain to suppress the story—it might put notions into his daughter's head. Notions! As though far-seeing Mother Nature had not attended to that in the beginning!

"Wooed, Married and A'"

AT FIRST FATHER is openly scornful of the young man who comes a-wooing; then vindictive; then fearful—Girl actually seems to like him. Later he is appraised of the fact that this audacious, conceited, commonplace chap, not fit to tie Girl's shoes, wants to carry her off; and of the astounding one that she is a party to the plot. For awhile he has a lovely, joyous girl, an engaged girl, a doubly-dutiful girl, who pets him, humours him, watches over him wistfully, spends his money in French lingerie and in articles for the linen chest. Almost before he knows it comes June and the wedding day, and a radiant, grown-up girl with a train and a veil. He gives her away without faltering—she seems oddly unfamiliar—and thinks himself quite hard-hearted until she comes, a tearful, slim slip of a girl in her going-away suit to kiss him good-bye. Then his fortitude fails. The best thing in life is being wrested from him and he cannot put out a hand to stop the outrage. They are off; and in the stir he steals up to his den in the attic, only to find that she has used it for a dressing-room. A white slipper lies on the floor, just where she kicked it off; her kerchief, in his chair. Heaven be kind to all poor fathers who lose their girls! By the agony of his groan, you would think he was done with joy for all time. But is he? Not a bit of it! This was two years ago, and to-day he is prouder and happier than ever before. Girl is home on a visit, and his grandson and namesake is being christened. Also he has been awarded an honorary degree from a noted university, but this fact sinks to insignificance beside the grandson. An old friend 'phoning him congratulations on the degree is astonished to hear in reply, "Thanks! Come up and see him. They say he looks like his grand-daddy, but I don't flatter myself I was ever so handsome as this young cherub. Do come up! Come to think of it, he does favour me a little. You'll say so when you see him."

The Boy of the House

A BOY OF TEN OR TWELVE presents many problems to the man and woman he lives with; for, after all, a boy's home life narrows down to the fact that there is a man and woman, and that he lives with them. He hasn't much reasoning power, as yet, because there is no call for it. He has his instincts, strong ones at that. One of these is to do as he pleases. He loves his own way, and has methods peculiarly his own for getting it. Hence the continual enquiry from perplexed mothers: "How can I go about it to make my boy mind without any show of temper on his part?"

We should suggest that there be no show of temper on the mother's part, either. Temperament has something to do with the cheerfulness or sullenness which marks a boy's (or girl's) surrender of his will to a stronger one; but we may be reasonably certain that if he be a boy of spirit—and he is a poor sort of boy otherwise—he will resent secretly being "*made* to mind."

The secret of happy, heart-whole obedience is to get him deep in your confidence, win him over to your way of thinking, make him want to mind.

"What!" exclaims some disciplinarian. "Is it not well to teach the young that they must obey, whether they wish to or not?"

To be sure it is well; but to teach them to love to obey is better. The rod, beneficial as the wise man declares it to be, will never accomplish this.

The Old Order Changeth

A LAD MAY BE DETERRED from doing evil by fear of punishment, but he cannot be made good by it. Goodness is born of the desire to be good, just as right doing is a natural sequence of right thinking.

Last summer a friend of ours, who is prouder of her twin boys than of anything in the world, had a visit from an uncle.

"When I was a youngster, it was a word and a blow, and the blow came first," he exploded. "Here you've wasted a good half-hour explaining to the twins that after a three days' rain and before the sun has had a chance to dry things up a little, is not the time to go camping. Explain nothing, I say. Command them and stand to your guns. What right has a child to want to know the reason you do or say a certain thing? You'll never break a boy's will going about it like you do, take my word for it!"

"I don't want to break the boy's will," she answered. "He's going to need it to live his life as fully and splendidly as I desire him to do. No half-hour is wasted which wins the twins to do as I desire of their own accord. By getting them to see eye to eye with me, they feel that the three of us is a good combination; it stirs up their belief in my judgment—and their own. Hark to that laughter! Isn't it the gladdest thing? And—oh, Uncle, it is better than every little heart-beat crying, 'It isn't fair! It isn't fair!'"

A Detestable Woman

THE TYPE OF WOMAN who always has worked, and always will work, most harm to her own sex is the one who forgives men everything and forgives women nothing. It is the way she is made; it is also the way she has been taught by example, and trained by precept. The boy of the house may be wild and unfilial, may leave home for the far country and riotous living, and her hand will be extended to greet him, her smile of welcome be warm. He is a male person; he is the material of which interesting prodigals are made. But let the boy's sister dare to step aside ever so little, defy the conventions in any way, and see what my lady's attitude is. She has no charity for women. You say to her of some heart-broken sister who has made the mistake of loving, not wisely, but too well, "Poor girl! The weight of punishment falls heaviest on her!" as she returns in chill implacable condemnation. "And so it should!"

Her attitude—and she is a type of many—invariably unfair, in this case is damnably so, for while she turns her back on the one sinned against, she has toleration and protective friendliness for the sinner, opens her door to him, makes much of him, shows him that the world—her world—holds no grudge against him for ruining a young life.

As for the girl, the only home my lady would open to her would be a home for fallen women. This is the woman who makes life hard for other women—the woman who ought to be ashamed of herself, but is not.

After the War

WE SHOULD LIKE TO SUGGEST that when the War ends, as end it will, enough of hospital furnishing and appointments be freely given to equip hospitals in out-of-the-way places of this big country of ours. Our missionaries, our teachers, plead for this.

"We could do good work if we had a hospital," they say, "but we find it hard to heal the souls until we have made some effort to heal the bodies."

"Too many women die in childbirth in this sparsely settled neighbourhood. We should have a hospital," comes the cry from more than one homestead.

At a Local Council meeting in a Prairie Province, a nursing sister addressed the members on "The Crying Need of the West."

"The overworked country doctors, the wives and mothers of our pioneer farmers, and the brain and heart of our people will bear me out in asserting that the crying need of both town and country of the West is hospital accommodation, fuller, better means of caring for our sick."

Now, when victory is ours, and white-robed peace goes softly through the land, there is going to be an embarrassment of riches in the way of hospital equipment. Never in the history of the world has there been such quantity, such quality. When the last wounded hero is well enough to walk out of the last military hospital, think of the unused linen, the sheets, pillows! Think of the beds, the chairs! Think of all the up-to-date equipment there is going to be! Surely the real philanthropists will see to it that of this unparalleled supply enough is reserved to furnish a hospital wherever a hospital is needed.

A Friend of Our Heart

IT IS NOT THAT WE DO NOT LOVE our friends. Oh, no! It is only a desire to make them more congenial to ourselves which starts us massaging their bump of originality, self-esteem, assertiveness—call it what you will—out of existence. Their individuality is too vivid, so we apply the leech of criticism and pale it down; or it is too colourless and we try to tone it up. We make onslaughts on their outlook, ambitions, even their habits—for their own good, of course. As though it were any of our business! It is egotism, pure and simple, on our part, for mark you, we do not care whether or not our friends show improvement to the world at large, providing they do to us. "Myself and the lucky moment!" to quote the king who reigned from the Ebro to the Elbe.

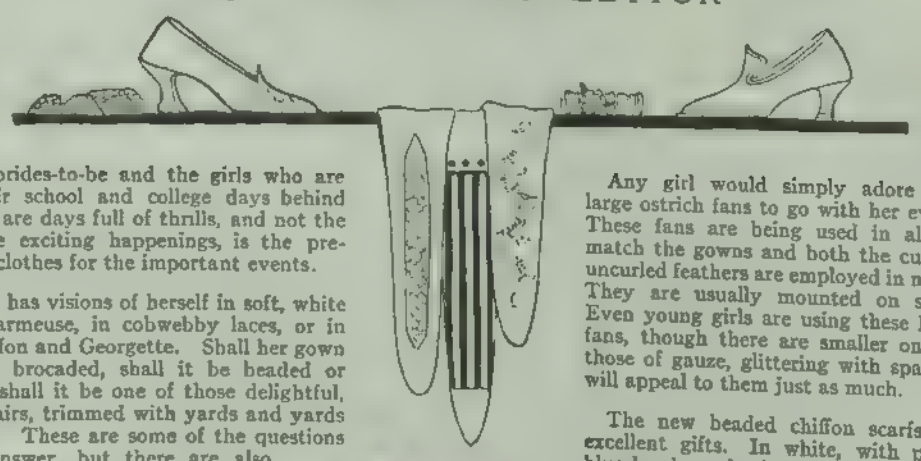
"If only she would overcome that temper of hers!" we say of one. "If he wouldn't weigh one down with his moroseness!" of another. A third is too light-hearted, a fourth lacking in tenderness, and so on and so forth. We lose a lot of precious time, and still more precious companionship, by making, or striving to make, our friends over. And we render ourselves unpopular, vastly so. They are not anxious to be made over, these dear human folk; they aren't in search of some one to mould and fashion them anew. What they desire, what we all desire, is:

"The friend who knows us, but loves too dearly
To see our faults and follies clearly,
Or seeing, loves us just the same."

FOR THE JUNE BRIDE AND GRADUATE

By OUR FASHION EDITOR

June, without its hosts of brides and girl graduates, is just as impossible to think of as June without its blooming roses and bright days full of sunshine



Having gifts showered on them is one of the pleasant things that happens to brides and graduates; but this custom often causes concern to the givers, who are many times at a loss to know what will be the most acceptable gift.

OSTRICH FEATHER FAN FOR EVENING

For the brides-to-be and the girls who are leaving their school and college days behind them, these are days full of thrills, and not the least of the exciting happenings, is the preparation of clothes for the important events.

The bride has visions of herself in soft, white satin or charmeuse, in cobwebby laces, or in clinging chiffon and Georgette. Shall her gown be plain or brocaded, shall it be beaded or braided, or shall it be one of those delightful, fairylike affairs, trimmed with yards and yards of fine lace? These are some of the questions she must answer, but there are also other important decisions to make before she has settled the dress question. As to the style of her gown, draperies and soft, clinging folds are hers to choose from, as well as tucks, tunics, soft puffed effects, and the new bolero styles, which have a wonderful charm.

Girls who are graduating take just as much pleasure in selecting their frocks for the graduation exercises as the bride does in choosing her gown of gowns. In addition to chiffon, Georgette, taffeta, and satin, there are ever so many sheer embroidered organdies, fine voiles, and marquisettes, in silk or cotton, which are just as dainty as possible and ever so youthful. Then there are soft nets and tulles which are very much in favour. All of these materials may be tucked, gathered or pleated, made with flounces or ruffles, and edged with lace, or daintily embroidered like many of the up-to-date frocks of the season.

SMALL GIFTS FOR BRIDE OR GRADUATE

ONE OF THE NEW BEADED SCARFS
Beadwork from Transfer Design No. 822

Any girl would simply adore one of the large ostrich fans to go with her evening dress. These fans are being used in all colours to match the gowns and both the curled and the uncurled feathers are employed in making them. They are usually mounted on shell frames. Even young girls are using these large feather fans, though there are smaller ones, and also those of gauze, glittering with spangles, which will appeal to them just as much.

The new beaded chiffon scarfs make excellent gifts. In white, with pink or blue beads, or in the evening shades with white beads, these filmy scarfs are just the things to wind about the shoulders with evening frocks. There are others of printed chiffons, in delicate colours, equally attractive.

Those who like to make gifts of practical articles will find that silk hose are always acceptable, and that dainty camisoles of filet lace combined with Georgette crepe, chiffon, or crepe de Chine will be appreciated as much as small vanity boxes and fancy handbags. Strings of beads are also included in the list of novel accessories now fashionable

DAINTY CAMISOLE OF FILET LACE AND CHIFFON

SMALL GIFTS FOR BRIDE OR GRADUATE

THE BRIDAL PROCESSION

A thing of pomp and splendour, and indicative of what is pre-eminently the mode of the hour is a wedding.

The June bride will welcome this veil, since it is not in the least cumbersome, or apt to be a nuisance on a warm day. It is of tulle and may be edged with a fine line design done in silver threads—just a simple Grecian or lazy-daisy border will give a good effect, and it may be arranged to look like wreaths of floating clouds.

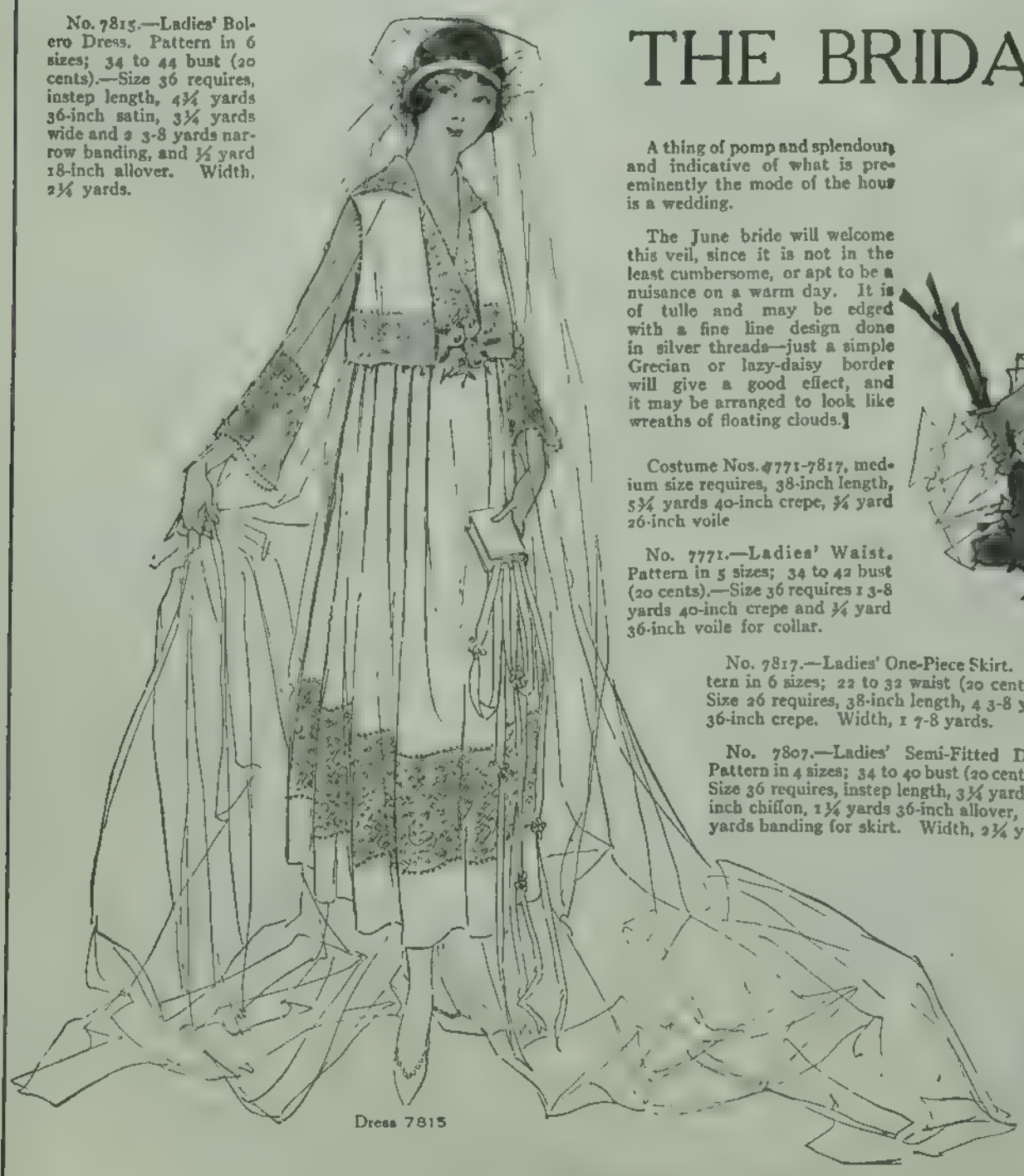
Costume Nos. 7771-7817, medium size requires, 38-inch length, 5¾ yards 40-inch crepe, ¾ yard 26-inch voile

No. 7771.—Ladies' Waist. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 1 3-8 yards 40-inch crepe and ¾ yard 36-inch voile for collar.

No. 7815.—Ladies' Bolero Dress. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, 4¾ yards 36-inch satin, 3¼ yards wide and 2 3-8 yards narrow banding, and ½ yard 18-inch allover. Width, 2¾ yards.

No. 7817.—Ladies' One-Piece Skirt. Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, 4 3-8 yards 36-inch crepe. Width, 1 7-8 yards.

No. 7807.—Ladies' Semi-Fitted Dress. Pattern in 4 sizes; 34 to 40 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, 3¾ yards 40-inch chiffon, 1¼ yards 36-inch allover, 1 3-8 yards banding for skirt. Width, 2¼ yards.

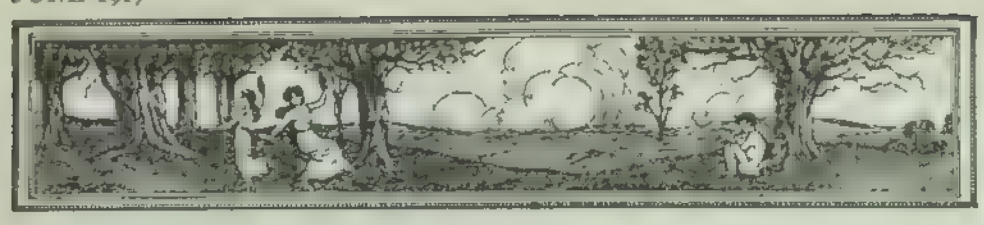


Dress 7815

Waist 7771
Skirt 7817

Dress 7807

Order through your local dealer, or direct from The McCall Company, 70 Bond Street, Toronto.



LAUGH TIME TALES

Funny Things That Happen People

A SOFT SHOCK

A young farmer assisted at a recent wedding, lending his motor car and driving the guests to and from the church. On one journey the car skidded and backed into a milk float containing an old man and woman on their way to market with their produce. The impact jerked them backwards off the seat into the bottom of the cart, but appeared to have done no further damage.

The next morning the farmer received the following bill:

"To three-score eggs I sat on.

"To twelve pounds of butter my husband sat on.

"Knowing you to be a kind gentleman, perhaps you will allow us something for shock."

***

THE UNEXPECTED

Florence, who was an ardent admirer of her own vocal qualities, had been selected to sing a solo at a church entertainment.

The following morning at the breakfast table she remarked to her younger brother:

"Well, I never thought my voice would fill that large hall."

"Neither did I," answered her brother unfeelingly. "I thought it would empty it."

***

QUESTION OF OWNERSHIP

A well-known shopkeeper recently lent his grandson enough money to purchase a motor-cycle. The money was to be paid back in instalments, the machine to remain the property of the grandfather until the last payment had been made.

The other day while out riding, the boy met his grandfather and jumped off his motor-cycle.

"Say, Grandfather," said the boy, "who does this machine belong to?"

"It belongs to me until you have made the last payment. That was the agreement, you know. But why do you ask?"

"Well, I just wanted to make sure," remarked the boy, with a grin. "Your motor-cycle needs a new tire."

***

PLAYING SAFE

"You should have told him that he was a scoundrel and a thief, and dared him to do his worst," said the valiant man.

"I know I should have," replied his discreet friend; "but a man as fat as I am isn't much of a runner."

***

GAVE IT AWAY

Mistress (in search of a maid): "Did you get a reference from your last mistress?"

Applicant: "Yes'm."

"Where is it?"

"Sure, it wasn't worth keeping, ma'am."

***

JUST LIKE HIM

She entered the department and complained about a lamp she had purchased, demanding that it be taken back.

"What's the matter with it, madam?"

"It has all the faults of my husband and none of his virtues."

"Please explain yourself."

"Well, it has a good deal of brass about it, it is not remarkably brilliant, requires a great deal of attention, is unsteady on its legs, flares up occasionally, is always out at bedtime, and is bound to smoke."

***

A SOUND INVESTMENT

Fred: "I've just invested in a sound proposition."

Ned: "How so?"

Fred: "I bought a gramophone."

***

PRAYER TO BE HEARD

Dick and Jimmy were spending a few days with their grandmother, who spoils them, as grandmothers will. One night they were saying their prayers, and little Jimmy vociferated his petitions to the heavenly throne in a voice that could be heard a mile. He was telling the Divine Providence what he wanted for Christmas, and his enthusiasm in the cause got on his brother's nerves.

"What are you praying for Christmas presents so loud for?" interrupted Dick. "The Lord ain't deaf."

"No," whispered Jimmy, "but Grandma is."

PUNISHED

"Did Mother punish you to-day, James?"

"Yes, Father."

"What did she do?"

"Made me stay in the room while she was taking her singing lessons."

***

DOUBLY SURE

"I couldn't get out of marrying her," Henpeck explained. "When she proposed she said: 'Will you marry me? Have you any objection?' You see, no matter whether I said 'Yes' or 'No,' she had me."

"Why didn't you just keep silent, then?" inquired his friend.

"That's what I did, and she said, 'Silence gives consent,' and that ended it."

***

BE MEANT WELL

"Oh, Jack, I expect I shall be awfully stupid now," said the young wife, when she returned from the dentist's.

"How's that?" asked her husband in surprise.

"I've just had my wisdom teeth pulled," she mourned.

"Oh, dear one, the idea that wisdom teeth have anything to do with wisdom is quite absurd!" hubby reassured her. "If you had every tooth in your head pulled, it couldn't make you a bit stupider than you are now, you know."

***

WATER EXPENSIVE

"Why are you raising the price of milk a penny?" asked the housewife grimly.

"Well, you know," returned the milkman, clearly embarrassed, but glib nevertheless, "winter is coming on, and——"

"Oh, I see!" interrupted the woman. "The water will be needed for making ice!"

***

SUFFICIENT REASON

Sunday School Teacher: "And the father of the prodigal son fell on his neck, and wept. Now, why did he weep?"

Tommy Tuffnut: "Huh! I guess you'd weep, too, if you fell on your neck."

***

PROSPECTING

Mary's mother found her busily engaged in cutting up potatoes.

"Why, Mary," said the astonished mother, "what are you doing that for?"

Pausing a moment in her task, Mary looked up and replied:

"I heard the man over at the store say that there was money in potatoes this year, Mamma, and I was just looking for some."

***

CERTAINLY!

Some time ago a charming girl came to town to spend a week with a young woman friend. While there she was induced to take part in a war charity bazaar, and was given charge of the confectionery stall. Eventually a middle-aged man was led that way.

"They tell me I must buy some chocolates," smiled the victim, picking up a box from the stall. "How much is this?'

"Five dollars," answered the girl, without any visible evidence of conscientious pangs.

"Um," thoughtfully returned the victim, glancing from the chocolates to the girl, "aren't you a little dear?"

"Well," coyly rejoined the other, "that's what all the boys say."

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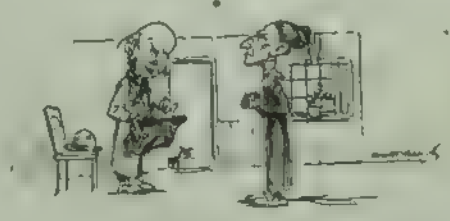

GETTING EVEN

"Now, what do you want?" asked the sharp-tempered woman.

"I called to see if I could sell you some bakin' powder, ma'am," said the seedy gentleman with the staggering whiskers.

"Well, you can't sell bakin' powder here, and I ain't got time to waste on peddlers, anyway."

"Come to think of it, ma'am," said the seedy gentleman, as he fastened his bag, "I wouldn't care to sell you any powder. This poky little kitchen of yours is so low in the ceilin' that bread wouldn't have no chance to rise."

Women who do their own work

WOMEN who do their own work usually find it hard to keep their hands soft and white. The reason is, they use ordinary soap which almost always contains free alkali and other harsh materials.

As soon as they begin to use Ivory Soap, not only for bath and toilet, but for fine laundry work, dishes, woodwork, windows and general cleaning, they no longer are troubled with unsightly, smarting hands.

You will find Ivory Soap no more harmful to your tender skin than pure, clear, sparkling water.

IVORY SOAP

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will do this for you. Put up in liquid form, the only satisfactory way to clean white Canvas, Buckskin and Nubuck shoes, belts, etc. Best for babies' shoes.

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No. 9906.—Ladies' house dress. Sizes, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. A neat, trim dress, in which any woman will look attractive.

No. 9859.—Ladies' one-piece Grecian negligee. Sizes, 36, 40, and 44 inches bust measure. Unique in style is this comfortable neglgee, which may be slipped on over the head.

No. 9908.—Ladies' house dress. Sizes, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. Ideal for wear during the busy hours in the morning. Either full-length or shorter sleeves may be used.

No. 9841.—Ladies' blouse, with the new sleeves; very novel closing and collar. Sizes, 36 to 42 bust measure.

No. 9821.—Ladies' blouse closed in back, showing very new collar. Sizes, 36 to 42 bust measure.

No. 9797.—Girls' dress with fitted lining; good in either one or two materials. Sizes, 8 to 12 years.

No. 9822.—Girls' coat, in silk or light-weight wool; good style. Sizes, 10 to 16 years.

No. 9874.—Ladies' waist. Sizes, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Makes up charmingly in a combination of satin and Georgette crepe.

No. 9875.—Ladies' dress. Sizes, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The one-piece plaited skirt is suitable for embroidered flouncing or bordered material.

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No. 9842.—Ladies' and misses' skirt, with smart pocket openings, and very new girdle. Sizes, 24 to 30 waist measure

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No. 9802.—Ladies' peplum blouse, with deep band of satin and satin girdle. Sizes, 36 to 42 bust measure.

No. 9891.—Ladies' tucked waist. Sizes, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches, bust measure. A soft and unusually pretty waist in voile or any of the soft silks.

No. 9796.—Ladies' peplum waist, in one or two materials. Use crepe, crepe de chine, or silk. Sizes, 36 to 42 bust measure.

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No. 9852.—Ladies' one-piece dress, with plaited skirt. Sizes, 36 to 42 bust measure.

No. 9844.—Ladies' and misses' skirt, with novel panel and yoke. Sizes, 24 to 30 waist measure.

No. 9848.—Ladies' skirt, with very novel pockets. Sizes, 24 to 34 waist measure.

No. 9826.—Ladies' coat. Very new and novel style. Sizes, 36 to 42 bust measure.

No. 9846.—Ladies' skirt, tucked, or in allover embroidery. Sizes, 24 to 34 waist measure.

No. 9831.—Ladies' skirt, in plaited style with panelled yoke. Sizes, 24 to 34 waist measure.

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DETAILED LESSON IN TATTING

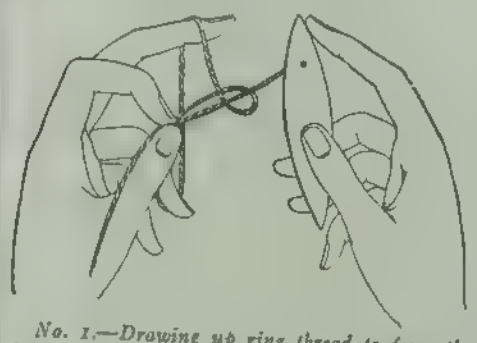
Detailed Directions and a Simple Edge for Beginners

ABBREVIATIONS used in tatting: Double stitch, d.s.; Picot, p.; Ring, r.; Chain, ch.; * to repeat.

Necessary materials: A ball of crochet cotton—the coarser thread is better for beginners—and a celluloid or steel shuttle.

To fill shuttle: Tie thread through hole in centre of shuttle, then holding firmly in left hand, wind thread as on a spool.

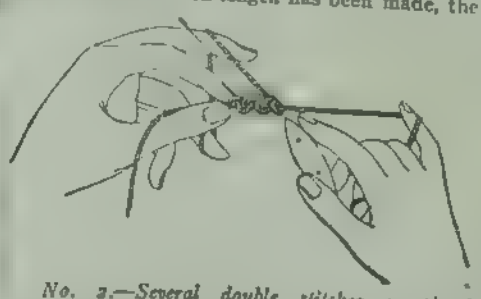
All work in tatting is done with double stitches. When the making of double stitches and picots



No. 1.—Drawing up ring thread to form the loop or stitch on the straight shuttle thread with the second finger of the left hand.

and the joining of rings to the picots is mastered, you can make any kind of tatted lace by merely following the directions.

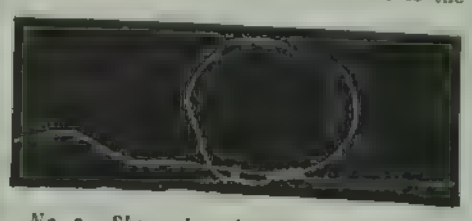
The chain is not used in the simple edge shown in No. 6, but it is made in the same way as the ring, with double stitches, except that instead of forming a ring, the chain is made on a straight piece of thread. Two shuttles are used, or the ball of cotton may take the place of one shuttle, in which case the thread is not broken off after winding the shuttle from the ball of cotton. After the first ring has been made with the shuttle thread, the ball thread is taken up and a chain of double stitches is made on it. This chain serves to join the various rings or parts of the work instead of a plain thread. When a chain of the desired length has been made, the



No. 2.—Several double stitches completed. Showing the shuttle thread held taut by the right hand, while the second finger of the left hand has just drawn up the stitch into position.

ball of thread is dropped and the next ring is made with the shuttle thread.

To begin: Wind the cotton once around the four fingers of the left hand, the end hanging in front over the thumb, forming a ring, the crossing of which is held firmly between thumb and forefinger of the left hand. To make the first half of the double stitch, throw the shuttle thread (the part between the crossing and the shuttle) over the fingers of the left hand, in back of the ring thread. Then point the shuttle through the ring from right to left, passing it between the ring and shuttle threads, and grasping the shuttle with thumb and forefinger of right hand, as it comes up between the two threads. Draw the shuttle thread to the



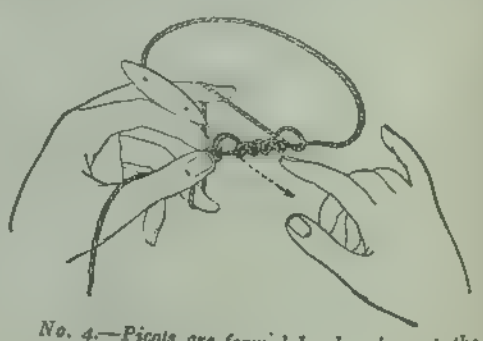
No. 3.—Shows how the stitches are formed by the ring thread on the shuttle thread; the last stitch is drawn up loosely for a picot.

right so that it will extend taut and straight from between the thumb and forefinger of left hand. At the same time the ring thread must be held loose. Then with the second finger of the left hand draw up the ring thread so that it forms a loop on the taut shuttle thread, as shown in No. 1. This loop is drawn to the left until it can be slipped between the thumb and forefinger and held firmly while the work proceeds. To make the second half of the double stitch, allow the shuttle thread to hang down in front of the left thumb, then pass the shuttle through the ring from the outside toward you, slipping it between the ring and shuttle threads. As before, draw or jerk the shuttle thread to the right until it is taut, and with the second finger of the left hand draw up the ring thread to form the loop or second half of the double stitch, catching and holding it firmly between left thumb and forefinger. Then proceed to make the first half of the next double stitch, then the second half, and so on.

These stitches are really only a succession of knots made on the shuttle thread, but it must be kept in mind that each loop or knot should be made *above* the shuttle thread, as shown in No. 1. If the loop is permitted to slip under the shuttle thread, it will become tightly knotted, and the ring cannot be closed or drawn together. It is absolutely necessary to jerk the shuttle thread straight out to the right and hold it taut while the loop is being drawn up. If this is properly done, the stitch almost forms itself. By raising the second finger of the left hand, the loop or stitch is drawn sufficiently tight and in its proper place—see No. 2.

It is advisable to practise the double stitch until it can be made rapidly. No. 2 shows a few double stitches completed, and No. 3 shows how the ring thread forms the stitches on the shuttle thread.

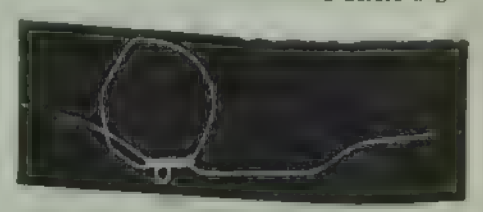
The picot in tatting not only beautifies the work, but is used to join the different parts. Care should be taken to make them even. A picot is a loose loop of thread between two double stitches. It is made by drawing up only very loosely the first half of a double stitch—see Nos. 4 and 5. The stitch following the picot, which helps to make it, is counted as the first half of the next double stitch.



No. 4.—Picots are formed by drawing up the first half of the double stitch only very loosely.

When the desired number of double stitches and picots has been made, the ring is closed or drawn together, by pulling the shuttle thread till all the stitches are crowded into a close ring, as shown in No. 6, which is a succession of these closed rings joined by picots. To join the different rings insert a crochet hook into the picot from above and draw up through it the ring thread; then pass the shuttle through the loop thus formed, and pull up the ring thread as in making any other stitch.

You are now ready to make the simple lace edge in No. 6. Start by forming your thread ring as directed in the beginning, and on it make 3 d.s., 1 p., * 3 d.s., 1 p., 3 d.s., 1 p., 3 d.s.; close ring by pulling shuttle thread tightly. Leave sufficient space on thread before begin-



No. 5.—When the stitches in figure 3 are pushed together, the picot looks like this.

ning next ring, so they will not overlap, that is, about ¼ inch. Then, beginning the second ring, make 3 d.s., join to preceding ring by drawing the ring thread up through the nearest picot of the preceding finished ring with a crochet hook or pin; slip the shuttle through the loop and draw up the ring thread as in making the double stitches; then repeat from * till your lace is of the desired length.

The edge in No. 6 makes a dainty trimming for handkerchiefs, neckwear, and fine waists. It is pretty in white, light blue, pink, light green, or yellow on white material.

Another variation of this pretty edge may be made by putting three picots at the bottom, that is 4 d.s., 1 p., * 4 d.s., with 1 p. between each two doubles, 4 d.s., 1 p., 4 d.s.; close ring. About ¼ inch further along on the thread begin

No. 6.—A succession of completed rings with picots forming a dainty edge, suitable for trimming handkerchiefs, neckwear, and waists.

the second ring; 4 d.s., join to picot of preceding ring, and repeat from * till lace is of desired length.

SEVERAL PRETTY CROCHET EDGES

For Trimming Dresses, Underwear and Household Linens

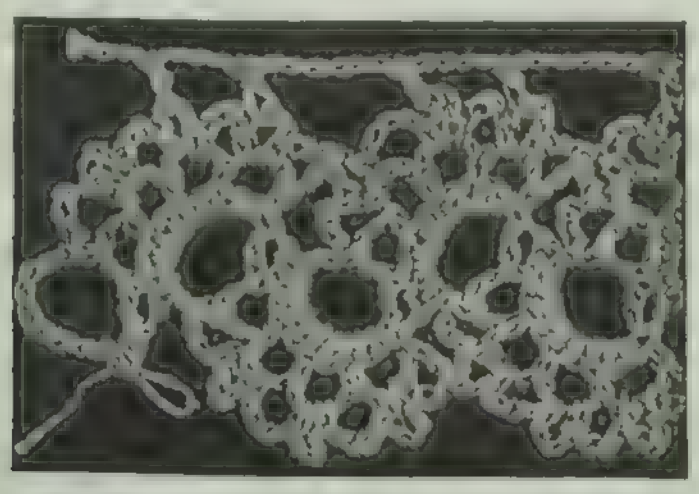
THE day of crochet laces is with us again Not only is this variety of hand-made lace used for adorning underwear and household linen, but done in worsted, such designs as are shown in Nos. 2 and 3 are being used on dresses of serge, satin, etc. The finest Paris frock embellished in this way certainly was a revelation, but others have appeared, and New York manufacturers of high-class dresses are not slow to make use of this novel form of trimming. It is not infrequently used in connection with a few simple embroidery stitches in worsted also. The worsted crochet is usually in a colour that contrasts with the material. Many navy blue serges and Burgundy coloured gabardines have been noted with wool crochet in a soft gray or old gold. Sometimes a few crystal beads are slipped along the worsted while crocheting, which enhances the effect of the trimming materially.

Edge No. 1 is attractive for edging centre-pieces, doilies, buffet scarfs, curtains, etc. Nos. 2 and 3, in fine thread, make dainty trimmings for underwear, neckwear, and waists. Worked in heavy white, blue, or pink mercerized cotton, they are excellent for towels and household linen.

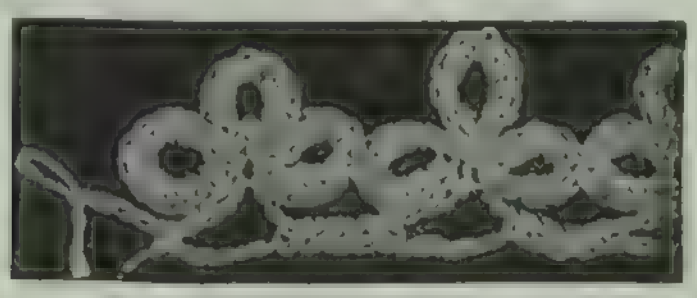
Design No. 3 makes a pretty insertion, with a picot chain or plain chain heading. Like No. 4, it can be used as an edging, and is particularly good as an insertion or galloon trimming in worsted crochet on dresses of serge, gabardine, or satin.

Abbreviations and explanations of stitches used

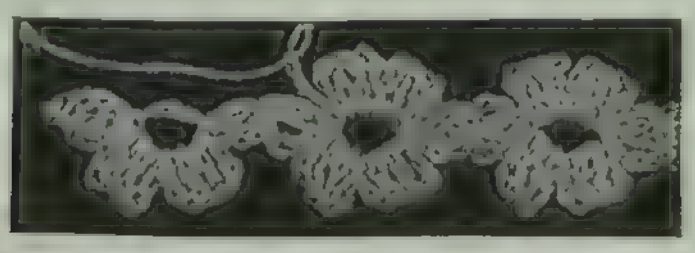
Chain, ch., a series of loops made with a crochet hook, each loop being drawn through the preceding one. Slip stitch, sl. st., insert hook in following stitch, and draw thread through both the stitch and loop on hook. Single crochet, s.c., insert hook into following stitch, catch thread around hook and draw thread through stitch, catch thread around hook and draw through the two loops on hook. Double crochet, d.c., catch thread around hook, insert the following stitch, draw thread through, catch thread around hook and draw through 2 loops, thread around hook, draw through 2 remaining loops.



No. 1.—Duplex Lace Edge.—Chain 10, join into a ring with a slip stitch. Row 1—10 s.c. into ring, turn. Row 2—4 ch., miss 1 s.c., put 1 s.c. into next stitch; do this 5 times, turn. Row 3—4 ch., 1 s.c. into loop of 4 chain, 4 ch., 1 s.c. into same loop; * 4 ch., 1 s.c. into next loop, 4 ch., 1 s.c. into same loop; repeat from *. 4 ch., 1 s.c. into next loop, 8 ch., 1 s.c. into last loop; turn. Row 4—Repeat row 1, putting 10 s.c. into loop of 8 ch. Row 5—Repeat row 2. Row 6—Repeat row 3. Row 7—Repeat row 4. Row 8—Repeat row 2. Row 9—Same as row 6, except the first loop of the chain, which, after 2 chains are made, is caught back with a sl. st. into 2nd loop of previous fan on the same side. Then make 2 ch. and proceed as in row 3, repeating the 9 rows. For a heading join thread to first loop of fan, * make 4 ch., sl. st. into 3rd loop, 6 ch., sl. st. into first loop of next fan; continue from *.



No. 2.—Clover Leaf Edge.—Ch. 20; make a loop of 9 stitches of the chain; 9 s.c. into loop, close ring with sl. st., * loop of 9 ch., 9 s.c. into loop; close ring; repeat from *. When the 3 lobes of the leaf are made, adjust them with a s.c. and continue from the beginning, making 21 ch., of which 9 are formed into a loop, etc. For a heading make 6 s.c. over the 10 ch. stitches between the two leaves, then 6 ch.; repeat to end of row.



No. 3.—Crocheted Rosette Trimming.—Make a chain of the desired length. Return on chain, put a slip stitch into 9th chain, thus forming a small ring; then * twice: 3 ch., sl. st. into 4th ch., once: 4 ch., sl. st. into 5th ch.; repeat from * to end of row, finishing with one 3 ch. into 4th ch. Now form the other half of petal by making 1 d.c. and 3 ch. into ring. Then * twice: 3 ch., 2 d.c., 3 ch. into ring, once: 3 ch., sl. st. into stitch between the two 3-chain sections on main line; 3 ch. into next ring. Repeat from * to end of row. This forms one half of the trimming. Repeat the last row for the other half of pattern.

Crocheted in silk mercerized cotton or wool, this design makes a pretty dress trimming. In white cotton it can be applied to underwear and household linens as an insertion or edge.

No. 4.—Picot Scallop Edge.—Ch. 10, make a picot by going back into 6th chain; then 16 ch., back into first stitch to form a loop. Scallop 2—8 s.c. into loop, picot of 5 ch., 8 ch., picot of 5 ch., 8 ch., picot of 5 ch., 8 ch.,

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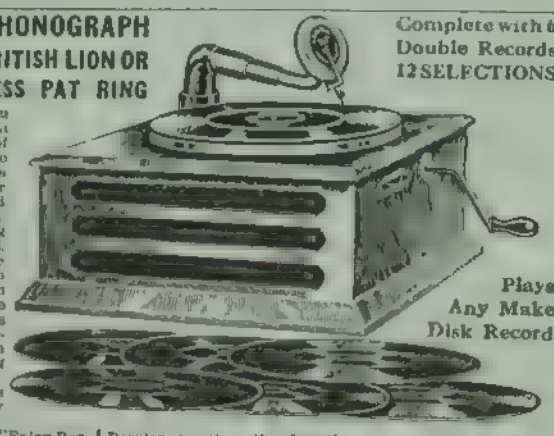

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These great prizes are being given away FREE to quickly advertise and introduce "Fairy Berries" the delightful, new, Cream Candy Coated breath perfume that everybody just loves. Send your name and address to-day and we'll send you free a big trial package and just 25 handsome 10c packages to introduce among your friends. Open your free package, try Fairy Berries yourself and ask all your friends to try them. Everyone wants a package or two at once, they are so delicious. Fairy Berries sweeten the breath, purify the mouth, and leave a lasting fragrance. You'll sell them like hot cakes. Then return our money, only $2.50, and we'll promptly send your choice of the beautiful rings, all postage paid, and the grand phonograph and records complete you can also receive for just showing your fine prize to your friends and getting only six of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did.

SEND NO MONEY. Just send your name and address to-day. A post card will do. Address 8B

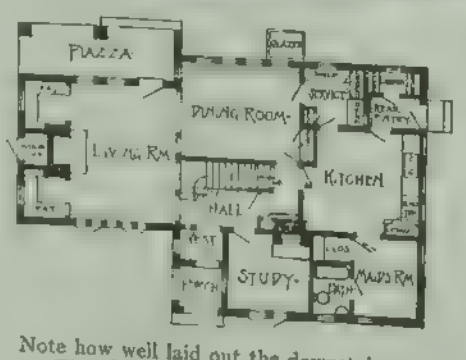
THE FAIRY BERRY COMPANY
Department P. 2 Toronto, Ontario

A COMFORTABLE ENGLISH COTTAGE

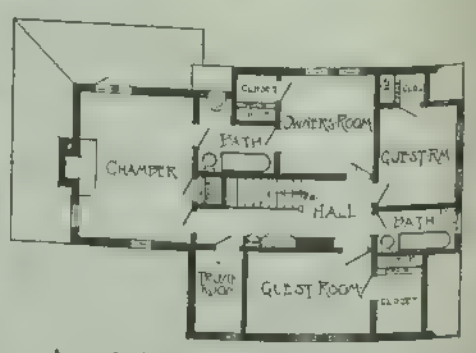
So much efficiency is contained in this picturesque house, designed and built for a woman by a woman, that one marvels that femininity is not more represented in the professions of home-building. Besides being highly artistic and goodly to look upon in its exterior, the inside is laid out to provide efficient and happy living.

Special attention is given to the convenience of the home-maker.

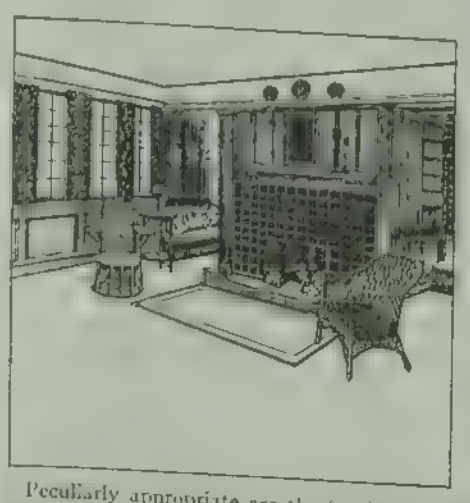
The entrance is unusual, the small porch at the left being incorporated in the general plan of the facade, an arched door and side opening lending a severe touch to the design that is distinctly pleasing. A tiny entry ushers the visitor into the hall, which, with the dining-room beyond, is separated from the large living-room to the left by a partition of grillwork of chestnut, which is used as the house trim.



Note how well laid out the downstairs rooms are. Those that should be isolated are, and the others are socially connected. The space back of the chimney is used for an outside cupboard, with concrete bottom for garden tools.



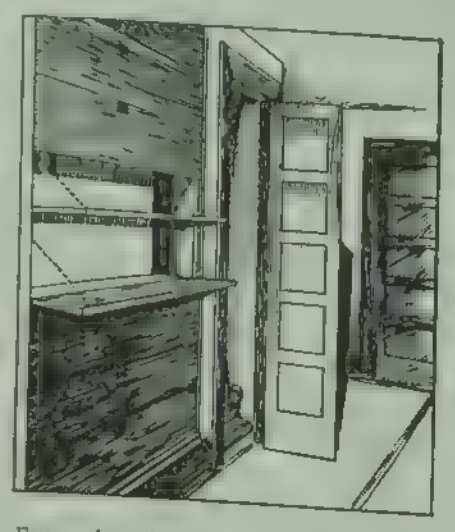
A particularly feminine feature of the second floor is the multiplicity of closets, each designed and filled for a special purpose. There is a place for everything so that everything may be in its place.



Peculiarly appropriate are the furnishings of the big, sunny living room, with its buff Eltonbury wall paper imported from England (which, by the way, is used throughout the first floor), its gay English chintz showing a design of peacocks in natural colours against a background of soft greens and woody browns, and its comfortable willow furniture. Each window is dressed with white casement curtains overhung with those of chintz. By sunlight or lamplight it is a livable room

No one feature of this English cottage better depicts the typical domestic comfort of those home-loving folk across the sea than does the ingenious inglenooks built on either side of the fireplace. Encased and ceiled with wood, they provide a delightful seclusion for the book-lover, with comfortably cushioned window seats, good light and warmth, and her treasured books close at hand.

The inglenook on the other side of the fireplace can be fitted with desk and writing table.



Every housekeeping convenience is there. Ash chute for the living-room, fireplace, broom closets, electric bells, and speaking tubes all over, a soiled clothes chute, and built-in shelves and cupboards wherever there was room for them.

The clothes hooks and pantry shelves are placed low enough for the ordinary woman to reach; and the stairs are wide and broad. Nothing that can simplify the work or add to the comfort has been forgotten; and the whole design is a tribute to what a woman can do when she tries.

The kitchen is large and conveniently arranged. Below the long group of casement windows on the west are the sink with two drain boards, the moulding board with flour bin beneath, vegetable shelf and stool for the worker, and numberless built-in shelves for utensils. The woodwork is white.

Here the chestnut trim, noticeable for its simplicity of contour, harmonizes charmingly with the mission furniture. One end of the room, between the doors to the butler's pantry and to the rear entry, is a very practical built-in china cupboard where the ware in daily use is kept. It is Spode in a fascinating green-and-gold design, the colours being effectively echoed in the sideboard and table-covers and also in the soft green silk lining the grillwork dividing the dining- from the living-room.

The colours are very restful and quiet.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE INSTITUTE FOR WOMEN

SLOGAN: DO SOME ONE THING WELL

THE "HIRING AND FIRING" EXPERT

By KATHLEEN ELIZABETH STEACY

ANY one who has made a study of industrial conditions knows something of the many employees who are "hired and fired" by every large business during a year, and something also of the reasons for this repeated "hiring and firing."

The ordinary employer hires for one of three reasons: good references, the applicant's own assurance, the appearance that "looks as if he would do." None of these reasons is reliable

In five years I examined the references of seven thousand girls and women, and my conclusions with regard to the value of references must be that of any one who has had to do with large numbers of employees and who has given serious thought to the subject. References cannot be other than unreliable, insufficient, and inadequate. They are written by persons having no knowledge whatever of the particular requirements of any one firm, of the particular position to be filled, and the particular work to be done. The applicant's own assurance is worse than useless; usually the greatest assurance is shown by those most ignorant of what is required, and for that very reason—*they do not know*. Appearances are never so deceptive as when taken as a guide to a person's fitness for this or that position.

How, then, does the average employer judge? He doesn't. He "makes a hit at it" and trusts to luck. And "trusting to luck" costs him money, time, efficiency.

"Yes, I know," he answered glibly, "but I learned to run an envelope machine at Blank and Blank's, and Jones and Jones taught me how to do routine office work—filing letters and things like that; and all knowledge comes in handy, you know."

"Then you are feeding an envelope machine and filing letters now with Brown and Brown?" I asked, being somewhat in the dark

"Oh, no! Brown and Brown don't run an envelope machine; I'm keeping time cards there."

Knowledge is good; every scrap of knowledge may be useful sometime, but indiscriminate and miscellaneous knowledge should be gathered as a side line and *not as a life job*.

Every single day, every hour a boy or girl spends in any business is an investment of the best time of life, the most impressionable period, the greatest receptive years, when to learn is easy, to adapt is no effort, to receive instruction is natural. But if this time be spent in changing from one thing to another, he gets no return on his investment of time, of youth, of enthusiasm. This is why the elderly man looking for a job is turned down so frequently—he invested himself and his talents a little here, a little there, a little in this business, a little in that. Can he hope for an adequate return from any one business when his investments have been scattered over a dozen or two different lines?

The Employer

How many do you need in your business?
How many were on your pay roll during 1916?
Have you calculated the time, money, and efficiency, lost in firing one employee?
Have you made a success of hiring?
Have you made a success of firing?
Do you know that a man works better if he have an intelligent idea of the business as a whole?
Do you know that the man who fails in one position may make a big success in another?

The Employee

How many times have you moved in the last five years?
How much more are you worth to-day than when you started to work?
Do you know why you have not done better?
Do you think you have not had a fair chance?
Do you know that you can do some one thing well?
Have you ever tried to find out what that some one thing is?
Are you happy in your work?
Do you make the interest of your employer your interest?

Every employer knows that he pays out money, in wages, for which he receives little or no return. Here are some actual figures and facts: A large manufacturing concern that needs, on an average, 2,400 men, found that in one year 7,200 men had been entered on their pay roll, and *that* meant that an employee's average length of service was twenty days! Another business found that in order to keep up the 800 men needed, 2,660 had been on the pay roll in twelve months.

This "hiring and firing" represents a huge loss to the large employer; it represents a heavy loss to the small employer; it represents an economic loss that cannot be calculated, to the country. The large amount of "firing" that has been done, that is being done, proves that the employer cannot and does not hire intelligently. He hasn't the time; he hasn't the knowledge; he is not an expert.

In many large firms the head of each department does his own hiring and firing; but it does not follow that because a man is an experienced buyer, an expert in cut glass, leather, or reaping machines, that he is an expert judge of the services offered him every time he advertises for help. He may know very well what he wants, or he may not, *but he does not recognise what he wants when he sees it*. He hasn't the knowledge He is not an expert.

The woman in a small business who employs but one or two assistants may think that hiring and firing has nothing to do with her, since her help stays with her fairly well; but if she make a bare living with no prospects of anything better —how *does she know but that she should fire herself?* Isn't she a round peg in a square hole, if her business does not grow?

The loss to the employee is even greater than to the employer. To the employer it means a loss of money, less profit, and a slower rate of expansion; but to the employee it means the best years of his life spent in trying—consciously or unconsciously—to find the thing he can do well; and finally, with a mind cluttered up with odds and ends of knowledge and a smattering of many lines of work, he settles down to a tenth-rate job in a tenth-rate concern. If he marry young, this happens earlier than it otherwise would, as he can't "risk his family" by trying another job in the hope of doing better. To an employee who changed frequently, I said, "You did not stay long with Blank and Blank—six months, I think; and you were only three months with Jones and Jones."

Experience counts? Yes, experience does count and count largely; but I have yet to learn that the experience gathered in one field of work may be successfully applied in another. The development of the mind, which is the result of that experience, may be applied, but not the experience. And that development of mind should be applied in the same line of work as that in which the experience was gained. If experience is obtained in boiler-making, and the development of mind thus acquired is carried over to book-keeping, the experience certainly cannot count, although the development of mind is an aid in learning book-keeping with more ease; but if book-keeping is the some one thing that can be done well, then the time spent in learning to make boilers is wasted.

THERE is something fundamentally wrong when an employee keeps on changing from one thing to another. Every one can do some one thing well, and that some one thing is easier than anything else, and one is happier in the doing of it. If a man does not love his work, he is in the wrong place, and he keeps on changing trying to find the thing he should do; practically wasting his time, even though he is being paid for it. The amount paid to the employee in the wrong place is very, very small compared to the amount that same employee would receive doing the work for which Nature fitted him.

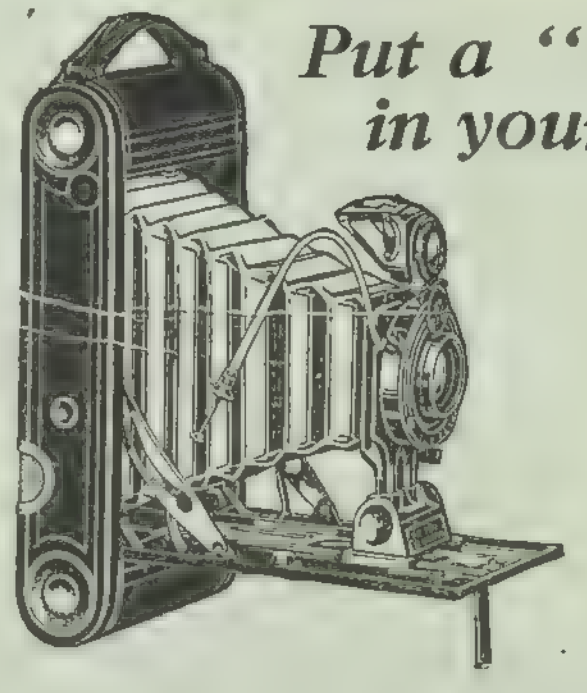
True, some employees are so careless, thoughtless, untidy, and generally inefficient that it is doubtful if they would make a success of anything. It is in them to succeed, but they are too lazy, mentally and physically, to exert themselves. The poor we have always with us and also the lazy-inefficient.

True, also, that some firms never keep their employees; they follow the very short-sighted policy of getting in raw hands, keeping them until they are worth fair wages and then letting them go They call this "keeping down expenses," failing to realise how much they lose each time they "hire and fire." These businesses are nothing more than a training school where any and all who can get on the pay roll receive a certain amount of training in return for working for low wages.

"Every one who leaves here" declared the clever head of an important department in one of these businesses, with a note of pride in his voice, "is worth fifty per cent. more than when he came." In my (*Continued on next page*)

Made in Canada

Put a "two-C" in your pocket



It fits

The 2C KODAK Jr.

For pictures of the somewhat elongated post-card shape, but just a trifle smaller,—2⅞ x 4⅞ inches. And this elongated shape in the picture makes possible a slim, thin camera, that *fits the pocket.*

The 2C Autographic Kodak Junior has a capacity of ten exposures without reloading, it has the Kodak Ball Bearing shutter with cable release, working at speeds of 1/25, 1/50 and 1/100 of a second and of course the usual "bulb" and time actions. The camera has brilliant reversible finder, two tripod sockets, black leather bellows, is covered with fine grain leather, is well made and beautifully finished. It is autographic, of course, and is extremely simple to use.
Furnished with a choice of lens equipment as listed below:

No. 2C Autographic Kodak Jr., meniscus achromatic lens,	$12.00
Ditto, with Rapid Rectilinear lens,	14.00
Ditto, with Kodak Anastigmat lens, f. 7.7,	19.00

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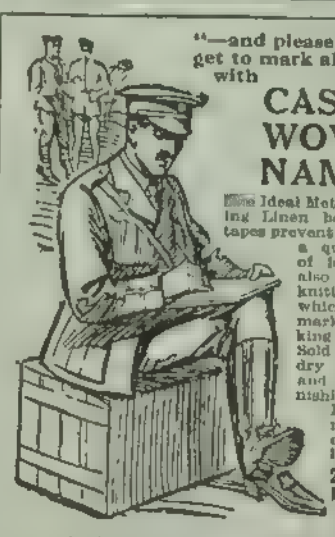

"—and please don't forget to mark all my linen with
CASH'S WOVEN NAMES
The Ideal Method of Marking Linen because these tapes prevent loss and are a quick means of identification; also woolen and knitted garments which cannot be marked with marking ink
Sold by all leading dry goods stores and first class furnishing stores
Prices for any name not exceeding 22 letters.
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Style sheets may be obtained from
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DON'T LOOK OLD!
You begin to look old, with those grey and faded hairs, always so conspicuous. Send at once to your nearest store for a bottle of the world-famed
LOCKYER'S HAIR RESTORER

Sold Everywhere
Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural color. It cleanses the scalp; is the most perfect Hair Dressing.

PROUD OF HIS HANDIWORK

A HOUSE may be "made over" by the judicious use of good paint.

Let your home be painted in artistic combination of colors, and you'll have good reason to be proud of the result.

Years hence you'll still be proud of it, provided you use a paint that lasts like

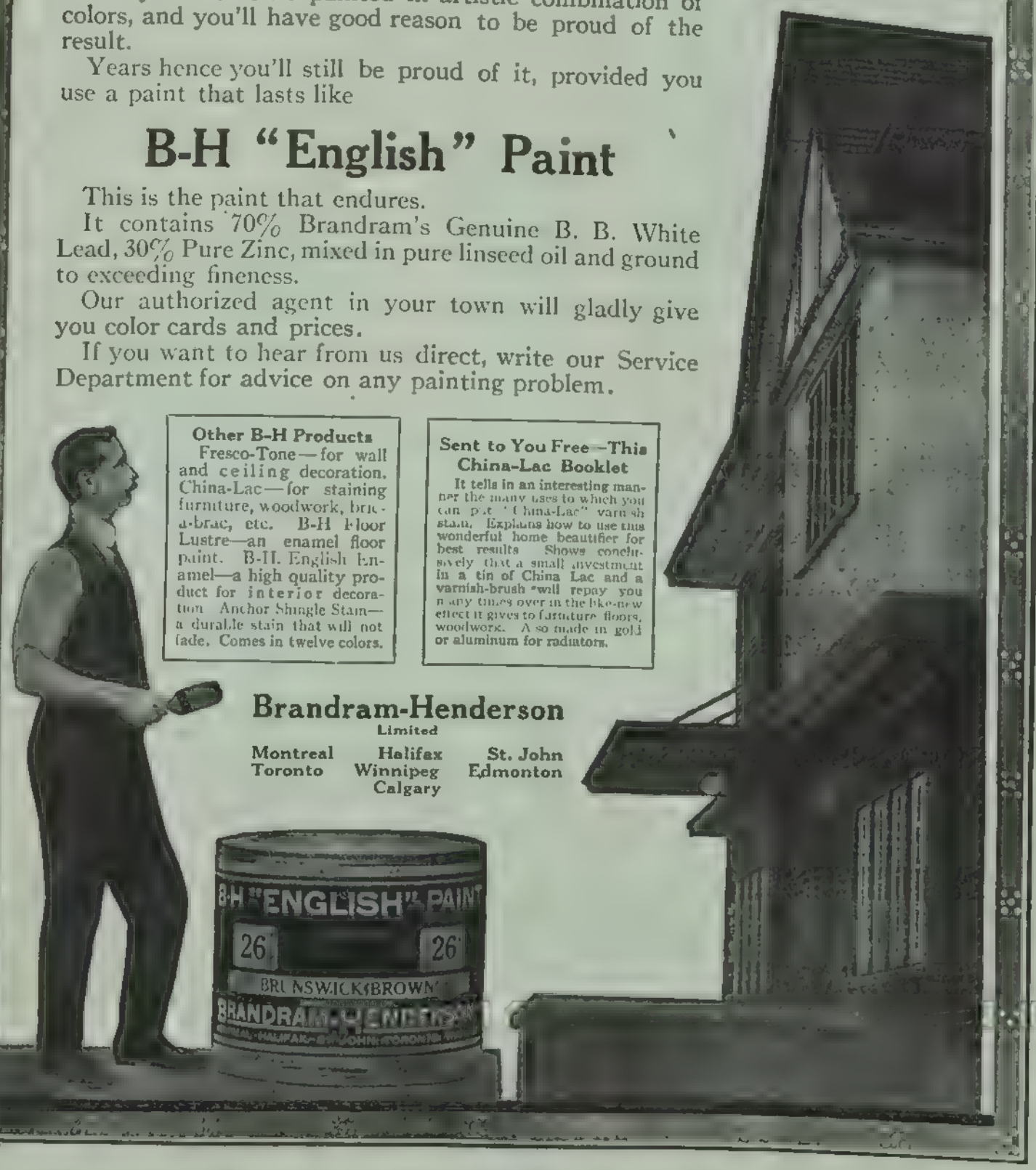
B-H "English" Paint

This is the paint that endures.

It contains 70% Brandram's Genuine B. B. White Lead, 30% Pure Zinc, mixed in pure linseed oil and ground to exceeding fineness.

Our authorized agent in your town will gladly give you color cards and prices.

If you want to hear from us direct, write our Service Department for advice on any painting problem.



Other B-H Products

Fresco-Tone—for wall and ceiling decoration. China-Lac—for staining furniture, woodwork, bric-a-brac, etc. B-H Floor Lustre—an enamel floor paint. B-H. English Enamel—a high quality product for interior decoration Anchor Shingle Stain—a durable stain that will not fade. Comes in twelve colors.

Sent to You Free—This China-Lac Booklet

It tells in an interesting manner the many uses to which you can put "China-Lac" varnish stain. Explains how to use this wonderful home beautifier for best results Shows conclusively that a small investment in a tin of China Lac and a varnish-brush will repay you many times over in the like-new effect it gives to furniture floors, woodwork. Also made in gold or aluminum for radiators.

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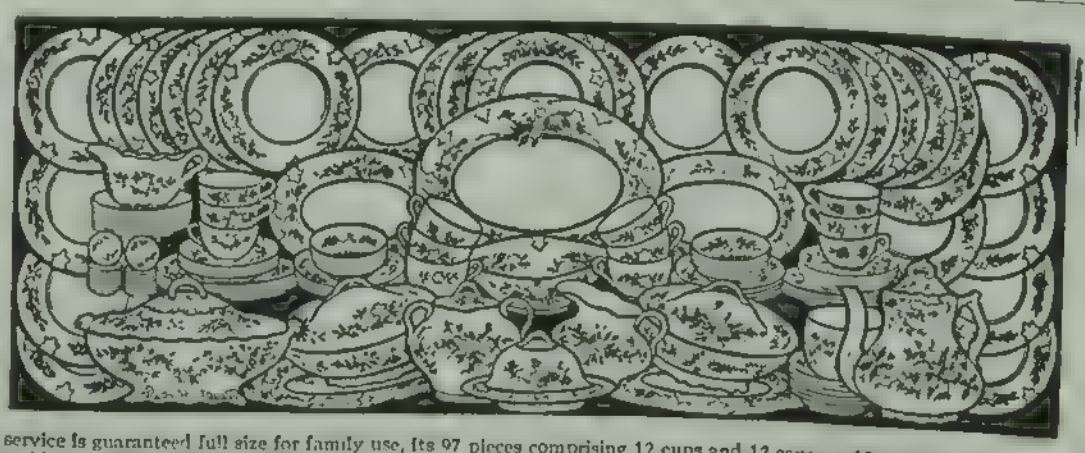
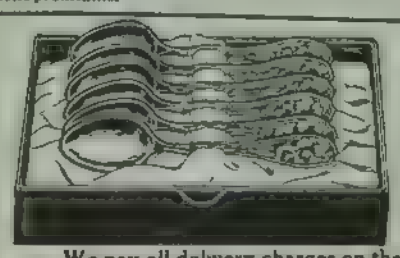
97 Piece Dinner Set and lovely Silverware Given To You



YOU can secure without a penny of cost this magnificent complete 97-piece English Dinner Service and a lovely set of half-dozen Wm. A. Rogers teaspoons. Each dinner service is guaranteed full size for family use, its 97 pieces comprising 12 cups and 12 saucers, 12 tea plates, 12 dinner plates, 12 bread and butter plates, 12 soup plates, 12 sauce dishes, 2 platters, 2 oval covered vegetable dishes, a cream jug, covered sugar bowl, a gravy boat, pickle dish, and a salad bowl It is handsomely decorated in rich floral design and will surely delight the most fastidious housekeeper. The beautiful set of Teaspoons are in the famous Wm. A. Rogers French Carnation design with French grey handles and brightly polished bowls.

Read our Wonderful Offer

We are determined to establish a national reputation for Dr Edson's Famous Life Building Blood Tonic and Nerve Pills and are sparing no expense to secure representatives in all parts of Canada who will help us by introducing this famous remedy to their friends and neighbors. That is why we offer to give away these magnificent premiums.



Carnation French Canadian Teaspoons

Genuine Wm. A. Rogers make—the most beautiful pattern ever seen. These magnificent spoons will delight any housekeeper and they are guaranteed to give every satisfaction in wear.

We pay all delivery charges on these Grand Premiums

Will you sell just 12 boxes among your friends at only 25c. per box?

You can easily do this because every one you know will be glad to learn of this grand remedy. It is one of the world's best known prescriptions, a tried and proven remedy for weak and impure blood, nervousness, indigestion, constipation and anaemia In all run down conditions of the system it will be found a grand blood builder and revitalizer, and as a general tonic for blood and nerves it has no equal.

Send No Money—Just send your name and address to-day and we will send the 12 boxes postage paid. You will be able to sell them quickly and easily because every purchaser of a box can obtain a beautiful gift of fine silverware from us free. Then return our money, only $3.00, and we will promptly send you, all delivery charges paid, the beautiful set of spoons, and the handsome dinner set you can also receive without selling any more goods by simply showing your fine reward among your friends and getting only six of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did. We pay all delivery charges right to your door.

REMEMBER YOU TAKE NO RISK. You do not spend a cent of your own money. We trust you with our goods until sold and if for any reason you cannot sell them we will take them back and give you beautiful premiums or pay you a big cash commission on the quantity you do sell Write to day if you wish to take advantage of this liberal offer It gives you the opportunity of a life time. Address X26

The International Mfg. Co., Dept. D 2 Toronto, Ont.

THE "HIRING AND FIRING" EXPERT

(*Continued from preceding page*)

opinion, that was not a matter *for pride but for consideration.* Why train an employee to be worth fifty per cent. more and then let him carry that fifty per cent. improvement to som other firm?

It costs time and money to train the leas important employee. The girl at the telephone switchboard disturbs every office in the whole business until she learns to connect each only when she should; the boy who sorts the incoming mail is a nuisance until he learns to which department each letter should be given. Small things these, but *they count.* One efficient employee trained to work according to the particular wants of a firm is worth more than half a dozen untrained hands.

A FEW of the larger firms are already employing Vocational Experts to do all their hiring and firing: to receive reports from heads of departments on the efficiency of each employee, and all complaints and suggestions from employees. Each head also notifies the expert of what employees he needs, giving an exact and accurate statement of the position to be filled. In the hands of an expert the hiring and firing is cut down to an almost negligible quantity, and the efficiency of each department is raised to a very high degree.

Careful consideration of the qualities necessary and the results obtained from some experience have proved that women are especially suited to this work.

The capable woman going into business usually does so with the determination to succeed, and is prepared to make those sacrifices which are the price of success. She has self-control, a strong sense of justice, tact, courage, sympathy, and the patience to teach; she understands human nature, is dependable, reliable, trustworthy. A course in Vocational Training is necessary, and an intimate knowledge of the line of work in which she engages. A clever woman can fill this position in two or three firms in the same line of business, having an office and stated days in each. *An independent office outside will not do*

There is but little competition in this work; and the need is great.

NOTE: The Vocational Guidance Institute aims to be of practical use to the woman who feels she is not doing the work for which she is best suited. We aim to help you decide on the occupation for which you are best adapted: to connect you with the source of knowledge you want and the information you need: to tell you of occupations open to women: to bring you and the job together. Write Miss Steacy fully, enclosing ten cents to partly cover cost of mailing any books, leaflets, or other information, which we may think it advisable to send you This service is for subscribers only Address, Vocational Guidance Institute, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto.

The Debating Club

A BOYS' Debating Club has started many boys along the road to usefulness, success, and fame. To be properly conducted it should follow the same form and methods, and conform to the same rules, as the debates in the Legislative Assemblies and Houses of Commons.

The rules and regulations should be settled and strictly adhered to; the members should realize that it is necessary for each to know the subject thoroughly so that he is prepared to take either side with equal ease. The arguments must be presented in a logical, direct, courteous manner; defeat must be accepted cheerfully and—what is sometimes more difficult—success must be taken without undue elation.

The object of the debating club should not be to beat the other side, but to get at the facts. When this difference is understood and appreciated, there is very much less chance for unfair play and the sting that it leaves.

Nothing trains the mind so effectively as endeavouring to put our thoughts into clear, logical order before the hard, unyielding criticism of our fellows. Learning to do this early robs a boy of self-consciousness, teaches him something of logic, something of the ordinary rules of evidence, something of the organization of an argument, and equips him for the more informal thought and discussion of daily life.

We have all listened to the disjointed, incomplete, inefficient, ineffectual "talk" that so frequently passes for conversation; then some one takes up the subject and in a few well chosen words places the facts and important points before us in such a clear manner that our thoughts are crystallised and clarified. Had we been trained in debate, we would have done that also.

Debating Clubs are quite as useful for girls as for boys, and here also it must be emphasised that the purpose is not to win at any cost, not to confuse one's opponent, nor to trick him, but to win by absolute strength of argument—to present arguments that will show the facts. In debates it is the truth that is wanted—not necessarily the victory.

The purpose and object of debate is to determine on some course of action, to arrive at some decision; it is a questionable victory that wins at the expense of facts.

Another advantage of the training due to debating is that it enables us to distinguish the true from false reasoning; it teaches us to recognize sound reasoning and not to be mislead by that which is unsound, and this because our minds have become accustomed to exact and clear thinking and to following a line of thought out to its logical conclusion.

SUSANNA COCROFT'S PAGE of HEALTH AND BEAUTY

THE world is full of those who *intend* to do, *intend* to accomplish, but lack the determination. They spend their energies in making good resolutions and are like a man, who, arriving at the edge of a ditch he intends to leap, forever stops and returns for a fresh run and a fresh start.

The churchgoer who, week after week, listens to sermons, which prompt him to deeds of helpfulness, unless he puts these impulses into action, is morally more responsible than the man who was entirely unmoved.

"Tapering off" in breaking bad habits is only pampering ourselves and forming a truce with our weak will. Better fight to a finish and never lose a battle.

"I won't count it this time, but I won't do it again," is the way many weaken their will power and make it harder to stop bad habits and correct faults. We may not "count it this time" and a kind Heaven may not count it, but it is being counted none the less. Down among our nerve cells and fibres, the molecules are counting it, registering and storing it up to be used against us when the next temptation comes.

We become saints by so many separate acts and hours of work; we become sinners in the same way.

Next time you say "No" to a fault or failing, stick to it.

Character

CHARACTER is simply the thoughts of the past sunk into the sub-conscious mind. Carved deeply, it becomes a reserve force which acts directly on others. You talk to us, but we do not see you—we see into your past, the harmony or discord in your life, the success or the failure of your efforts. You give us the thought of the moment, but Nature has written, upon face and figure, the composite of the thoughts of your life.

Call it radiating power, magnetism, atmosphere—what you will—but as soon as a person comes into your presence, you are conscious of the characteristic thoughts of that person.

As one's thoughts are constantly changing, by a wise provision of Nature, the motives carve deeper lines than the passing thoughts. When the heart is true, the motives are right. Keep the heart right, the body freed, then be genuine, gracious, and the body will express genuineness and true grace. It cannot be hidden.

One cannot imitate character; it is a growth within one's self, and as every individual flower has its own particular perfume, so each individual nature has its own influence.

Character lines are only under the control of the will in the making; when the will controls the character of thought, after the character becomes filled, it is revealed with unfailing truthfulness. Truly "as a man thinketh, so is he."

Thoughts which have become a habit are definitely reflected on the face as definitely as the features are reflected in still water.

A woman's past thoughts clamour more loudly through her face and form than do her present thoughts through the voice.

"How can I hear what you say when what you are is forever thundering in my ears?"

Art would be meaningless, marble and canvas would be untrue, did not thoughts carve themselves on the face and form. The lowering brow, the sunken chest, the drooping mouth, the upright poise, the buoyant step, each expresses something, some part of ourselves, and a part that we cannot but show to the world.

We read a woman's character as she speaks to us, as we see her walk by; unconsciously it may be, but the impression is made in our subconsciousness and remains.

Human expression cannot deceive; there cannot be any appearing, for the very thought which stimulated the pretence is reflected in delicate tracery on face and form, and in subtle movement and voice—we recognize it as an effort to seem and not to be.

Woman, the earnest, misguided woman, is often so engrossed in keeping the house of boards and mortar with which the body is sheltered and the clothing with which it is covered in order, that she completely wears herself out, forgetting that the house was made for the comfort and use of the person, and not the person for the house.

Her family may be starving for the inspiration to right living, for the warmth and tenderness which she has no time to give, or is too weary to make the effort.

She grudges a few moments a day for the care of her health, forgetting that the care of self is more important than the care of the house. Woman should take pride in being physically fit, mentally and morally sound

She owes it to herself, her family, and her friends to take an inviolable quiet hour for rest each day. But when she works, she should work, and when she rests, she should rest. She must not lower the blinds, shut the door, and lie down hugging her worries close. She must not revel in this hour of quiet to go over the troubles and perplexities of the day; to determine what she must do the minute she goes out of her room; and to plan how she is going to accomplish all that she feels she must get done. She should bar out all disturbing thoughts, and relax in body and mind; then, and then only, will she come forth refreshed and made anew

It is the quiet hour of the home life, the silent hour of the fireside, which cultivates, which educates, which touches the chords of harmony and gives the keynote to the "choir invisible."

It is the silence of the "inner chamber" which touches the deep forces of the soul and bids them flow forth. It is from this force of this silence, this calm, sure serenity, that one radiates the beauty of life, that one has a vantage ground upon which to stand and accomplish.

As We Influence the Child

ASK a child if he can roll a stone, or do any work requiring physical strength. His little chest lifts and expands, he brings his weight over the ball of the feet, ready for action, and says

"Yes, I can." This is Nature's attitude, of courage, power and achievement. It is the "ready for service" attitude of the people who accomplish. In discouragement the chest droops, the muscles of the front of the body relax, and merely enough air is taken into the lungs to sustain life. The carbonic acid gas, remaining in the lungs, is absorbed by the system, and the poison shows itself in flabby muscles, sallow complexion, and irritable nerves.

The mother who sees her child grow with depressed chest, thinks too often only of the rounding shoulders. The grave danger is not there; it is in the relaxed muscles and nerves of body and brain. She is raising a child who will go out to buffet with life, without sufficient brain power to withstand opposition and discouragement. Children grow more by imitation than by precept. We often hear the remark that a child inherits round shoulders or depressed chest. In nine cases out of ten this is not inheritance, but the unconscious imitation of the child in his earlier years.

Parents and teachers should stand before the children entrusted to them, perfect representatives of physical, mental and moral beings, realizing that their example and the outward expression of their lives in the physical poise are moulding the formative lives around them—they should express culture, refinement, and harmony.

It is useless to tell a child to keep his shoulders back and not to tell him how to do so. In almost all cases of rounding shoulders the child must be first taught to strengthen the muscles of the chest over the stomach, the back, and, in fact, the muscles of the entire torso. Then he must be taught how to carry his head and hips, as well as his shoulders, if they are to stay in position.

Beauty of Form

FEW women have regular features, but all may have good figures, well groomed, wholesome.

No woman should take herself for granted and think that she cannot improve. She can make herself as attractive, as expressive, and as magnetic as she wills. In early life, before the bones have hardened, their very shape may be changed, and at any time of life the adjustment of the bones in their sockets, and the quanity and contour of the flesh may be altered, even at the age of ninety. If the figure has been neglected in early years, it is never too late to improve it.

Why should a woman, just because she has lived fifty years, expect or take it for granted that she must look old and wrinkled? The beauty of fifty is the sound, ripe fruit, and is just as attractive as the blossom of fifteen. It has a charm all its own.

Most women have artistic temperaments and love to be surrounded by the beautiful, but often their physical angles or overloaded curves constantly grate on their fine sensibilities. All these angles can be well rounded into symmetrical curves by intelligent attention to the right exercises to rest the nerves and strengthen digestion and assimilation.

Any woman can round out these angles for herself or remove a burden of fat if she will correct the cause.

There are but few women whose pride and self-respect are so dead that a buoyant, sprightly, trim, well rounded figure does not fill them with admiration. But many are not conscious of their possibilities or are woefully indifferent.

When a woman realizes that she can be of just as good a figure, as charming a manner, and as magnetic a presence as any woman of her aquaintance, she will cease to say, "I must be natural, because I grew so." No woman should stop short of her best. From the mere standpoint of economy, a good figure pays. Why spend so much on gowning a figure when it is not symmetrical in proportions, and you do not carry it well? Considered merely as something on which to hang a dress, it pays to trim it down, or to round it out, that the dress may show to advantage.

Clothe a woman of a healthy, wholesome body, well groomed and well carried, in the simplest shirt waist and a neat skirt, and she has much more style than the woman garbed in the richest garments who is out of proportion and stands incorrectly.

Style is not in the gown or fabric, but in the figure, poise, and carriage. It is one thing to have good clothes; it is another to know how to wear them. If a woman who stands out of poise learns to carry the gowns she wore last year, they will be as new gowns.

Beauty of Health

THAT beauty is an incident to health is one of the prettiest mysteries of nature; that no woman is so hopelessly homely that she has not some superior feature which can be developed so that its attraction is her dominating charm, is one of the most gratifying factors

Be woman's ambition wealth, fame, the admiration of the many, or of one, health, and the natural grace and beauty that health brings, are her surest capital. Beauty of feature must be accompanied by beauty of soul and of thought, to be lasting. It is the expression of a sound mind in a sound body.

That "beauty is but skin deep" is a pet phrase, fallacious as it is common—beauty is *health* deep.

A woman who is well, strong, happy, well poised, and self-possessed, seldom needs be anxious concerning the influence she wields over others; her charm of manner is supreme.

Many women seemingly regard it as a mark of superior intellectual or spiritual development to ignore the possibilities within the living, breathing flesh, with its beauty of outline and its susceptibility of being moulded by the impulses of thought.

The charm of a clear skin, a good figure, abundant hair, bright eyes, dainty hands and feet, and grace and dignity of bearing, is just as much God-given as a clear, strong mind and spirit to express beauty of thought, and we should train the body to express this beauty in form, in lights, in shades, and colouring.

The plain woman who has devoted herself to attractive qualities of mind and spirit so that she forgets her personal attraction, loses the opportunity of making the beauty of her mind and spirit felt. Why should a lovely character be required to live in a repellant body, when it is within her power to make the body, with its graces, an index to the soul? No woman should be ashamed to put forth every effort to develop to its best every physical attraction which God has given her.

There may be beauty within the dull, thin hair, tired eyes, oily skins, and wrinkled faces without, but we recognize it with an effort, and our eyes turn for rest and with relief to another and more beautiful object.

Miss Cocroft will be glad to answer personally all questions relating to health and beauty. Write plainly and completely. Don't ask questions about the efficacy of toilet preparations that are for sale in stores. Enclose stamped and addressed envelope for reply. Address Susanna Cocroft, c-o EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance St., Toronto.

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Carbona Cleaning Fluid is guaranteed to clean better than dangerous benzine, naphtha and gasoline.

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Your whole appearance is marred by a single grease spot on your clothes.

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Shaving Single Handed in a Military Hospital

Only those who have been there can realize what the Gillette Safety Razor is doing for the wounded!

Clean shaving on the firing line, possible only with a Gillette, has saved endless trouble in dressing face wounds. In the hands of orderly or nurse it shortens by precious minutes the preparations for operating. Later, in the hands of the patients, it is a blessing indeed!

As soon as their strength begins to return, they get the Gillette into action, and fairly revel in the finishing touch which it gives to the welcome cleanliness of hospital life. For though he can use but one hand—and that one shaky—a man can shave himself safely and comfortably with a Gillette Safety Razor.

It may seem a little thing to you to send a Gillette to that lad you know Overseas, but to him it will mean so much! It will bring a touch of home comfort to his life on active service, and be even more appreciated if he gets "Blighty". 240

JUST LIKE A HOUSECLEANING

Every room needs an occasional "Cleaning up", no matter how carefully the regular sweeping and dusting is done. Especially is this true after any unusual event, a party, a wedding or a quilting bee.

So it is with your body. No matter how regular your habits or well cooked your food, there comes a time when you don't feel just right. You may recall an unusually hearty meal or two, irregular hours, or eating something that "didn't agree with you", or it may be just the "dust-gathering".

In any case a few doses of a really good carthartic is all you need to put you right. For this purpose nothing is quite so suitable as

Chamberlain's Tablets

Two or three after supper the first night, and one each night for two or three days, and your digestive apparatus is just like the well-cleaned room. Every part of your body is more vigorous, you go about your work with a new feeling and begin again to enjoy life. Are these benefits not worth getting? You know they are.

And you need have no hesitation about beginning them for fear you must "keep it up". The effect is just the opposite.

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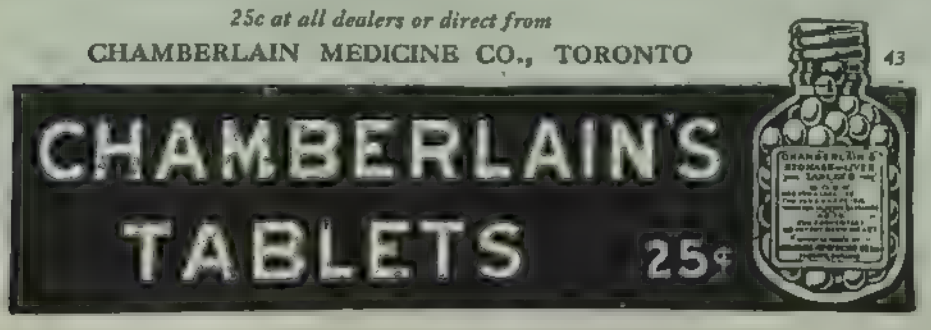


GARDEN GOSSIP FOR JUNE

By D. W. GEORGE

A Garden for Winter Use

NOW that the vegetable garden is well started, it will be well for us to plan early for the vegetables which we intend to store for use during the long months of the coming winter; for it is there that the real economy and usefulness of the vegetable garden is displayed to the best advantage. Some of these I mention you may not yet have planted, but there is still time to do so.

Fully as we all appreciate the vegetables during the summer months, it is in the winter time, when green things are scarce, that they have their greatest value.

Vegetables for Storing

Of vegetables which may successfully be stored for use in the winter, we have a good selection, and in case any of them should be overlooked, we shall now make a note of some special varieties suitable for this purpose.

BEETS may be stored in a cool, dark cellar, or in pits. The absence of light is an important feature in the storage of beets. Late beets may be planted in June and July.

BRUSSELS SPROUTS AND CABBAGE may be stored in the cellar, in trenches, or in pits. As, however, we are considering principally the small home garden, it is likely that our cabbage will be stored in the cellar, in which case they should be stored head down on shelves with slat bottoms, to assist in ventilation. These should be planted by this time.

CARROTS may be stored in barrels or in boxes of sand, in the cellar. The sand is to keep the air from them, and thus keep them from becoming dry and wrinkled. Late carrots may be planted as late as July.

ONIONS should be stored apart from other vegetables, or they will communicate their flavor to them. They may be stored in the cellar, on shelves with slat bottoms, hung in strings from the ceiling in baskets, or suspended from the ceiling. These, of course, you have already planted.

PARSNIPS may be either left in the ground all winter—which will do them more good than harm—or they may be piled on some flat boards on the cellar floor and covered with earth or sand to keep them from shrinking and becoming dry. Your parsnips should be planted by this time.

TURNIPS and WINTER RADISH may also be successfully stored in the cellar, in sand. The second crop of turnips may be planted as late as August, and radishes right up to September.

CAULIFLOWERS are difficult to keep. They may, however, be kept until about Christmas time, with care. Choose plants with small heads, lift them, root and all, and replant them in the cellar, in sand. If the cellar be quite cool, the heads will continue to grow; otherwise they may not. Late cauliflowers may be planted out-doors in the middle of July.

Lettuce and Radish

Too many people sow their first seeds with enthusiasm, but forget the continuation of fresh vegetables, which is so desirable. Lettuce and radishes in particular should be resown at frequent intervals during the whole season, so that young plants are continually coming along. They may be resown between the existing rows, so that, as one lot is used up, there is another row coming to take its place.

In our May issue I went thoroughly into the matter of the selection of different kinds of vegetables for the kitchen garden, and I am assuming that these have now been planted and are fast making progress. This month and next, we may plant a second crop of beets, bush beans, late cabbage, a late crop of corn, cucumbers and summer and winter squash. Cucumbers should be sown on a piece of sod turned upside down, and they may then be transplanted without disturbing the roots. Lettuce and radish should be resown every few weeks.

Having put out our tomato plants early in June, we shall find them making rapid growth The plants should all be staked, which will enable you to get your crop weeks earlier than if they are allowed to run all over the ground; and the fruit will be cleaner and less liable to be rotted by contact with unnecessary moisture. Four main shoots is all that should be left on any plant; all extra buds and side shoots should be systematically pinched off and the plants kept in good form. Are you particular about the kind of young tomato plants you put in? The best are the cheapest in the end; and none should be accepted unless their stems are the thickness of a lead pencil.

Early and Late Crops

The smaller our garden plot is, the more necessary it becomes to make every foot of space count for results, and for that reason, it is quite desirable to follow the early crops with later ones planted in the same positions, care being taken to work the soil well between the plantings and to add plenty of fertilizer to replace in the soil the nourishment that has been taken out of it. Thus, early potatoes may be followed by late celery, lettuce may be followed by cabbage or parsnips, and peas and beans by winter radish.

Cress Sandwiches

Have you ever eaten cress sandwiches? They are delightful, made with thin bread and butter and sprinkled with salt. You will be surprised at the flavour, if you do not know it already, and you will find them delicious for tea on hot summer days when meat sandwiches are not so suitable. And then cress may be had all the summer through, if you will just remember to keep on sowing it at frequent intervals.

The Freshness of Home Grown Vegetables

Those of us who have been in the habit of getting our vegetables from the store will appreciate the freshness of those that come out of our own gardens. Lettuce is at its best less than an hour after it has been gathered, particularly when it has been left for a few minutes in the coldest of water. An interval of even a few hours takes a lot of the interest out of lettuce.

The Flower Garden—Perennials from Seed

How about the flower garden? Read in the seed catalogues something about the growing of perennials from seed. You can quite easily build up a beautiful perennial border by this method. July is the right month to sow them, though August is better for pansies and one or two other kinds. Most of them may be sown in finely prepared soil right in the open ground, in a sheltered, though sunny, position, provided they are shaded a little during the early stages; and in the fall the more delicate kinds may be closely planted in cold frames, where they will come through the winter splendidly and make beautiful, blooming plants for the following year.

Annual Poppies

Have you sown some annual poppies? They make a beautiful showing, and though you may not know it, they are really a pretty good flower for cutting, provided they are gathered very early in the morning and before the flowers are fully open. Many people lose them when they sow them, something seems to go wrong with the seed. This is what to do: Sow them lightly on fine soil, barely cover them, and then sprinkle some grass cuttings over the seed to keep the sun off until the little seedlings have a chance to get established

The Roses and the Green Fly

Thrift is the word! And vegetable gardens are the subject! Even so, we have to say just a word or two about the flowers. How are the roses coming along? Don't let the green fly get too much of a start. They may be easily killed with sulphate of nicotine, and a fifty-cent bottle, diluted according to instructions, will make a lot of solution and put an end to a whole lot of green fly. If it happen that you use a garden hose, you can wash them right off, if you can get close enough to them.

Government Bulletins

Did you write to your own Provincial Department of Agriculture for one of their bulletins on gardening? If not, you should do so, as these books, which are issued free of charge, contain a lot of the most interesting and valuable information about vegetable gardening.

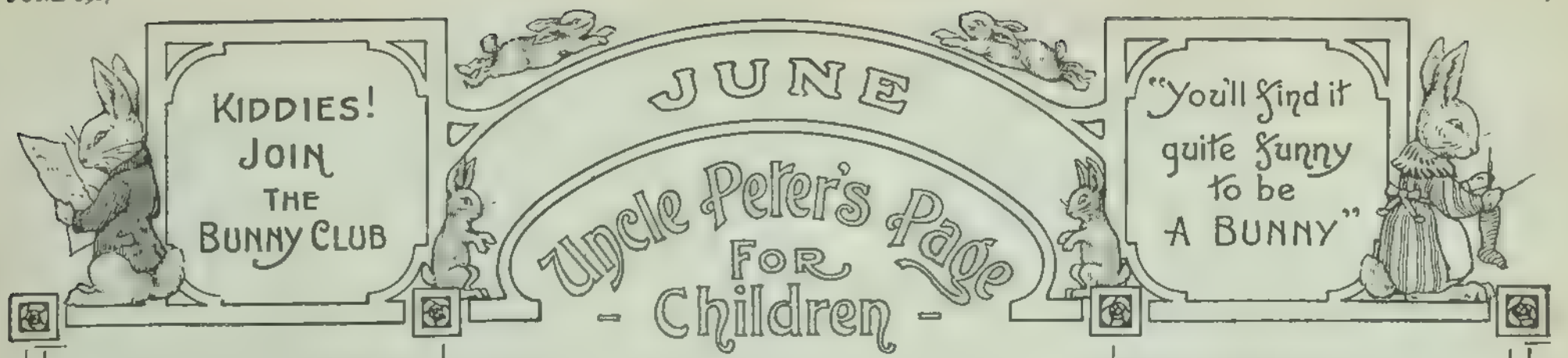
You'll get a lot of information from these bulletins that I have not the space to give you here; and there is also a great deal written in them about gardening on a larger scale Certainly write for your copy. The Government wishes you to have it, and to make use of it, too; and the Canadian people, you, and I, and the rest of us, have all helped to pay for the printing of them; so we might just as well get the good of them

Get Two Crops When You Can

I hope that those of my readers who have only small pieces of ground, will pay special attention to the matter of getting at least two crops from the same piece of ground during the summer, wherever possible. Of course, you will have to consider the length of your growing season, which varies so much in different parts of Canada.

Extend the Season

The use of cold frames will enable you to grow a fine crop of cress, radishes, and lettuce which will be unharmed by the early frosts in the fall. You can then plant the most delicate of your young perennial plants in the frames to be carried over the winter, and plunge pots of bulbs in the soil to root, so that you may take them into the house at any time you wish to during the winter months.



Uncle Peter's Monthly Letter

MY DEAR BUNNIES:

It's fine to see how many new Bunnies are joining the Bunny Club these days. Every mail brings Uncle Peter a new stack of letters. Of course, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD goes into more than 130,000 homes every month, and by the time that some of the Bunnies in all these homes have joined, we shall certainly have a really big club. If *you*, Bunny, have not yet joined, send in your application *now*. There's a hearty welcome from Uncle Peter waiting for you, and your Club Pin ready to be mailed to you.

On page 48 you will find the names of the winners in the March competition. Quite a lot of Bunnies went in for the first of the drawing prizes, and the drawings were most of them very good. The prizes were given according to age. I hope lots of Bunnies will go in for the other competitions as they come along.

Good-bye for this month.

Your affectionate Bunny-Uncle,

Uncle Peter.

New Bunnies need only write their name, address, and age on a piece of paper, and send it, together with the application fee of 5c., to Uncle Peter, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto.

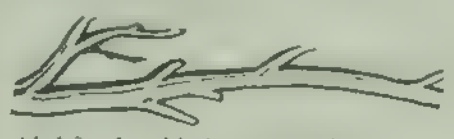
How is this, Bunny,
Though time is money,
You save your money and spend your time?
Now this I will tell,
Do both of them well,
And you'll find good fortune in this rhyme!

Competition

As you all like these drawing competitions so much, here is another one.

Here is the branch of a tree; you can easily draw that.

I want you to draw three birds sitting on this branch as you have often seen birds sit on the trees. What kind of



birds? Any kind you like; but try to make them look like some real birds if you can. The best drawing, according to age, will win a prize of one dollar, and the next best three drawings will each have a prize awarded. This competition will close on July 20th. Write your name and address and age on the back of each drawing, and send them to Uncle Peter, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance St., Toronto.

Golden Rhyme

I said to the Birdie on the tree:
"Why do you sing so merrily?"
And then the Birdie said to me:

"I sing from morning until night;
I sing because the skies are bright;
I sing because my heart is light."

Come, children, let us happy be,
Just like the Birdie in the tree!

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Mr Fox Climbs a Tree.

Bunnies, read this tale and see
How John Bunny climbed a tree;
And Mr. Fox—considered wise—
Got for once a big surprise.

MR. BROWN FOX did not seem well. All day he would walk about in a brown kind of a mood, thinking, and not by any means as bright as usual.

The fact of the matter was, he still felt very angry. All the Foxes had been laughing at him, for telling them he would be able to catch the Bunnies by proposing peace, and the Owls, whenever they saw him, would laugh and say things he did not like.

One day in the early summer there was a big storm; the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled, and all the animals made haste to get into their homes while it lasted. Trees in the woods were struck by the lightning, and some of the old rotten ones were blown down.

John Bunny and all the Bunnies stayed right at home that day. The next morning John started out to the woods to see what damage had been done. He had not been out very much lately; all the Foxes were looking out for him, and it had not been very safe.

So this time he hurried over to the big hollow tree where Peterkin had once been hidden. It was a beautiful morning after the storm; the sun was shining and all the little animals were out enjoying the change in the weather. When John reached the big tree, he found that it had been struck by the lightning and split almost in half. One half of it was standing up just the same as usual, and the other half had fallen over to the ground, just as you see it in the picture. Mr. and Mrs. Tim Squirrel were sitting up in the branches chattering to each other and to every one else who would listen to them.

John Bunny went through the hole into the tree. It was nicely lined with moss, quite a thick, soft carpet of it, and as he looked up, he could see the leaves above and the blue sky through the big opening at the place where the tree had broken in half. "I wish I could climb," said John Bunny. "If I could, I would soon be up above there talking to Mr. and Mrs. Tim Squirrel."

One thing leads to another, as we all know, and it wasn't long before John began to figure out how he would be able to get up into the tree. He came outside. It certainly did not seem to be very difficult.

"Come up and have a chat with us, Mr. Bunny," said Mrs. Tim Squirrel. So John started to climb the tree; and as the bark was rough, he got along pretty well. In a very short time he was perched up alongside the squirrels, and when Mr. Owl came along and joined the conversation, John found himself quite the centre of attraction.

Now just about this time, Mr. Brown Fox took a walk through the woods, and you may be sure he was surprised to see John Bunny sitting up in the tree. It was quite the first time that he had ever seen a rabbit up a tree. Mr. Fox came up close to the tree.

"Good-day, John!" said he. "How ever did you get up there?"

"Oh, I just walked up," said John.

"Then I think I shall wait here till you walk down again," said Mr. Fox.

Now John Bunny had no fancy for staying up in that tree all night, and he began to look about him to see if there were a way out of the difficulty, as there always had been before, on other occasions when he had met one of the Foxes. As he looked down by his feet, he could see the big hole which led down the hollow tree, and he could see how easy it would be to drop down through the hole into the soft bed of moss inside, so the next thing was to try to persuade Mr. Fox to climb *up* the tree, so that he could get away.

Mr. Fox had already begun to wonder whether he could get up that tree. *He* did not know anything about the hole at the top, and he thought it would be so easy to catch John if he could climb that short distance, that he was already half decided to try it.

"Do you think *I* could climb up there, John?" asked Mr. Fox.

"You might slip down and hurt yourself, Mr. Fox," said John, who did not want to seem too anxious.

"Well, I'm going to try, anyway," said Mr. Fox.

And he did. It wasn't very easy, not nearly so easy as it had been for the little Bunny, and Mr. Fox made several false starts before he got past the danger point. Twice he fell down, but it wasn't a very big fall, so he didn't hurt himself a bit. At last he got more confident, and by the time he was half way up, Tim Squirrel and Mrs. Tim had scampered away to one of the other branches, where they would be safe; and even Mr. Owl got a little further off.

However, John didn't move until Mr. Fox was nearly all the way up, when suddenly, much to Mr. Fox's surprise, he disappeared altogether.

Mr. Fox couldn't make out where he'd gone. One second he had been there almost within reach, and the next second he had gone. However, when Mr. Fox actually reached the spot where John had been, he soon found out what had happened. He looked down through the hollow tree, and there was John down below looking up at him.

"Is it cold up there?" asked John. Mr. Fox did not reply. He was so mad he couldn't say a word, and it made it worse to hear Mr. and Mrs. Tim Squirrel laughing at him. In fact, they were not alone; quite a number of the other squirrels had come out to see the fun, and the tree was getting quite full of them.

Mr. Fox decided to come down again; but say, Bunnies, it was a very different matter to come down compared to what it had been to go up. Mr. Fox didn't like it a bit.

First he put one foot forward, and then the other foot, but he didn't seem a bit inclined to start.

"Hurry up, Mr. Fox, I can't wait for you much longer," called John. "I want to go home to tea, and Mrs. Bunny may be getting anxious about me if I am away much longer," said he.

Mr. Fox knew he could not afford to stay up that tree all night, and that he would have to get down sooner or later.

"Just wait till I *do* come down, John Bunny," said Mr. Fox, "and then we'll see who has the most right to laugh."

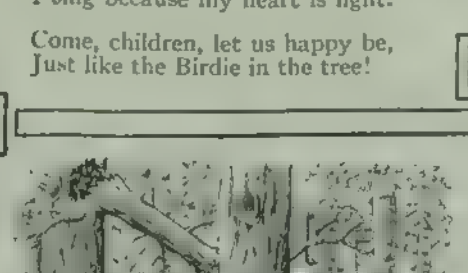
Down below John Bunny decided that he had better get out of the tree altogether, for he felt sure that Mr. Fox could come down a lot quicker than he went up. So off he went over to the thorn bush to see what happened. Sure enough, as soon as Mr. Fox started down, he missed his footing, and *crack*, he came down head over heels right on his head.

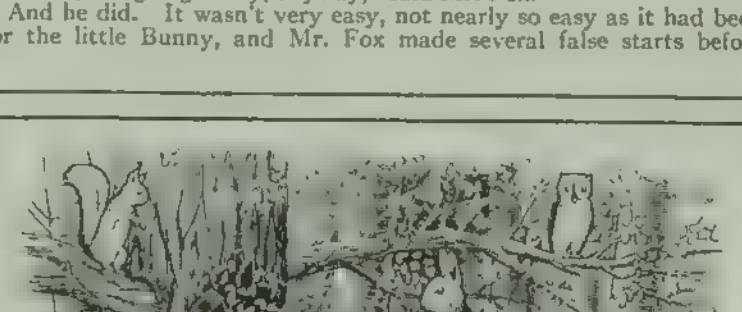
"Did you hurt yourself, Mr. Fox?" called John Bunny from the thorn bush. Mr. Fox did not reply. He picked himself up, and having satisfied himself that no bones were broken, started for home as quickly as he could go.

"Children," said John Bunny to his family that night, "when you see any of your friends higher up in the world than you are yourself, don't be in too much of a hurry to climb to where they are. It is sometimes quite dangerous, and you are likely to have a bad fall. At any rate, it pays you to make sure that you will have a nice soft place to fall into."

And all Uncle Peter can say is that, as usual John Bunny's advice is very good advice for all Bunnies to follow.

Uncle Peter.





Famine and World-Hunger Are on Our Threshold!

"
in the nation's honour, heed!
Acquit yourselves like men.
As workers on the land, do your
duty with all your strength!"
—Lloyd-George.

The Crisis

France, England and Italy in peace times did not depend upon America but on Russia, Roumania and Bulgaria for most of their bread stuffs. With these sources closed, the crisis of the hour demands that we see that our soldiers and the Motherland are fed.

Everyone in Great Britain has been put on limited rations; meat is prohibited one day a week, and the making of cakes and pastry has been stopped. Further restrictions are anticipated.

Bread has gone to 28c. per four-pound loaf in England, for the first time since the Crimean War.

Lord Devonport, British Food Comptroller, proposes taking authority to search the houses of Great Britain to prevent food hoarding.

Forty million men, less the casualties, are now on active service.

Twenty million men and women are supporting them by service in other war activities.

In the last analysis, the land is bearing this burden.

One million tons of food-carrying ships have been torpedoed since February 1st, 1917.

Germany's hope for victory is in the starvation of Britain through the submarine.

Canada's sons will have died in vain if hunger compels the Motherland's surrender.

The land is waiting—the plough is ready—will we make the plough mightier than the sword?

Will we help the acres to save the flag?

World-Hunger Stares Us in the Face

David Lubin, representative of the United States to the International Institute of Agriculture—maintained by forty Governments—reports officially to Washington, that the food grains of the world on March 31st, 1917, showed a shortage of 150,000,000 bushels below the amount necessary to feed the world until August, 1917. He declares it is beyond question that, unless a greater acreage is put to crop in 1917, there will be WORLD-HUNGER before the 1918 crop is harvested.

The failure of the grain crop in the Argentine Republic which is ordinarily a great grain-exporting nation, resulted in an embargo being placed, in March, 1917, upon the export of grains from that country, to avert local famine.

The United States Department of Agriculture, in its official report, announces the condition of the fall wheat crop (which is two-thirds of their total wheat crop) on April 1st 1917, to be the poorest crop ever recorded, and predicts a yield of 244,000,000 bushels below the crop of 1915. The 1916 crop was poor. Even with favourable weather, the wheat crop of the United States is likely to be the smallest in thirty-five years, not more than 65 per cent of the normal crop.

Under date of April 10th, Ogden Armour, executive head of Armour & Company, one of the world's largest dealers in food products stated that unless the United States wishes to walk deliberately into a catastrophe, the best brains of the country, under Government supervision, must immediately devise means of increasing and conserving food supplies. Armour urged the cultivation of every available acre. The food shortage, he said, is world wide.

—Photo from London (Eng.) Bystander.

A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL AT WORK
Miss Alexandra Smith, one of the thousands of British women workers on the land. She recently won an All-Comers' Champion prize for plowing.

ONTARIO

European production is cut in half, the Argentine Republic has suffered droughts. Canada and the United States must wake up!

People are starving to-day in Belgium, in Serbia, in Poland, in Armenia, in many quarters of the globe.

Famine conditions are becoming more widespread every day.

On these alarming food conditions becoming known, President Wilson immediately appointed a Food Comptroller for the United States. He selected Herbert C. Hover, to whom the world is indebted as Chairman of the International Belgium Relief Commission, for his personal direction of the distribution of food among the starving Belgians.

Mr. Hoover is already urging sacrifice and food restrictions, for, as he states, "The war will probably last another year and we shall have all we can do to supply the necessary food to carry our Allies through with their full fighting stamina."

The Problem for Ontario

The land under cultivation in Ontario in 1916 was 365,000 acres less than in 1915.

Consider how much LESS Ontario produced in 1916 than she raised in 1915:

	Acres	Bushels	1916 DECREASE Acres	1916 DECREASE Bushels.
Fall Wheat—				
1916	704,867	41,942,050		
1915	811,185	24,737,011	105,315	9,794,961
Barley and Oats—				
1916	529,886	12,388,969		
1915	552,318	19,893,129	24,432	7,504,160
Peas and Beans—				
1916	95,542	1,243,979		
1915	126,943	2,043,049	31,401	799,070
Corn—				
1916	258,332	12,717,072		
1915	309,773	21,760,496	51,441	9,043,424
Potatoes and Carrots—				
1916	139,523	7,408,429		
1915	173,934	13,267,023	34,411	5,858,594
Mangel-Wurzels and Turnips—				
1916	42,793	9,756,015		
1915	50,799	25,356,323	8,006	15,600,308

Other crops show as critical decline.

Reports from Ontario on the condition of fall wheat for 1917 are decidedly discouraging.

As there is an average of not more than one man on each hundred acres of farm land in Ontario, the prospects indicate even a still smaller acreage under cultivation in 1917 unless extra labour is supplied.

WE MUST PRODUCE MORE FOOD

Famine and World-Hunger Are on Our Threshold!

Copyrighted by the International News Service, New York. — M. Cay in New York American.

THE SECOND-LINE TRENCHES

Food Production is the Greatest Problem the World Faces To-day

Owing to destruction by submarines, ocean ships are scarce.

It is much easier to protect shipping between Canada and England than on the longer voyages from India or Australia.

One vessel can make twice as many trips from Canada to Britain as from India, and four times as many as from Australia.

Therefore, every ton of food stuffs grown in Canada is worth to the Motherland, two tons grown in India or four tons grown in Australia.

Why the Call to Canada is so Urgent

If this country does not raise a big crop this year, not only will the people of Canada suffer but the Motherland and her Allies will suffer and their military power will be weakened if not paralyzed. Therefore, the right solution of the present war problem comes back to the farm, as to a foundation upon which our whole national and international structure must be built and maintained.

The farmers know that they are the last reserve, and that the soil on which crops are grown is the strategic ground on which wars are decided. To their care is entrusted the base of supplies.

To enable the farm to do the work, two factors are essential. The first is Time. Whatever we are to do must be done at once. Nature waits for no man. The second is Labour. Many farmers cannot plant the acres they would because they cannot get the necessary help. Many are afraid to increase their acreage because they fear they would not be able to cultivate and harvest an unusual crop after they had raised it. If they are to do the work that is essential for them to do, the last man in each city, town and village must be mobilized at once.

Every man not on Active Service can help. In every city, town and village are men who by their training on the farm, or by their present occupation, can readily adapt themselves to farm work. These can render no greater service to the Empire at the present time than by answering the call of the farm. Capable men and boys, willing to learn, should not allow their lack of farm experience to stand in the way.

Can the employer render a more signal service in this crisis, than by encouraging these men to help the farmer to cultivate every available acre, and by making it easy for them to go?

Ontario's farm lands are waiting—the implements are ready—the equipment is complete—the farmer is willing—all he needs is labour.

So short is the world's food supply that without increased production many in Canada must go hungry, and even with enormously increased production, we cannot expect cheap food. The world is waiting for our harvest.

If peace should be declared within a year, the food conditions will be no better, for the accumulated hunger of the Central Empires must be met. This will absorb a large part of the world's supply.

We do not know when this war shall cease. It is endless—its lengthening out has paralyzed the thought and conception of all men who thought about it and its possible time of conclusion. Three months—six months, we said; nine months, a year, we said; and yet two years and eight months have passed their long dreary and sanguinary length and there is no man who can tell how long this gigantic struggle may yet last.

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From the New York Evening Mail.

HUNGER TIGHTENING HIS GRIP

Lloyd George, in a letter addressed to farmers throughout the Empire said:

"The line which the British Empire "holds against the Germans is held by "those who WORK ON THE LAND "as well as by those who fight on land "and sea. If it breaks at any point it "breaks everywhere. In the face of the "enemy the seamen of our Royal naval "and mercantile marine and the sol-"diers gathered from every part of our "Empire hold our line firstly. You work-"ers on land must hold your part of our "line as strongly. Every full day's "labour you do helps to shorten the "struggle and bring us nearer victory. "Every idle day, all loitering, lengthens "the struggle and makes defeat more "possible. Therefore, in the nation's "honour, heed! Acquit yourselves like "men, and as workers on land do your "duty with all your strength."

So, for the honour of Canada's soldiers in France—and for the glory of our New-born Nationhood—let it be said of Ontario's citizens that, in the hour of our greatest need their response was worthy of their sons.

We owe a great debt to those who are fighting for us.

Organization of Resources Committee, Parliament Buildings, Toronto

Chairman: His Honour, Sir John S. Hendrie, K.C. M.G., C.V.O., Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario; Vice-Chairmen: Honourable Sir William H. Hearst, K.C. M.G., Prime Minister of Ontario; N. W. Rowell, Esq., K.C., Leader of the Opposition; Secretary: Albert H. Abbot, Esq., Ph. D.

WE MUST PRODUCE MORE FOOD

Give Your Wife One

THOUSANDS of wives and daughters run their own Ford cars. They use them for shopping, calling, attending the theatre, taking the children for a run in the country or to school.

The Ford is as easy to operate as a kitchen range, no knowledge of mechanical details being necessary. Inexpensive to operate. A woman can call around town all afternoon, or take a 25-mile spin in the country, at the minimum of cost for gasoline, oil, wear on tires, etc.

You couldn't give "her" a present she would appreciate more than this beautiful, modern car, with its stream-line effect, tapered hood and crown fenders.

Ford

Runabout	$475	Town Car	$780
Touring	495	Sedan	890
Coupelet	695	*F.O.B. Ford, Ont.*	

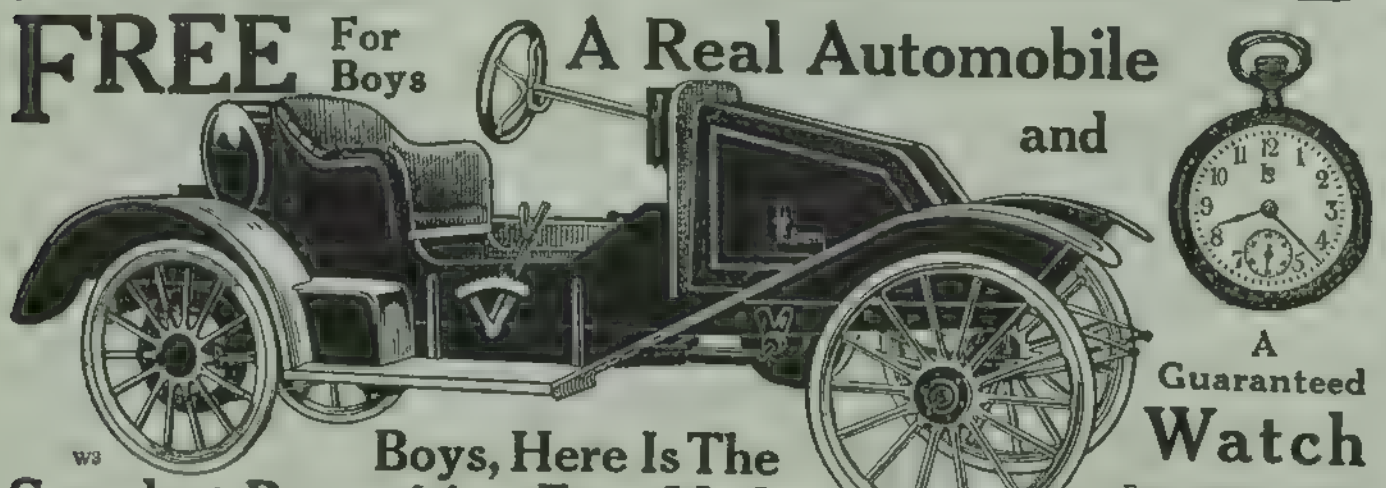
Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited

FORD - - - ONTARIO

Over 700 Ford Service Stations in Canada.

45

FREE For Boys A Real Automobile and A Guaranteed Watch



W3

Boys, Here Is The Grandest Proposition Ever Made

YOU can have this real 5 horse-power automobile with an air cooled 4 cycle gasoline engine that can't be beat. This is the Canadian boy's cycle car and it's yours free, besides a crackerjack guaranteed watch in the bargain.

If you have ever wanted an automobile, now is your chance to get one for nothing. This car is just big enough for one person.

It is built exactly like the big autos on a small scale. It has artillery wheels and solid rubber tires, steering gear and wheel, two kinds of brakes, starting crank, upholstered seat, tool box, tools, cone clutch. It will run 75 miles on one gallon of gasoline. This is the real thing for the real live boy, and besides the great auto we are going to give you a dandy guaranteed watch that any boy would be proud to own.

If you think you are a live boy and not afraid to run a real automobile, just send us your name and address. We want you to help us advertise and increase the demand for our new great household boon –CHINA-MEND—the world's greatest fixer of broken china. Saves housekeepers thousands of dollars annually by repairing expensive broken china, no matter how badly smashed. CHINA-MEND put up in handsome packages and sells like wildfire at 10 cents each.

THIS IS FOR REAL LIVE BOYS ONLY

Every purchaser receives free from us a piece of valuable jewelery or silver-plated ware. You can't fail. If you do, you can return the goods to us and we will pay you for the work you have done. Our agents are earning stores of valuable premiums selling CHINA-MEND. We will send you with only 40 PACKAGES TO DISTRIBUTE AT 10c. A PACKAGE. As soon as you have sold them return us $4.00 YOU WILL RECEIVE IMMEDIATELY AS A REWARD for your work the magnificent watch, and the automobile is yours too without selling another cent's worth of goods, just by sending us the names and addresses of eight boys who will be our agents and earn our fine premiums too. Send your name to-day to

HOME WELFARE PRODUCTS CO. Dept. E.W. TORONTO, CAN.

ABOUT LATE CHICKENS

A Personal Advantage to be Gained While Rendering a National Service

By N. C. CAMPBELL, B.S.A.

OPPORTUNITY beckons as never before in poultry raising!

One of the most important points brought out at the recent meeting of Women's Institute lecturers for the Province of Ontario, was the necessity of doubling the number of chickens raised. Dr. G. C. Creelman, Agricultural Commissioner for the Province of Ontario, and President of the Ontario Agricultural College, backed up this point, by declaring that no farm by-product would bring more profit for the trouble and expense involved, than a couple of hundred extra chickens.

"All the hens that will, should be allowed to set this year," he said, "and don't worry about prices. Prices aren't going down," he concluded, "you'll get your dollar for chickens in the fall and even if you get only 75 cents, it's worth while. After every war, prices have gone sky-high. The prices will be all right, but, of course, one can't make the money if he hasn't the produce."

While it is now past the season when one would ordinarily set eggs, looking forward to hatching and developing pullets that will make winter layers for the coming season, it is not at all too late to set eggs from which we may expect to hatch and raise chickens that will reach from two and a half to four pounds in weight in ample time to make good broilers and young roasters. Young chicken in October and November is quite as delectable as any young chicken could be earlier in the season, especially if for one's own private table. The prices may not be quite so fancy on the open market, and for this reason, the young chicken on one's own table would be all the more delectable, because, seemingly, not such a sacrifice or extravagance.

Special Points to Observe

THE later-hatched chickens are slightly more difficult to raise, and in some respects, need somewhat different attention.

The later hatched chicks miss the natural advantage of young tender grass, and other green things; they miss the soft, moist soil in which to scratch for worms and grubs; they are much more liable to be molested with lice and other vermin; they are liable to suffer from intense heat during the day, and from over-heated, crowded coops and quarters at night.

To be forewarned on these particulars is to be forearmed. It is a simple matter to dig up some fresh soil in the yard in which the chickens can scratch. You can sow some clover, or any grain, or seed, which will give tender green stuff for the chickens to pick; you can provide shade for the chickens—say, let them run in the garden amongst the corn or the potatoes, sun-flowers or artichokes, under trees or any obstruction, which will give shade and protect them from the sun

You should be a little more careful to provide fresh, clean water; and should guard against lice, and other infestations more common in hot weather, and the coops should be kept clean, well ventilated and comfortable, in spite of high temperatures prevailing.

At this season of the year there are many broody hens available. Any one in village, town, or city, should be able to get a "clucking" hen or two if they desire to go in for raising a few chickens in the back yard

Free Information

EVERY last particular in the way of information that may be desired on the raising of chickens can be secured in ready, understandable form through any Provincial Department of Agriculture, or by applying to the Bureau of Information at the Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Letters addressed to the Dominion Department of Agriculture, in this connection, do not even require postage stamps, but are carried free when marked on the envelope in the place for the stamp, "O.H.M.S."

The call has gone out through every available medium, warning the people of the great food shortage, which is world-wide. Some are inclined to make light of these appeals, believing that there can be no danger of a food-shortage.

I agree with Peter McArthur when he says: "I hope they are right, for over-production is easier to face than famine; it will be easier for those who are advocating increased production to bear ridicule if they are wrong, than hunger, if they are right."

A Call to National Service

IN their series of advertisements through the farm papers, the Dominion Government officials of the Department of Agriculture have called on Canadian farmers to seize their great export market opportunity. Great Britain imported during 1916, no less than 06,064,110 dozen eggs. To this total, Canada contributed 14,317,780 dozen—of which 7,363,290 dozen were United States' eggs, which means that Canada's net contribution was only 6,954,490 dozen domestic eggs.

It is further pointed out that Canada's eggs are of first-class quality; they hold a high reputation in the British market. To secure a permanent share of this trade, we should increase the output of Canadian eggs by, at least, 10 million dozen. This means that 15 more hens should be kept on every farm in Canada.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIAL PAGE

Edited jointly by Pierrot and Pierrette, chaperoned by Madame Etiquette

These Explain Their Origin

Stealing One's Thunder

IF I discover any one exploiting my ideas or passing off as his own certain original remarks of mine, I say, "He is stealing my thunder."

This expression was first used by John Dennis, an English dramatist, and the inventor of a piece of mechanism for producing stage thunder. He desired to have the manager of a London theatre put on one of his plays in which this thunder was to be used. The manager, however, declined to accept the play, but subsequently, in a representation of Macbeth, he used Dennis' thunder; whereupon the disappointed playwright exclaimed, "He refuses to take my play, but he steals my thunder."

Pin Money

When pins were first invented, they were so expensive that only the wealthy ladies could afford them, and it became customary, when a woman was married, to give her a certain sum of money with which to buy pins. This was known as her "pin money." The expression has survived to this day, although it now applies to a woman's spending money in general, as pins are no longer a luxury requiring a special appropriation.

Honeymoon

This expression, to designate the first few weeks of marriage, had its origin among the northern nations of Europe. To a great many persons nowadays the term "Honeymoon" signifies simply the wedding journey, and hence we hear the expresson "On their honeymoon." This is departing from the actual meaning of the word "Honeymoon," which is made up of two words—"honey" and "moon" and means literally a moon or a month of sweetness.

Among the Norsemen of ancient Europe, it was the practice for a newly married couple to drink a specially prepared beverage or wine made from honey. This was their drink for thirty days after marriage, and consequently the first month of married life was called the honey-month, or honey-moon.

Mustaches

The custom of wearing mustaches originated in the time that the Christians were driving the Moors from Spain.

During that period many of the Moors became converts to Christianity, but in the frequent encounters that took place between the adherents of the two religions, it was often impossible to distinguish the Christian Moors from the Mohammedan Moors, and as a result many of these Moorish Christians, in the heat of battle, suffered at the hands of their Spanish brethren

In order to avoid such dangerous mistakes, it was decided that all Christians should shave their beards, and wear the hair on their faces in such a way as to form, as nearly as possible, the figure of a cross. This was accomplished by allowing the hair to grow on the lip and the middle of the chin under the lower lip.

From this incident has come the custom of wearing the hair on the upper lip to the exclusion of the rest of the whiskers.

How Old Are You?

Here is a way to find any one's age: Ask the girl whose age you are to tell to take the number of the month in which she was born and multiply it by two. January is counted as number one, February is counted as number two, and so on through the year. To this product she must add five and multiply by fifty. To this last number she must add her present age and from the sum subtract the number of days there are in a year, or 365. All the work up to this point must be done by the girl without letting any one see her figures; but now you ask her to tell you what numbers she has found, and to that number you add 115. The result obtained by this last operation contains the information wanted. The two figures on the right will be the age sought, while the number to the left will give the month in which she was born. This trick never fails.

To Tell Fortunes by Means of Dominoes

Lay the dominoes face down on the table, and shuffle well. Then draw out one and place it face up; shuffle again, draw out another, and place it by the first, shuffle again, and draw out a third. Then say it is not well to draw more at this trial, nor for a week. Now look up the meanings of the three you have drawn and see what they predict.

Double-Six—a large sum of money.
Six-Five—a ball, or theatre party.
Six-Four—trouble over law-suits, which may be avoided.
Six-Three—a pleasant drive.
Six-Two—a new dress, or hat.
Six-One—some one needs your help.
Six-Blank—an enemy is slandering you.
Double-Five—a fortunate change of residence.
Five-Four—unexpected success in business.
Five-Three—a very wealthy visitor
Five-Two—a pleasant excurson on the water.
Five-One—a love intrigue
Five-Blank—a funeral, but not of a relative.
Double-Four—a journey and a dinner.
Four-Three—a false alarm of burglars at home.
Four-Two—danger from dishonest, unscrupulous persons.
Four-One—a dunning letter.
Four-Blank—a letter from an angry friend.
Double-Three—an unexpected wedding.
Three-Two—unlucky in games of chance.
Three-One—a wonderful discovery.
Three-Blank—sorrow and disgrace.
Double-Two—a jealous husband or wife.
Two-One—a valuable find
Two-Blank—loss of money or valuable article.
Double-One—loss of a friend.
One-Blank—unexpected attentions.
Double-Blank—bad luck; trouble from an unexpected source.

If Your Birthday is This Month

Persons born between May 20th and June 21st, when the sun is in Gemini, are affectionate, generous and courteous, careless in money matters, and good in the arts and sciences. Pride of family, but not of wealth, distinguishes them. Their temperaments are nervous and unsettled, their opinions changeable, and their decisions timidly expressed. They can get beautiful results in their work without being able to explain how they do it. They are inclined to be suspicious and complaining, but given a responsibility or a duty to perform, they will straightway rise to the occasion. They are easily influenced by a handsome exterior, and often wreck their happiness in this way. They should strive for quiet, both of the body and spirit.

Persons born between June 21st and July 22nd, when the sun is in Cancer, are characterized by a sympathetic, persistent, and strong-willed nature; yet so sensitive that when their feelings are hurt, they lose interest in their work and possibly give it up entirely. Such persons are apt to have contradictory temperaments, being strong one minute and weak the next; capricious, changing their occupations and friends frequently; at one moment full of tact and at another, blunt to brutality. They love money and are very careful of it, but are apt to be lazy, fond of fine clothes, showing excellent taste; selfish and jealous, at the same time lovers of home, and have fine intellects and much executive ability.

Unselfishness

In conversation no man requires to practise unselfishness more than the silent man; for, as every one is able to contribute and should contribute something, so the man who thrusts himself into society to enjoy the talk of others, and will take no trouble to help, to suggest, or to encourage, is really serious offender. I have known a person of good position, and not the least wanting in brains, who would insist in sitting at dinner between the two most agreeable people in the room, in order that he might eat and listen, while under no circumstances would he make the smallest effort to entertain in return. These silent people not only take all they can get in society for nothing, but they take it without the smallest gratitude, and have the audacity afterward to censure those who have laboured for their amusement.

Games You Can Play

Indoors and Out

Hanging

This game is played by two persons only. One thinks of a short word and writes on a paper a series of dashes, one for each letter in the word. Then, at the side of the paper, he draws a rude representation of a gallows. Thus prepared, he announces, for instance:

"I have a word of four letters. Can you tell me what one of them is?"

2nd Player.—"Is it A?"

1st Player.—"No." (He then draws the figure of a head suspended from the gallows.)

2nd Player.—"Is it I?"

1st Player.—"No." (Gives to the head, eyes, nose and a mouth)

2nd Player.—"Is it O?"

1st Player.—"Yes." (Places an O under the second dash representing the word.) "Can you tell me another letter?"

2nd Player.—"Is it M?"

1st Player.—"No." (Draws a neck to the head.)

2nd Player.—"Is it L?"

1st Player.—"Yes." (Puts an L under the first dash.)

2nd Player.—(Seeing the L and O together) "Is the word 'love'?"

1st Player.—"Yes, it is."

If the second player misses eight guesses, however, without discovering the word, he is "hung," for, at the fourth failure a torso is added to the figure on the gallows; at the fifth, arms; the sixth, hands; the seventh, legs; and at the eighth, feet.

Instead of words, sentences or proverbs are sometimes guessed, the dashes representing the words to which the guesses are also confined

Blowing Out the Candle

This is a very funny blind game. A candle is lighted and placed in position about the height of a person's head. A player is then placed a few feet from it, facing it, and, after being blindfolded and turned round three times, is told to take so many paces (however many it may be) and blow the candle out. The fun comes with the misdirected efforts of the blindfolded player.

Crooked Answers

Seat all the players in a circle. Then tell each in turn to whisper a question to his right-hand neighbour, giving a correct answer to his own question to the player at his left. In this way, every one receives an absurd combination which is repeated aloud, after all questions and answers have been given.

For example, A says to his right-hand neighbour, "Who taught you to sing so well?" and turning to the left, whispers as a reply "The leader of the frog orchestra." B, who heard the latter, has received from another source the question, "What is your favourite dish?" so when he repeats aloud what he has heard, he says: "I was asked 'what is your favourite dish?' and received for an answer, 'the leader of the frog orchestra,'" while the player at A's right says: "I was asked 'who taught you to sing so well' and received for an answer, 'six bottles of hop bitters.'"

You Can Amaze Your Friends With This Trick

Borrow a half-dollar from one of the company, wrap it up in a handkerchief, and request some one to hold it over a glass of water on the table. Hey, presto! The coin is dropped into the glass and heard to jingle. When the handkerchief is removed the half-dollar has disappeared, having been apparently dissolved in the water. Placing your hand under the table you produce the coin, which you declare has passed through the glass and tabletop. This exceedingly effective trick is accomplished by means of a glass disc of the same diameter as a half-dollar. The *modus operandi* is as follows. Borrow a half-dollar and while holding it in your hand, throw a handkerchief over it. Under cover of the handkerchief exchange the coin for the glass disc which you have concealed in your palm. Now get some one to hold the disc by its edges through the handkerchief, directly over the glass of water. Pronounce your magical phrase, and command your volunteer assistant to drop the half-dollar (disc) into the glass. The disc will be precipitated into the glass with a jingle that exactly simulates the falling of a genuine coin, and will adhere to the bottom of the glass, where it will not be seen. You may even pour out the water, but the disc, thanks to the power of suction, will remain in the same position, firmly attached to the drinking glass, which, of course, must have a flat bottom. After sufficient palaver, the genuine half-dollar may be reproduced from under the table or from the pocket of the volunteer assistant.

Riddles for the Other Person

What is the difference between an old penny and a new dime? Nine cents.

When will there be but twenty-five letters in the alphabet? When U and I are one.

Why is it impossible for a swell who lisps to believe in the existence of young ladies? Because he calls every miss a mith (myth).

What was Joan d'Arc made of? Maid of Orleans.

What is that which, by losing an eye, has nothing left but a nose? Noise.

Which nation produces the most marriages? Fascination.

What is the key-note of good manners? B natural.

Why do women make good post-office clerks? Because they know how to manage the mails (males).

If a tough beefsteak could speak, what English poet would it mention? Chaucer (chaw, sir).

What four letters of the alphabet would frighten a thief? O I C U (Oh! I see you).

How can a man make his money go a long way? By contributing to foreign missions.

Why is the letter S like thunder? It makes our cream, sour cream.

What is the best way to keep a man's love? Not to return it.

Why is Berlin the most dissipated city in Europe? Because it is always on the Spree.

What is a good thing to part with? A comb.

Exploding Soap-Bubbles

This is a novelty, and will be found to produce a very good effect. The bubbles are blown in the usual way with an ordinary clay pipe, the only preparation necessary being that the bowl of the pipe must be filled with cotton-wool soaked in gasolene. Bubbles blown with a pipe thus prepared will be found to explode in a flame when approached with a light.

When We Showered Clara

A novel shower is an especially hard kind of party to plan. At a shower we want something original—something surprising both to the "showerers" and the "showeree." Recently I went to just such a party. The bride-to-be was lured away from the house and not brought back until eight-thirty. When the twenty girls arrived, each was asked to place her gift in an open trunk. Streamers of white crepe paper, two inches in width and cut in varied lengths, were attached to the top of the wide doorway—ten on the dining-room side and ten on the living-room side. The shortest, of course, were those farthest from the centre, and each was considerably longer than the one before.

The girls arranged themselves as for a Virginia Reel—ten in the dining-room and ten in the living-room, five couples standing opposite each other in each room. Then each girl took a streamer and held it high, making a regular canopy over the aisle down which Clara, the bride-to-be, must walk directly she came in the front door. The aisle led to a framed picture of her betrothed and a placard bearing the name of the town in which he lived. Each girl was provided with rose-leaf confetti with which she showered the guest of honour as she passed.

Small tables were then brought forth, each one accommodating four. Each guest was provided with a magazine, paste, scissors, and a booklet, and requested to make the "Life of the Bride" in pictures. The pages of the booklets were entitled "Her First Picture," "Her First Love," "Where They Met," and similar subjects. Then Clara was blindfolded, dressed in her hat, coat, and motor veil and taken to the centre of the large doorway. At her feet was placed the trunk, closed and strapped up, and upon all sides were band-boxes, bags, and suit cases. Each guest was then given a card and pencil and asked to give a suitable title to the pictures presented when Clara was unblindfolded. Some very clever titles were suggested and a prize given for the best. Clara was then permitted to sit upon the floor and empty the trunk. Afterward the guests returned to their places at the small tables, which had, in the meantime, been spread with toothsome dainties.

These Stories Will Bring a Good Laugh

"Ethel!" exclaimed a reproving mother to her small daughter. "How dare you speak to your father like that? Did you ever hear me speak in such a manner to him?"

"No," said Ethel, "but you choosed him, and I didn't."

A young husband who had not found married life exactly a path of roses, and who sincerely wished to prove to his wife the depth of his affection, went home one evening and said cheerily: "Well, 'Tilda, you can't guess what I have done to-day?"

"Made a fool of yourself, as usual," replied 'Tilda, ungraciously.

"That is as you look at it, dear one."

"Oh, John Henry,' said the wife, "if you've done anything more than usually idiotic, out with it, and have done with it. What under creation have you been up to now?"

"'Tilda, dearest, I have insured my life."

"Well," said the irate little woman, "I always knew you were mean! Insured your life, indeed! Ah! Always looking out for yourself first!"

At a social tea at which Lloyd George was present, the hostess, who had put the cream of her acquaintance on parade and quite expected and looked for effusive admiration from the great man, said to him as he was about to leave:

"What do you think of afternoon tea?"

He replied in these four strikingly graphic words:

"It is giggle!—gabble—gobble—git!"

When Imagination Failed

A stout, elderly woman stopped a clerk in a book department and demanded a book suitable for a bridal couple and costing not more than twenty-five cents.

The clerk selected Henry Van Dyke's "The Pathway to Peace" and suggested that it would be the proper book for the bridal couple.

The customer took one look at the title, threw up her hands and exclaimed, "Oh, heavens, NO!"

A Fact

Willis: "What makes a man always give lady a diamond ring?"

Gillis: "The lady"

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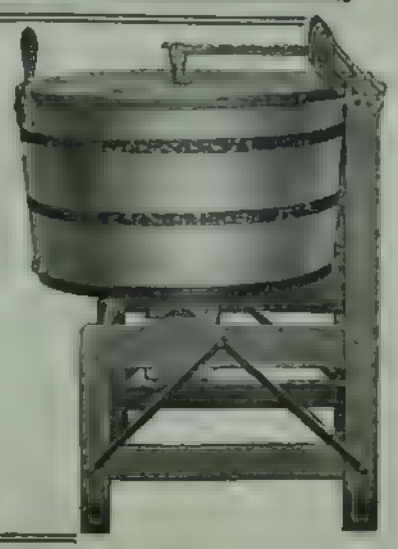

You know the answer! You know that he would make use of the help the Connor Ball Bearing Washer would give him, do the job in a quarter of the time, with a tenth part of the labor, and without getting tired.

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MISS VIRGINIA'S KIDD

(*Continued from page 7*)

beheld a gentleman walking briskly up to the house

"Another of them! What'll the neighbours be saying!" moaned Miss Virginia, turning pale. Nevertheless, with a courageous front, and carrying behind her back a rolling pin, she opened the door at the gentleman's ring.

"Miss Grantley, I presume?" he suggested politely. Even while he spoke her quick eye had gathered a number of impressions. He was tall, a bit stout—but not noticeably so—wore a Vandyke beard, and glasses, and was well dressed in dark grey. The wretch!" thought Miss Virginia as she nodded silently in acquiescence and slowly she brought the rolling-pin into view.

"I am very sorry," the stranger said in a well-modulated voice, "to disturb you at your baking, but—"

"I wasn't baking," Miss Virginia interjected crisply.

"Oh, then, that is all right. I called to ask—"

"If your name is Kidd and if you have lost a suit case I will talk business," said Miss Grantley, her chin lifted high. "Otherwise I must request you to go away, before—"

And she lifted the rolling pin to her shoulder with an intimidating movement.

"My dear Madam, I——"

"Not a word! You are here to take up my time, I see. I am leaving town on the nine-thirty train and haven't a moment to waste."

"Ah! well, in that case, of course, I must look up some one else. Can you tell me if there is another lady in the village who occasionally does home-nursing, besides yourself?"

"Home-nursing! Who told you that I——"

"Why, a number of people warmly recommended you. I am in search of a gentlewoman, not necessarily a trained nurse, who will look after my little girl for a few days. She has sprained her ankle and I don't care to move her just yet."

"Where is she?" asked Miss Virginia, now feeling like the proverbial penny-with-a-hole-in-it.

"She is at the only hotel there seems to be here. We motored in late last night from Jackson's Point where the accident occurred, thinking when we set out that we could make Toronto, but I had tire trouble and we were delayed."

"Of course, I'll go. I can easily put off my visit until another time," said Miss Grantley cordially. "I beg your pardon for my—er—shortness. Won't you come in and sit down? I'll be ready in no time. Poor little thing! Her mother, I suppose, wasn't along. She'll certainly be shocked to know of the accident."

"Dorothy has no mother," said the gentleman. "I am a widower. Thank you, this chair will do nicely."

"What does the doctor say about her?"

"Why, the fact is I'm her doctor."

The gentleman took out a card-case, selected a card and extended it.

She read: "O. W. Kidd, M. D."

THEN she grew pale. Was this a clever hoax? She sent a sidelong glance at Dr. Kidd. He looked quite unequivocal.

"You—you—haven't lost a suit case?" she queried faintly.

"Oh, that's twice you've mentioned a suit case!" he exclaimed. "And I was just going to ask you, by-the-way, why you addressed me by my name, almost as soon as you saw me? To my knowledge I never saw *you* before, unless—wait, *now* I have it! I was wondering of whom you reminded me. Did you ever get swamped from a leaky boat?"

For a full minute Miss Grantley stared at the speaker. Affairs were moving with too great rapidity for even her brisk intellect.

"I—I had a narrow escape from drowning, once," she said at last.

"And a red-headed youth, who happened to be the only person about, fished you out?"

"Yes! Gracious goodness! Are *you* a wizard? Are *you*—you're *not*——"

"Yes, I am! Of course, the hair has become toned down a bit. Twenty years make a difference, you know. But something about your face struck me after you spoke to me."

"You didn't leave your name that time."

"Why should I have done so?"

"You saved my life. A hero——"

"A thief, not a hero! I was but a bird of passage—bicycling bird—and if I remember rightly, I had gone down to the bank to steal some St. Lawrence apples. They have always been my favourites."

Miss Virginia's face was pink with excitement.

"Why, some of these very trees are still standing! I—I have always loved St. Lawrences, too. There'll be a good crop this year."

MISS VIRGINIA put on her hat, her hands all atremble. Then they set out for the hotel and on the way told the tale of the missing suit case and of her two callers.

"That reminds me," said Dr. Kidd suddenly, "my man lost his suit case only last week, when he was on his way to London to see a sick brother. He and somebody else got their wires crossed, and he arrived at his destination with a grip full of dressgoods, ribbon, laces, and embroideries, and women's fal-lals——"

"Is he a short man?" cut in Miss Virginia almost stopping in her tracks.

"Yes, indeed."

"And sandy?"

"Sandy as—as a dishonest grocer's sugar barrel!"

"With a finger missing?"

"Yes, Miss Sherlock!" and it was Dr. Kidd's turn to look astonished. "The plot thickens, methinks."

"Then, for goodness' sake send him to Cloverdale at once, please. My blue crepe de chine must be made up before the end of the month—"

But the doctor clapped his hands. "Ha! *Now*, I know! Two or three months ago I presented Bates with an old suit case of my own. It very probably had my name in it and *that* is why Kidd tripped so easily off your lips! You see I wondered how you knew my name when, to my certain knowledge, I hadn't been near this charming little village since my early manhood."

"You—you haven't changed very much—really."

"I am flattered to have been remembered."

"If you will accept a bit of advice——"

"Gladly."

"Then *do* try to make a proper 'W'."

Little Dorothy fell in love with Miss Grantley so soon as she saw her. As the doctor had already done so, there can be but one ending to this tale. When the St. Lawrence apples were ripe Miss Virginia became Mrs. Oliver William Kidd, and she always insists on writing it out in full just like that. What she calls her husband in private is none of our business, but it is said that they are a very happy couple, and who are we that we should doubt it?

WOULD YOU CALL HIM A COWARD?

(*Continued from page 9*)

you come in that first night at the practice, and afterward at church you watched and listened to me so eagerly that sometimes I forgot that there was any one else in the church and I seemed to sing for you alone—just as I had sometimes fancied she did.

"After that a great friendship grew between us that soon ripened into intimacy. I believed that her friendliness for me was simply out of sympathy for my need of her, both physically and spiritually, for I had told her frankly that I had not been a good man, and how I had been afraid of the "Afterwards." But I knew I loved her—worshipped the very ground she walked on—but I never once dreamed of telling her so. Then one day when we knew I was soon to be sent back here, there were tears in her eyes as she said she would miss me and did not want me to forget her after I left.

"Forget her! Oh, God knows I did not mean to do it, but in a minute I was pouring out all my love for her, reminding her of how I had never forgotten her for one moment since the first night I had seen her; how it was the thought of her that had inspired me to any little good I had ever done, and if I ever got to Heaven it would be because of her. I told her that I was not fit to speak to her even—me, with a prison record. When I got through I expected to find her angry, but, instead, she simply looked at me for a moment with a world of love in her eyes and then stooped and kissed me.

"'Perhaps you have been bad in the past,' she smiled, 'but there is still a great deal of good in one who can do what you have done.'

"You see she had been reading the papers, and some of them had been saying a lot of flattering things about a bit of a job I did out there—the time I won this ornament. I tried to tell her that what I had done was nothing—that any soldier would have been only too glad of the opportunity to do it. But I could not convince her. Then I spoke again of how wicked I used to be.

"'We shall forget all about your past,' she answered. 'It is buried now. We shall talk only of our future.'

"Do you realize it? I didn't, at first; but that sweet, pure-hearted girl loved me and was willing to share the future with me. In vain I protested that I was unworthy. She said that my love and service had atoned for my past.

"And so we became engaged and I was wondrously happy, though I knew all the time that it was too good to last, and that I would eventually awaken from my dream. Only once did I ever hear her speak unkindly of any one,

and that was just a couple of days before I came away.

"I had been speaking of my unworthiness. "'Why,' I said, 'the very name I offer you is not my own; it is assumed.'

"'Oh,' she laughed, 'there is no great crime in that. As a matter-of-fact, Alice Ferguson is not my real name either. You see, my parents are dead, and when Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson adopted me they insisted that I take their name.'

"Even as she said these words some presentiment chilled my blood before she continued, a little brokenly, as if it were hard for her to say what she did

"'You see,' she went on, 'I have a brother who is a disgrace to the family, and Mr. Ferguson was afraid that, some day, he might come back and find me out by my name and bring sorrow to me, so I took their name.'

"'You have a brother,' I stammered, 'is he still living?'

"'I don't know, but sometimes I hope not.' Her voice had grown so bitter I scarcely recognized it. 'I don't remember very much about him, for I was very little when he left home. But I know he killed my mother—she died because of the disgrace he brought on his name; and my father never got over it either. On his death-bed Father made me promise that if ever my brother came back I would not speak to him. He must have been very bad; though, perhaps, Father may have been too harsh with him, for what little I can remember of him he was very good and kind to me.'

"SHE had been looking out of the window while she said this; as if she were half-ashamed to speak of her brother. Ashamed before me! Good Lord! Had she been looking at me, she surely must have guessed! In my anguish I groaned aloud. Alice turned to me quickly.

"'Oh, George, you are ill. I should not have worried you about this. You are deathly white.'

"She got me a glass of water, but she never suspected the truth—that I was the brother she had been taught to remember so bitterly. And I did not dare tell her. Oh, I am a moral coward all right, even if I was never once afraid of all the guns and shells on the battle-field. No, I did not tell her; I could not. But before I came away I left a letter for her in which I asked her to try to forget me, as I was all unworthy of her and it was utterly impossible that I could let her share my name.

"I have had one letter from her since. Poor girl! She does not understand, and still believes that some day she will be my wife. I have not written to her again. I cannot; I cannot own up to her that I am the brother she has been taught to hate. I have lost her completely; and I have even lost the father to whom I had begun to plan of going back, to make what reparation I could in his old age—even my father is dead."

"Why are you so sure your father is dead?" suddenly asked my companion, who had kept perfectly still while the man had been speaking. So absorbed in his story had I been that I had quite forgotten the girl with me. Now, as I looked at her, I was astonished; she was leaning eagerly forward, two great tears glistened on her cheeks but her eyes shone wondrously

"Why do you think your father is dead?" she repeated.

The man stared at her

"Why, Alice told me he was dead," he answered wonderingly.

"Alice Ferguson is not your sister. There is no reason why you should not marry her."

The soldier started, and stared incredulously.

"Back at the old home," the young woman continued, "your father, James Holden, still lives and has learned of what you have done. He is feeble and ailing, but is praying that his strength will last until his boy comes back to forgive and be forgiven. He was not able to come to you himself, but he sent me." She was standing now, looking eagerly at the man.

He had also risen and was gazing at her, his face bright with a great, yearning hope.

"And you—you are—" his outstretched arms finished the question

"I am your sister. I am Alice Holden."

Tea in the Making and in the Serving

ABOUT one woman in five hundred knows how to make a cup of good tea, but not one in five thousand knows how to serve a cup of good tea.

The making is simple; warm the pot, have fresh water freshly boiled and still boiling, put the tea into the pot, pour on the boiling water and—there you are! The flavour depends on the taste in teas of the housekeeper, and the strength depends on what she considers good for the family.

The serving is equally simple—when you know how. Time is of the utmost importance, but although we have heard this over and over again, how few of us really realize it? The best tea ever grown can be spoilt in the serving We tell each other that tea should not be allowed to steep more than three minutes, and sometimes—when we happen to think of it—we do pour it out about that time.

But even when this is done with the first cup, how about the unfortunate second cup? Isn't it equally true of it, that it should not steep more than three minutes? Remember, the steeping process does not stop when we decide that it is sufficiently steeped to be ready to pour. It goes on steeping so long as it is on the leaves. Therefore, to serve tea properly, pour it into another warmed teapot at the end of three minutes.

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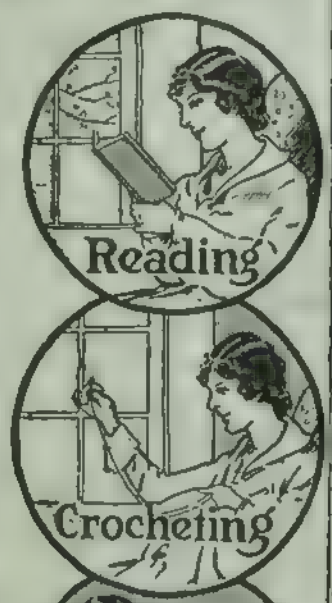

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If fruit is added to the jelly it may be served as a salad on crisp lettuce leaves, accompanying with mayonnaise or any salad dressing.

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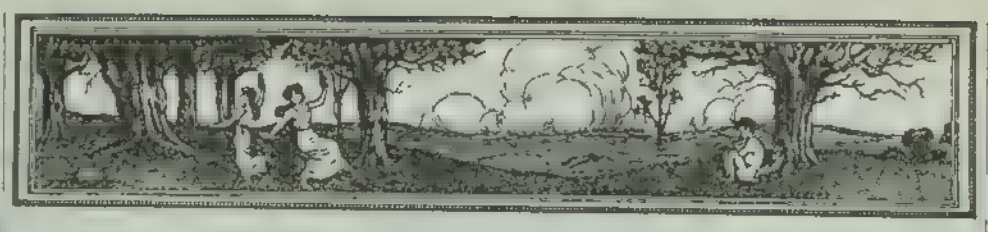

THE MAGPIE'S NEST

(*Continued from page 13*)

make; the start for that indefinable goal, the heart of life itself.

His disappointment was evident. He lit another cigarette, threw it away, and stood irresolute. She jumped up and ran to him.

"Never mind, never mind," she comforted him. "It was lovely of you. And I have no sense at all," she concluded gravely.

"Not a bit," he agreed. "I think I'll put you in my trunk again, and carry you about, and look after you. Oh, Hope!" He ruffled her hair. She felt cross, and sorry for him, all at once; aware of a conflict within him, but not alarmed. That *beaute du diable* which she still possessed in its freshest bloom drew him powerfully, and he suffered more than she could have guessed. It divided his soul and body like a sword, and he himself did not know what shook him so. Before now he had sought refuge from his wife's perverse coldness in the companionship of other women, had been carelessly happy, and then had forgotten. But he had never experienced anything exactly like this.

Nor was it solely her youth that drew him.

He knew she did not evade him to enhance her value, as his wife did.

NOT that he had these thoughts. Only a part of his brain was active; the part which he used in the making of money. He trained that.

He kissed the crest of her hair, while she sighed ostentatiously and was rigidly unresponsive, repulsing him with her mind rather than with her body. So he let her go. She went out. He heard the soft click of her high heels down the hall, and hoped fervently that no other ears might be listening.

There was no warmth in his heart at the prospect of going home. He finished packing, and locked up his baggage, feeling singularly alone. His wife would probably not be at home, she might be in town, shopping, or visiting; she loved living in huge hotels. Ten days before he had sent her a wonderful sapphire ring for their wedding anniversary. She had not even acknowledged it. She was not a handsome woman, nor charming, nor brilliant, but her very hardness had given her a long ascendancy over him. Despite himself, he was essentially a faithful man, craving affection, easily rebuffed. And there is something in the name of wife that gives a woman possession of certain keys to a man's inner nature, if he have anything fine in him at all. She was his wife, and in his young manhood he had given her those keys. Nor can any gift be wholly revoked; the period of possession can never be effaced.

His daughter was the only thing he had got out of it all—a jolly little tomboy, slowly changing now into an unusually frank and loveable young woman. Perhaps she could come with him on his next trip. It might save him from—he did not know quite what. From trying, perhaps, to thrust unwelcome gifts on another than his wife.

Now, why would Hope not accept? He could not see that it was, over again, his giving her the dollar. She could not buy anything with it. She wanted chocolates, and could not reach the market. But this time, neither could he buy them for her. And yet, it was a perfectly good dollar he was offering her. If it puzzled her, it puzzled him still more. He thought her exquisitely foolish—a creature at once clever and irrational, the more loveable for her imbecility. He was the acquisitive type. He refused nothing of value, reached out always for more, no matter whether he could buy anything with his dollar or not.

Well, it was train time. With a final thought of her, a fatuous hope that she slept sound, he went out.

Though he could not know it, she was far from sleeping. The car was miraculously recovered of its late affliction. It streamed through the night like a wandering earth-bound star; the pale-grey, dusty road rushed into its devouring radius of light and was instantly swallowed again by the dark, endlessly a delight and a fascination to Hope. She was at the wheel, and Allen, beside her, kept a ready hand to correct the errors of her fearful joy. He must reach his arm about her to do it, but she had grown accustomed to his quiet presence and it did not trouble her. They talked, intermittently, cheek to cheek so they might hear. Once she turned suddenly and felt his long lashes brush her face, and laughed. She liked Allen, and one reason was his forthright honesty, which credited hers, so that they stood on firm ground with each other. He gave her less disquiet than any man she knew. He was not stolid, either; he merely controlled himself as perfectly as he did the big machine. In their expeditions they found themselves in perfect accord, intent on the one thing, the magic of the moment's chance. They talked, with the awful candour of utter, uncalculating youth.

To-night, he knew she had been saying good-bye to Edgerton.

"Kinda mean of me," he meditated, "to sneak the car, his last night. Only a block to the station, though. Did he say anything about it to you?"

"How did you know I was there?" she asked, skidding abruptly into a rut.

"Telephoned—you were out. Waited for you. I followed you home." He laid a restraining finger on the wheel.

"Well, you shouldn't have *That* was mean."

"Oh, shucks. I knew you went there sometimes." His drawl accepted the fact without comment, reprobation, or innuendo.

She shook her head. "Never did, before This is more fun."

"Aren't you his girl?" questioned Allen directly.

"His girl? No—I don't think so He's been nice to me. I like him, of course. How do you mean?"

"The limit," said Allen

She took it in presently. It came to her in the light of a problem. Why should he have thought so? Not being a hypocrite, she made no pretense of anger. Though she did not realize it, that was because of Allen's acceptance of her right to her own choice. Because he had never made it an excuse to be hatefully presumptuous, to assume her discrowned of authority. But why—?

She asked him.

"Oh, well—he likes you, too. And he doesn't get on with his wife. And he hasn't got a girl here." This was elemental logic with a vengeance. But the force of it could not appeal to any unawakened girl.

"Well, I don't see," she murmured vaguely "I think he's nice. He is to me. Has he got—"

"Sure, he's all right," Allen interrupted. "He had a girl in St. Paul, I believe. But that was awhile ago."

"I'm not his girl," affirmed Hope.

"All right," said Allen. That was his phrase; Allen played the cards as they fell. "I believe you, if you say so. You can't ever tell. I wish you liked me."

"I do," she said instantly.

"Oh, shucks," said Allen again. "You're a funny girl, aren't you?" And he retreated into silence for a time.

"You talk," she said finally, with a rather hopeless air, "as though one had to——"

"Oh, well, not just exactly that," he interrupted again. "But—life's pretty lonesome. I like a girl. I used to know a lot of chorus girls in Chicago; jolly kids." He was sufficiently explicit, until she mutely signed enough. Yet there was something primitively clean in his confession. She regarded him with utter astonishment.

"I think *I* rather like being alone, mostly," she said at last.

"Sure, I know," he assented. "I— You're away off. You're a funny girl."

And there was her front gate.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE dressing-room was uncomfortably crowded; Hope found herself in a corner, remote from a mirror and reluctant to take off her wrap lest her assurance should go with it. The dreadful feeling of being alone in a crowd assailed her; she felt goose flesh rising on her bare shoulders, and looked about despairingly for Mrs. Patten and Mary. They had promised to be there, and were late. Eleanor Travers nodded casually, and went on powdering her nose. Mrs Shane appraised her with a long, insolently inexpressive look and then turned, with an air of contempt, and adjusted her gown with a slight wriggling movement. Hope decided she would be no more beautiful for seeing her own reflection once more, and made her way to the door.

While she waited, drawing on her gloves, she could see Ned Angell at the door of the other cloak-room, evidently not yet expecting her; he had his hand on the shoulder of another youth, and they were both laughing, but in a confidential manner, as over a private joke. So it was, rather, though of course Hope could not know; they had just returned it to Ned's overcoat pocket. Ned was in flannels, as were many of the younger men; he even had a cummerbund instead of a waistcoat, but he carried off his dandyism extremely well, as a few men can, by appearing unconscious of it. Hope thought she had never seen any one look quite so "finished" as he did; she even forgave him for wearing a seal ring on his little finger, and that his hand was too small for a man's. His mouse-coloured hair, brushed very sleek, had a high light to it, like lacquer. He looked incredibly useless, and gay; and was both. But for a cavalier at a dance, he was all one could ask, and more, Hope felt, than one so country-cousinish as she had a right to. Now he saw her, and came across the room, and carried her off on his arm.

Inside the ballroom, a long bare apartment meagrely festooned with dusty-looking bunting and forlorn strings of Japanese lanterns against a glaring white wall, she hesitated again, not knowing whither Ned was guiding her but aware of some immediate duty on his mind. He was taking her to the patronesses, and she stumbled her way past them in an agony of embarrassment, tearing a flounce on the sharp heel of her slipper as she bowed to them. She got another glance of appraisal there, from Mrs. Dupont, who was Cora Shane's bosom friend, a simile which in that respect implied an amplitude of affection on the part of both. A new girl to them was a thing to be considered. Mrs.

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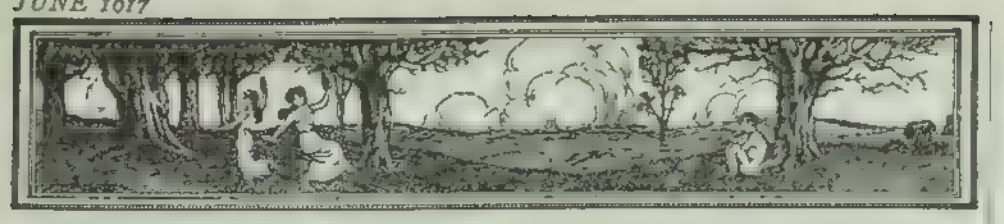


Dupont, who looked like a Spanish beauty well past her prime, dealt in masculine "futures," and was gowned from Paris.

Ned Angell had bored her with accounts of Hope. It gave her and Cora a certain satisfaction to perceive the girl, on her entrance, a dim little thing, obviously *gauche*.

Dim she was, gasping for breath, like a fresh-landed minnow, in her new element. Ned could not strike a spark from her, and he did like coruscations, fireworks. A part of Hope's prettiness was an extreme delicacy of complexion, waxlike almost; even her mouth was only pink. When she felt dashed or ill it was as though a fine grey ash had fallen on her. It fell on her now; she looked forlorn, and the odd gown she had chosen, admirably suited to her glowing mood, seemed sombre. It was of black lace, and her slippers were of soft blue satin; a ridiculous blue rose blossomed on her shoulder, and a black chiffon band encircled her head, with a fluffy bow that was meant to be perky. It had slipped a bit, and sat over one eye, making her look extraordinarily lost and neglected, but very quaint. Ned, beside her, felt humorously despairing. He would have to hand her over to the men with whom she must dance like—like a sick kitten, instead of "permitting them the privilege." He did not apply the epithet harshly; no one could feel harsh toward a poor little sick kitten.

He wondered why she attracted him at all. Sometimes, so did she. Undoubtedly the attraction existed; more, perhaps, in her absence than otherwise. He always went back to her, as though to look at her once more and confirm a previous impression, or perhaps hoping that at last she might realize some subtle anticipation. That she literally never heeded him at all, neither his comings nor his goings, was part of the charm. He could not imagine her waiting for him, even unconsciously. During an interim she would go on about her own affairs, just being herself. And it might be she would develop a new phase, and he should not miss it. He had had so many love affairs of all kinds, he was not sure but this was a new kind—when he was away from her.

They danced the first together, of course; her little blue satin feet were light on the floor As her card was not half filled, he left her then to remedy the matter. She subsided into a seat, pale, but evidently of stoic courage. She was looking at the patronesses, with a touch of sly deliberation in her eye, when Mary and Mrs. Patten found her and swept down on her with subdued rustlings and laughter. It was charming to see her eyes at once darken and light up and the animation flow back to her face. The missing colour note was supplied to her tonal *ensemble*. And she wanted to kiss Mary and Lisbeth; her eyes said it, her mouth said it, but without words. That kissing expression was what made Tony Yorke, who had been watching her with mingled pity and amusement, get up from his chair and go in search of Ned. He decided suddenly he wanted to be presented to her.

"Thank heaven," Hope was saying to Mary. "Now I want you to impress all these people indelibly on my mind by telling me something horribly scandalous about each of them. Begin with the patronesses."

They did begin with the patronesses, who represented every shade of the town's evolution toward "society" as Mary explained. From Mrs. Manners—small, withered, terrifically dignified in her venerable Vandyke gown of velvet draped with real, if soiled, old lace—who had brought her country traditions with her from Englandgalong with the gown and preserved them inviolate through twenty years of struggle with the rawness of a frontier town, to Mrs Lockwood, a walking advertisement of her husband's trade as to avoirdupois, and his prosperity as to diamonds, they presented a complete social microcosm.

"Who," asked Lisbeth, "is that small, fair woman with Mrs. Lockwood? Have I ever seen her before?"

"Perhaps not, she is only visiting. Mrs. Lockwood caught her in Banff. She," Mary smiled, "is a lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Norway. Now, she's talking to Amy Bellwood. The Bellwood girls used to peddle milk, and I always fancy Amy carries her muff like a quart measure!"

"Cat!" said Hope. "Go on!" But Ned interrupted, with a tall, brown-eyed young man in tow, who looked at her with an air of recognition.

HER name he knew; his mind always placed an interrogation point after it. He had seen her, times innumerable. It was characteristic of the difference in them; she had seen him, consciously, just once. He knew what she did; vaguely, where she came from; very definitely, what she looked like; and not at all what she was. He had always been curious about her, but only now in a personal way. At first, he had thought of her as "a girl Ned Angell took about;" later she was "the girl with the feet;" pretty feet she had, with a singularly light and happy way of hurrying along. Then he had seen her, in Edgerton's car. Now Tony Yorke was the child of his age, an unconscious worshipper of success. Edgerton's interest in the girl—whatever nature it partook of—invested her with a sort of value, a speculative value, one might say. There must be something in her. Edgerton and Ned Angell—extraordinary combination! She must be a queer little devil. He reserved judgment, in the way men do; a way that allows them to feel very generous since such a reserved judgment is tantamount to no more than a suspended sentence. Even admitting the worst, she must be one of those really rare women who wear their rue with a difference. Edgerton's manner to her convinced him of that. It did not quite convince him of anything else. In respect to Ned Angell, their presence here did convince Yorke; he could have echoed Mary Darke's dictum from that—she must have snubbed Ned! But Edgerton was different; he was a big man in his way, and would act like one. Well, there was the situation. He rather wanted to be on the inside of it all, and was quite willing to grin with her at Ned. But after all, that sudden look of hers made him forget every other reason, and simply wish to meet her because he did wish to meet her. And, his vision clear for a moment, he saw both Ned and Edgerton explained in himself. But unfortunately such moments of clairvoyance do not last. For one thing, few of us are willing to admit in cold blood that we are just exactly like other people.

HIS moment lasted the evening. Hope, looking up suddenly, smiled straight into his eyes, and held out her hand, quite unnecessarily. "But I know you," she said, and thought at the moment she was telling the truth. She had seen him once before, that was all. So she rose and let the music carry her away with him, without even looking back at Mary and Lisbeth Patten.

Falling in love is not a faithfully descriptive phrase. One soars up to love as to a sunlighted pinnacle above a world of grey fog. Wings of enchantment are lent for the occasion. The kingdoms of the world are spread out before the transported victim, who promptly spurns them. The falling occurs subsequently.

Then the bruised and bleeding creature, who so lately was a god, sits painfully for awhile estimating injuries, and presently begins to pick up the pieces. Generally, it is found they can be got together in workable shape, with considerable effort, but nothing will ever be quite the same again. But if the real gods have had pity, they have surreptitiously put a grain of common-sense into the new mixing, so that the next time love is achieved step by step, as an Alpine climber mounts, one takes pains to make love a little footing at the very top, where it may rest secure.

But the reason why any one falls in love cannot be told, for it is different in every case.

Tony Yorke had charm, a gift that no man has a right to. That is because he can go to the woman he desires and plead his own cause with no more shame than his conscience puts on him. A woman needs charm to bring her choice to her. When some wicked godmother gives it to a man she means mischief. It is an alien element and means trouble. By virtue of that misplaced quality, Tony Yorke could not look at a woman without his glance telling her that she was, of all the world, the one person he would rather spend the next hour with. He also looked at her as though they were sharing some rather amusing secret, only they two, against all the world.

When he gave Hope that reassuring, confidential message with his eyes, hers answered with the same joyful intelligence. She believed every word he did not say. She dragged from the recesses of her soul all the garments of romance that had been hidden there for almost all the years of her life, and in the space of one evening neatly cut and fitted them to his outward measure and hung them about him willy-nilly. And with a sweet shameless pride she did not care if the whole ballroom knew it.

As a matter of fact, no one knew it. She did not know it herself. It is the obvious thing escapes the world longest. Even Ned Angell felt rather glad that Hope had brightened up. She quite did him credit, though he did feel a slight, indefinable unease. Perhaps because he had at last found the expected, unexpected different phase in her.

He looked at her closely when he took her to supper, or as closely as he could. Ned was the least bit muddled. Hope knew he drank, sometimes; but she had never before had direct evidence of it. He had the conventional decency for that. But now she was absent-minded, and he saw it, and wanted to attract her attention; he talked louder than was his wont. Eating her cold chicken placidly, and aware through her lowered lashes of every turn of Tony Yorke's head at the far end of the long trestled table, where he sat with Cora Shane, Hope woke to a sudden horrified consciousness of what Ned was saying. More, she felt what he was about to say; what he had said was nothing.

"Ned," she said in a low voice that was like a splash of cold water, "be quiet, or I shall leave the table." It stopped him on a word; he bit Mrs. Shane's name in two like a cherry, and was silent. Hope looked about swiftly. No one else had noticed. She looked at Ned; he was sulking, wearing an air of injured innocence. His smoothly-barbered cheek and shining hair, his immaculate shirt-bosom and cuffs, everything about him so clean and orderly and daintily nice, contributed to that expression; and all these things he had in common with every one who sat there, eating, drinking, laughing; and all these things, somehow, seemed to make what he had been saying absurd. These people, so carefully composed outwardly, did not look as though there was any evil in them, any more than Ned did. But he made her, for one rather horrible moment, fancy

(*Continued on next page*)

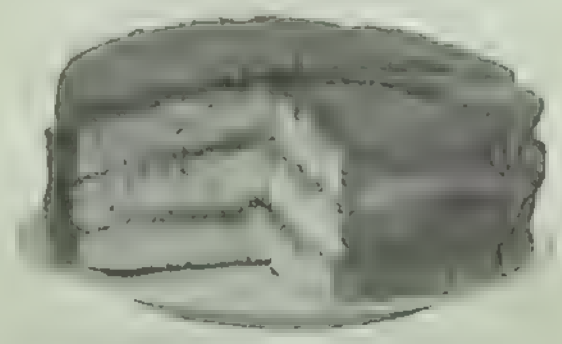
Fine Food at Lower Cost

In recipes for cake, muffins, corn bread, doughnuts, etc., calling for the use of eggs, fewer eggs may be used by adding a small quantity of

Royal Baking Powder

about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted.

The following tested recipes are practical illustrations of this method which produces delicious, appetizing food at a considerable saving in cost.



Chocolate Layer Cake

2 eggs
2 cups powdered sugar
1 cup milk
4 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder
2 cups flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

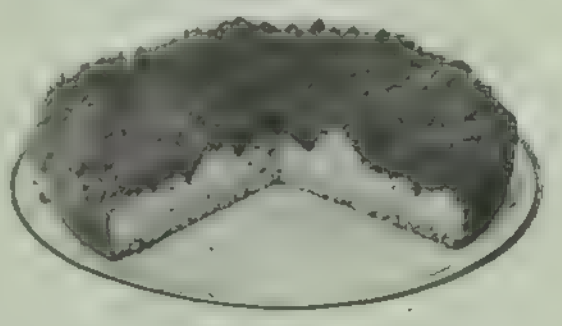
DIRECTIONS:—Beat egg yolks until thick; add sugar gradually and beat well. Add vanilla and milk; add flour which has been sifted with salt and baking powder; add stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Bake in three greased layer cake pans about 15 minutes in hot oven.

CHOCOLATE ICING

1½ cups granulated sugar
½ cup cold water
3 tablespoons cocoa
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

DIRECTIONS:—Mix sugar, water, baking powder and cocoa in saucepan and boil without stirring until mixture makes soft ball when tested in cold water. Remove from fire and when bubbling has stopped, pour out on wet platter. Cool, add vanilla and work up with knife until thick enough to spread between layers and on top of cake.

(The old method called for 3 eggs)



Coffee Cake

2 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 tablespoons shortening
½ cup milk

DIRECTIONS:—Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add melted shortening and enough milk to make very stiff batter. Spread ½ inch thick in greased pan, add top mixture and bake about ½ hour in moderate oven.

TOP MIXTURE

2 tablespoons flour
1 tablespoon cinnamon
4 tablespoons sugar
4 tablespoons shortening

DIRECTIONS:—Mix dry ingredients; rub in the shortening, and spread thickly over top of dough before baking.

(The old method called for 2 eggs)

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THE MAGPIE'S NEST

(*Continued from preceding page*)

a skeleton at the feast, a skeleton for every feaster. It was as though each who supped had a skeleton *beneath* the table, held firmly underfoot, and Ned had wantonly tried to drag one above-board. Hope saw Society, in a glimpse. Then she looked, openly, at Tony Yorke. There was something so frank about his smiling eyes, his fresh, tanned face and he looked *good*. She breathed freely again. He met her gaze, and telephoned her a quick message. The next? She nodded.

They did not dance together. Instead, moved by a common impulse toward solitude *a deux*, they found an extraordinarily little dusty stairway leading into the darkness of the roof, at the upper end of the hall, and sat there on Tony's handkerchief, peering through the half open door at the dancers, like an audience of two looking on at the pageant of life, asking no more than each other. It was draftily cool there, but they did not feel it. Hope drew the tail of her lacy gown over her shoulders; an unnecessary precaution. His mere presence warmed her; his sleeve touching her bare arm; more, the light in his brown eyes when, speaking, they bent their faces close in such a movement as preludes a kiss. They bantered each other a little; she loved to see him laugh, because he wrinkled his nose a trifle and looked as though everything were much funnier than one dared to acknowledge openly. She was so immensely lighthearted; and it seemed, absurdly, to have something to do with the way his hair grew off his temples; she loved his hair. No doubt Delilah wept when she put the shears to Samson, for every woman has a weakness for that thick, springy hair which seems to denote youth and vitality in a man. And she loved the laughter in his eyes.

Ah, she loved the gay and gallant spirit she read into him, of which these were the visible signs. But he loved only the softness of her mouth, the virginal delicacy of her low bosom, where it sloped gently under the shadowy lace, and her delicious, remote nearness. His fine senses gauged her; he knew at once that hers slept, or only stirred in sleep, while yet her spirit reached invisible, fearless tendrils toward him. He was not sensual; he was sensuous, fatally open to either appeal. There was a brief conflict in his mind, while past conclusions battled with present conviction. For she was not at all what he had thought her, but she might yet be many things. How would the die fall? That he meant to see.

THE dance was a romp. Mrs. Shane played, for it was an extra. They could see her, face averted carelessly from the keyboard, strong supple hands commanding the keys with splendid precision. She, too, was watching the dancers.

"Look," said Tony softly. "That's her husband!" He went by his wife with Mrs. Dupont on his arm. Her regal height dwarfed the little man; his stout bow legs bore him gallantly, moving with a deft precision that gave the final touch of burlesque. In his wife's eyes was a complete, impersonal appreciation of every detail of his appearance, a terrible and humourous appraisal, and a sort of mild and perpetual and, yes, wicked astonishment. He was her husband! Her fingers were little devils, casting nets for the enchanted feet of her auditors; like the children of Hamelin, they leaped to her playing, without volition. Cora Shane was a genius in her way, and her way was the playing of popular music. So she played, and her husband danced, a figure of fun to the world. Tony laughed quietly. It amused him a great deal. Such things did. Even while he was most aware of Hope beside him. She was watching, also.

"They're funny, aren't they?" she said. Yet she did not see what he saw; to her they were funny in an entirely different way, merely as human beings. But he was comparing what he saw with what he knew. She forgot them; the figures on the floor became only a pretty tapestry, of dark heads and fair, powdered shoulders, trailing satins, masses of clear black and white. She and Tony were alone, ringed about in a fairy circle. To have stayed like that forever! Even a handclasp would have been too much. It was strange, but he knew all her mind. He made her tell him about herself, a little. He even spoke of Edgerton, and of Ned, and watched for her colour to change, but it did not.

The figures on the floor wove and shifted. A couple, nearing their hiding place, swung out of the measured rhythm; the man stopped, handed a recovered handkerchief to the girl, and paused a moment, his face full to them. Hope leaned forward, suddenly tense, her upper lip lifted. "Who is that?" she asked very softly.

"Which? Oh — Jim Sanderson. Know him?" Tony turned to her, noting that her cheeks had now the distress signal he had tried to provoke earlier.

"No," she said, still softly, with a definite note that was like the closing of a door. "Do you?"

"Long time," answered Tony. "He's rather a good scout."

She did not answer, and he spoke of something else and forgot, momentarily.

"I've cut a dance," said Hope presently. "Ned will be furious. And there's a man looking for me. I forget his name, but duty must be done!"

"You will give me one more, later," he said, not questioningly, and they rose, more than half reluctant. She turned her face up to him.

"I like you," he said, with the naivete whereby he won women.

"I like you, too," said Hope, in a breathless whisper, and stooped through the little door. A distracted looking youth came up and bore her off.

The dance was (*Continued on next page*)

SERBIA
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IF you could learn first hand of the unutterable suffering of the Serbians.

Britain and her allies found what is left of the Serbian nation, bruised and bleeding after the never-to-be-forgotten flight from the invading Huns across the frozen mountains, and have succoured and helped them as far as private contributions will allow.

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The Canadian Serbian Relief Committee transmits funds to the British Serbian Relief Committee, through which they are distributed to the sufferers. Contributions may be sent to **Mr. A. H. Campbell, Hon. Treasurer, 4 Wellington Street East, Toronto, Ont.**

Serbian Relief Fund

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But they are not Complaining. We are Complaining that we are not Doing Enough for Her

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England passes the call on: "Serbia is starving! Give her bread!" England never yet turned a deaf ear to the call of any nation in distress—will Canada?

France is doing all she can to succour the homeless Serbians. France, whose land is ploughed with trenches, whose fields are sown with blood! France stopped not to think that she herself is hard pressed—that her Government needs every dollar, her people every loaf. France gives—not as she is able, but more. Will Canada do less?

Germany is systematic; she gave two weeks for the Germans, the Austrians, and the Bulgars to plunder Serbia. They did it well and thoroughly; from house to house they went taking everything—cattle, pigs, sheep; all brass and copper things; mattresses, rugs, blankets, carpets, and all woollen things; all the food in town and country except just enough to do each farmer one month. The people lived on beans.

In Belgrade the bread line waits; a little boat comes in, bringing a certain number of loaves—the bread line waits. Bread! A dollar a loaf! Some have not the dollar; but even so, the little boat has not enough loaves. Many have waited long, long hours, cold and wet and hungry, and they must go home without bread.

They cannot help themselves or each other, these Serbians. In Serbia there are none but poor. All has been taken from them, and their country laid waste and desolate.

Many thousands of the civil population have been deported to Austria, but Austria will not feed them. Austria, with Germany, is bent on the extermination of the Serbian people.

Thousands of the Serbians left their homes to escape the enemy—fifty thousand reached the Adriatic Sea, but only ten thousand reached France. Of all they suffered in that march neither tongue nor pen can tell—delicate women and little children as little used to hardships as we are—as they fled before the Germans across snow-bound mountains, without food or sufficient clothing. Thousands dropped by the way, but worse than death would have been theirs had they not fled.

We ask your sympathy for these people; we ask your money.

We, in Canada, are not homeless; we *can* buy bread. Shall we deny our help to those who are homeless and starving?

He who gives quickly gives twice!

Send your money to The Serbian Relief, c/o EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto, or to Mr. A. H. Campbell, Honorary Treasurer, 4 Wellington Street East, Toronto.

THE MAGPIE'S NEST

(Continued from preceding page)

nearing an end when Tony claimed her again. Just as the music drew them together, she heard Tony speak, and turned her head to look full into Jim Sanderson's eyes. This time her face did not change at all; but her own eyes gave the effect of looking through a mask. She saw the half-recognition in his glance; her head turned again slowly, away from him. Tony was aware of some subtle byplay, saw Sanderson check a forward step, nod, and vanish into the crowd. But the echo in his ears of that closing door was plain. And, suddenly, he felt her small gloved hand grip his arm tightly.

She touched him much as a child clings to its mother's skirt as a talisman against unformulated dangers, assuring herself of the solid presence of her newly-elected knight. That he could not know, but there was something confiding in her clasp; it moved him not unpleasantly. His arm encircled her again; in silence they slipped into the maze.

"I shall see you again," he said as he left her finally.

"Will you?" she asked gravely.

She did not try to bind him to a meeting. She was happy in an extraordinary way that asked nothing more. She had found him; she knew he was. That was enough. Besides, it was not in her hands. He had come; he would come again if Fate pleased. If not, he would not come. In either case, she believed, for her creed of romance had been made visible

She did not hear one word Ned said to her, going home.

Nor did she hear what Mrs. Shane said to Mrs. Dupont, as they lingered for a cigarette in the half-deserted dressing-room while the band played a final extra.

"Who is she, anyway?" Cora's voice was languid.

"Ask Tony," suggested Mrs. Dupont, in the same clipped, husky tones. "They must have told each other the story of their lives while they sat out those three dances. I haven't seen him rush a girl like that since you came back!"

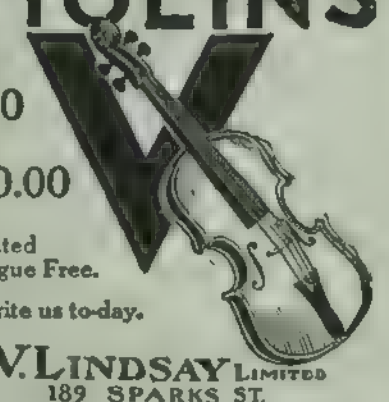
"Tony's a fool," remarked Cora, in the manner of one who depreciates for form's sake a treasured belonging, as the Chinese do. Her friend's implication did not displease her. "If we've got to meet her, we should know something—"

"Well, I'll ask him," interrupted Mrs. Dupont agreeably. "I'm going motoring with him to-morrow. Oh, didn't you know?"

"I said he was a fool," reiterated Cora. And her resolve hardened. They kissed and parted. But only Mrs. Dupont laughed as she went out. She had scored, twice.

(To be continued.)

VIOLINS



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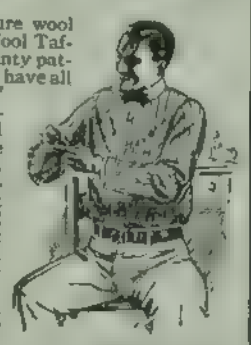

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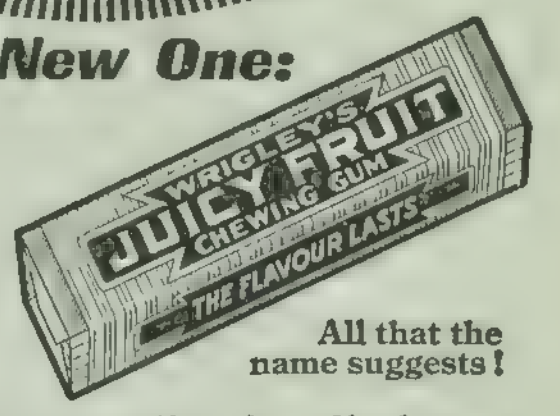

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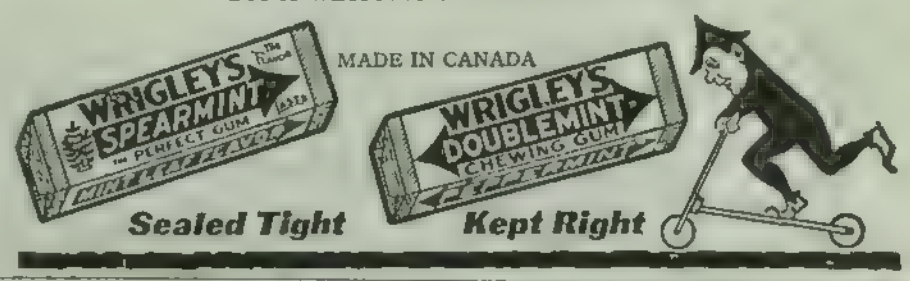

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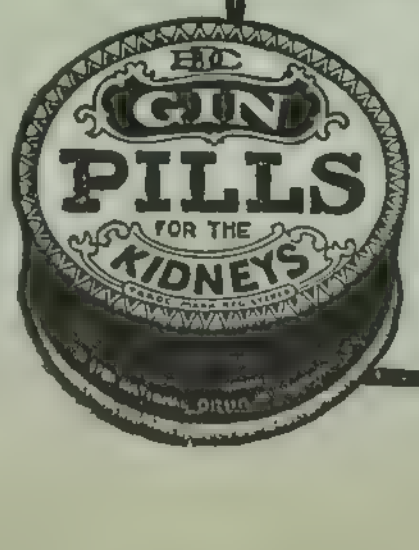

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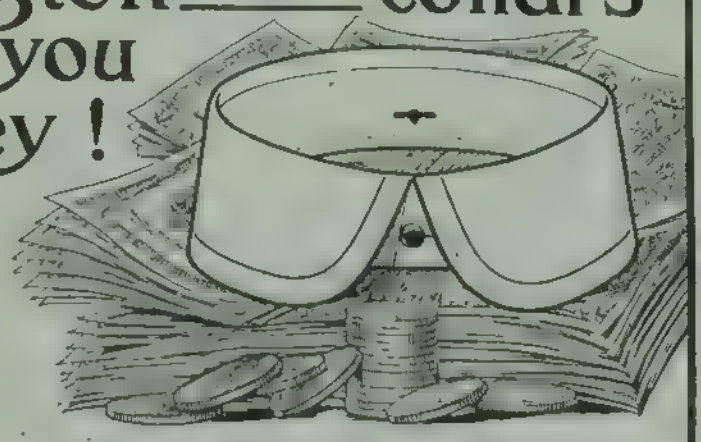

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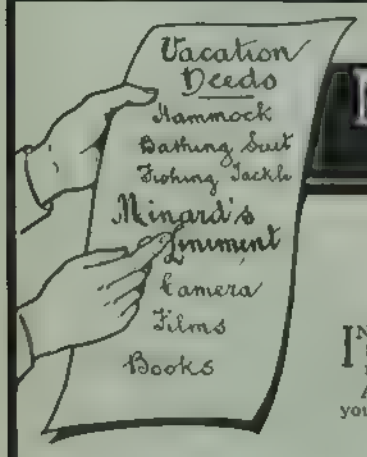

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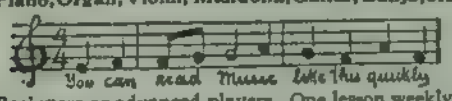

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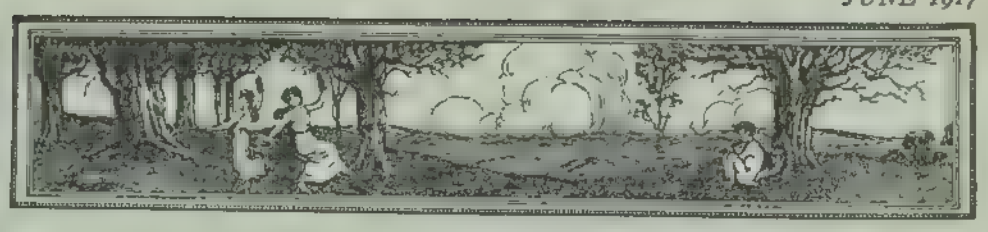


THE ALPINE PATH

(*Continued from page 5*)

Story Girl" was Donald Montgomery, and *Neil Campbell* was David Murray, of Bedeque. The only embroidery I permitted myself in the telling of the tale was to give *Donald* a horse and cutter. In reality, what he had was a half-broken steer, hitched to a rude, old wood-sled, and it was with this romantic equipage that he hied him over to Richmond Bay to propose to *Nancy!*

My grandfather, Senator Montgomery, was the son of Donald and Nancy, and inherited his stately presence and handsome face from his mother. He married his first cousin, Annie Murray, of Bedeque the daughter of David and Betsy. So that Nancy and Betsy were both my great grandmothers. If Betsy were alive today, I have no doubt, she would be an ardent suffragette. The most advanced feminist could hardly spurn old conventions more effectually than she did when she proposed to David. I may add that I was always told that she and David were the happiest couple in the world.

IT was from my mother's family—the Macneills—that I inherited my knack of writing and my literary tastes. John Macneill had come to Prince Edward Island in 1775; his family belonged to Argyleshire and had been adherents of the unfortunate Stuarts. Consequently, young Macneill found that a change of climate would probably be beneficial. Hector Macneill, a minor Scottish poet, was a cousin of his. He was the author of several beautiful and well-known lyrics, among them "Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing," "I lo'e ne'er a laddie but one," and "Come under my plaidie"—the latter often and erroneously attributed to Burns.

John Macneill settled on a north-shore farm in Cavendish and had a family of twelve children, the oldest being William Macneill, my great grandfather, commonly known as "Old Speaker Macneill." He was a very clever man, well educated for those times, and exercised a wide influence in provincial politics. He married Eliza Townsend, whose father was Captain John Townsend of the British Navy. His father, James Townsend, had received a grant of Prince Edward Island land from George III., which he called Park Corner, after the old family estate in England. Thither he came, bringing his wife. Bitterly homesick she was—rebelliously so. For weeks after her arrival she would not take off her bonnet, but walked the floor in it, imperiously demanding to be taken home. We children who heard the tale never wearied of speculating as to whether she took off her bonnet at night and put it on again in the morning, or whether she slept in it. But back home she could not go, so eventually she took off her bonnet and resigned herself to her fate. Very peacefully she sleeps in the little, old, family graveyard on the banks of the *Lake of Shining Waters*—in other words, Campbell's Pond at Park Corner. An old, red sandstone slab marks the spot where she and her husband lie, and on it is carved this moss-grown epitaph—one of the diffuse epitaphs of a generation that had time to carve such epitaphs and time to read them.

"To the memory of James Townsend, of Park Corner, Prince Edward Island. Also of Elizabeth, his wife. They emigrated from England to this Island, A.D. 1775, with two sons and three daughters, viz., John, James, Eliza, Rachel, and Mary. Their son John died in Antigua in the life time of his parents. His afflicted mother followed him into Eternity with patient resignation on the seventeenth day of April, 1795, in the 69th year of her age. And her disconsolate husband departed this life on the 25th day of December, 1806, in the 87th year of his age."

I wonder if any homesick dreams haunt Elizabeth Townsend's slumber of over a hundred years!

William and Eliza Macneill had a large family of which all the members possessed marked intellectual power. Their education consisted only in the scanty, occasional terms of the district school of those rude, early days; but, had circumstances been kinder, some of them would have climbed high. My grandfather, Alexander Macneill, was a man of strong and pure literary tastes, with a considerable knack of prose composition. My great-uncle, William Macneill, could write excellent satirical verse. But his older brother, James Macneill, was a born poet. He composed hundreds of poems, which he would sometimes recite to favoured persons. They were never written down, and not a line of them, so far as I know, is now extant. But I heard my grandfather repeat many of them, and they were real poetry, most of them being satirical or mock-heroic. They were witty, pointed, and dramatic. Uncle James was something of a "mute, inglorious" Burns. Circumstances compelled him to spend his life on a remote Prince Edward Island farm; had he had the advantages of education that are within reach of any schoolboy to-day, I am convinced he would have been neither mute nor inglorious.

The "Aunt Mary Lawson," to whom I dedicated *The Story Girl*, was another daughter of William and Eliza Macneill. No story of my "career" would be complete without a tribute to her, for she was one of the formative influences of my childhood. She was really quite the most wonderful woman in many respects that I have ever known. She had never had any educational advantages. But she had a naturally powerful mind, a keen intelligence and a most remarkable memory which retained to the day of her death all that she had ever heard or read or seen. She was a brilliant conversationalist, and it was a treat to get Aunt Mary started on tales and recollections of her youth, and all the vivid doings and sayings of the folk in those young years of the Province. We were "chums," she and I, when she was in the seventies and I was in my teens. I cannot, in any words at my command, pay the debt I owe to Aunt Mary Lawson.

When I was twenty-one months old my mother died, in the old home at Cavendish, after a lingering illness. I distinctly remember seeing her in her coffin—it is my earliest memory. My father was standing by the casket holding me in his arms. I wore a little white dress of embroidered muslin, and Father was crying. Women were seated around the room, and I recall two in front of me on the sofa who were whispering to each other and looking pityingly at Father and me. Behind them the window was open and green vines were trailing across it, while their shadows danced over the floor in a square of sunshine.

I looked down at Mother's dead face. It was a sweet face, albeit worn and wasted by months of suffering. My mother had been beautiful, and Death, so cruel in all else, had spared the delicate outline of feature, the long silken lashes brushing the hollow cheek, and the smooth masses of golden-brown hair.

I did not feel any sorrow, for I knew nothing of what it all meant. I was only vaguely troubled. Why was Mother so still? And why was Father crying? I reached down and laid my baby hand against Mother's cheek. Even yet I can feel the coldness of that touch. Somebody in the room sobbed and said, "Poor child." The chill of Mother's face had frightened me; I turned and put my arms appealingly about Father's neck and he kissed me. Comforted, I looked down again at the sweet, placid face as he carried me away. That one precious memory is all I have of the girlish mother who sleeps in the old burying-ground of Cavendish, lulled forever by the murmur of the sea.

I was brought up by my grandparents in the old Macneill Homestead in Cavendish. Cavendish is a farming settlement on the north shore of Prince Edward Island. It was eleven miles from a railway and twenty-four miles from the nearest town. It was settled in 1790 by three Scotch families—the Macneills, Simpsons, and Clarks. These families had inter-married to such an extent that it was necessary to be born or bred in Cavendish in order to know whom it was safe to criticize. I heard Aunt Mary Lawson once naively admit that "the Macneills and Simpsons always considered themselves a little better than the common run;" and there was a certain rather ill-natured local saying which was always being cast up to us of the clans by outsiders, "From the conceit of the Simpsons, the pride of the Macneills, and the vain-glory of the Clarks, good Lord deliver us." Whatever were their faults, they were loyal, clannish, upright, God-fearing folk, inheriting traditions of faith and simplicity and aspiration.

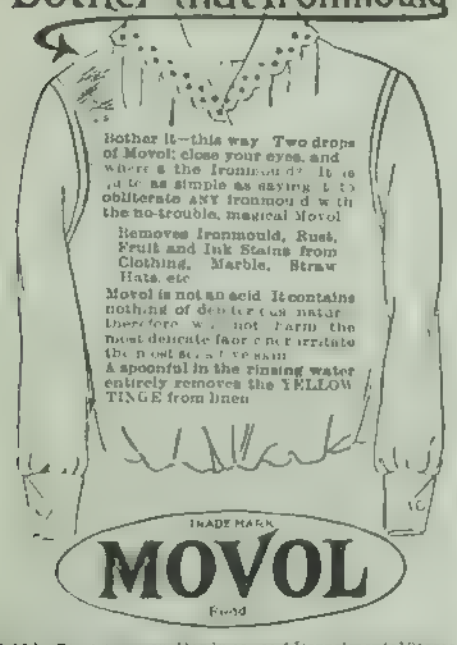
I spent my childhood and girlhood in an old-fashioned Cavendish farmhouse, surrounded by apple orchards. The first six years of my life are hazy in recollection. Here and there, a memory picture stands out in vivid colours. One of these was the wonderful moment when, I fondly supposed, I discovered the exact locality of Heaven.

ONE Sunday, when I could not have been more than four years old, I was in the old Clifton Church with Aunt Emily. I heard the minister say something about Heaven—that strange, mysterious place about which my only definite idea was that it was "where Mother had gone."

"Where is Heaven?" I whispered to Aunt Emily, although I knew well that whispering in church was an unpardonable sin. Aunt Emily did not commit it. Silently, gravely, she pointed upward. With the literal and implicit belief of childhood, I took it for granted that this meant that portion of Clifton Church which was above the ceiling. There was a little square hole in the ceiling. Why could we not go up through it and see Mother? This was a great puzzle to me. I resolved that when I grew bigger I would go to Clifton and find some means of getting up into Heaven and finding Mother. This belief and hope was a great, though secret, comfort to me for several years. Heaven was no remote, unattainable place—"some brilliant but distant shore." No, no! It was only ten miles away, in the attic of Clifton Church! Very, very sadly and slowly I surrendered that belief.

Hood wrote, in his charming *I Remember* that he was farther off from Heaven than when he was a boy. To me, too, the world seemed a colder, lonelier place when age and experience at length forced upon my reluctant seven-year-old consciousness the despairing conviction that Heaven

Bother that Ironmould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was not so near me as I had dreamed. Mayhap, 'twas even nearer, "nearer than breathing, closer than hands or feet" but the ideas of childhood are, necessarily, very concrete; and when I once accepted the fact that the gates of pearl and streets of gold were not in the attic of Clifton Church, I felt as though they might as well be beyond the farthest star.

Many of those early memories are connected with visits to Grandfather Montgomery's farm at Park Corner. He and his family lived in the "old house" then, a most quaint and delightful old place as I remember it, full of cupboards and nooks and little, unexpected flights of stairs. It was there, when I was about five years old, that I had the only serious illness of my life—an attack of typhoid fever.

THE night before I took ill I was out in the kitchen with the servants, feeling as well as usual, "wide awake and full of ginger," as the old cook used to declare. I was sitting before the stove, and cook was "riddling" the fire with a long, straight bar of iron used for that purpose. She laid it down on the hearth and I promptly caught it up, intending to do some "riddling" myself, an occupation I much liked, loving to see the glowing red embers fall down on the black ashes.

Alas, I picked the poker up by the wrong end! As a result, my hand was terribly burned. It was my first initiation into physical pain, at least, the first one of which I have any recollection.

I suffered horribly and cried bitterly; yet I took considerable satisfaction out of the commotion I had caused. For the time being I was splendidly, satisfyingly important. Grandfather soothed the poor, distracted cook. Father insisted that something be done for me, frenziedly, without wasting time and applying a score of different remedies. Finally I cried myself to sleep, holding my hand and arm to the elbow in a pail of ice-cold water, the only thing that gave me any relief.

I awoke next morning with a violent headache that grew worse as the day advanced. In a few days the doctor pronounced my illness to be typhoid fever. I do not know how long I was ill, but several times I was very low and nobody thought I could possibly recover.

Grandmother Macneill was sent for at the beginning of my illness. I was so delighted to see her that the excitement increased my fever to an alarming pitch, and after she had gone out, Father, thinking to calm me, told me that she had gone home. He meant well, but it was an unfortunate statement. I believed it implicitly—too implicitly. When Grandmother came in again I could not be convinced that it was she. No! She *had* gone home. Consequently, this woman must be Mrs. Murphy, a woman who worked at Grandfather's frequently, and who was tall and thin, like Grandmother.

I did not like Mrs. Murphy and I flatly refused to have her near me at all. Nothing could convince me that it was Grandmother. This was put down to delirium, but I do not think it was. I was quite conscious at the time. It was rather the fixed impression made on my mind in its weak state by what Father had told me. Grandmother *had* gone home, I reasoned, hence, she could *not* be there. *Therefore*, the woman who looked like her must be some one else.

It was not until I was able to sit up that I got over this delusion. One evening it simply dawned on me that it really was Grandmother. I was so happy, and could not bear to be out of her arms. I kept stroking her face constantly and saying in amazement and delight, "Why, you're *not* Mrs. Murphy, after all; you *are* Grandma."

Typhoid fever patients were not dieted so strictly during convalescence in those days as they are now. I remember one day, long before I was able to sit up, and only a short time after the fever had left me, that my dinner consisted of fried sausages—rich, pungent, savoury, home made sausages, such as are never found in these degenerate days. It was the first day that I had felt hungry, and I ate ravenously. Of course, by all the rules of the game, those sausages should have killed me, and so cut short that "career" of which I am writing. But they did not. These things are fated. I am sure that nothing short of predestination saved me from the consequences of those sausages.

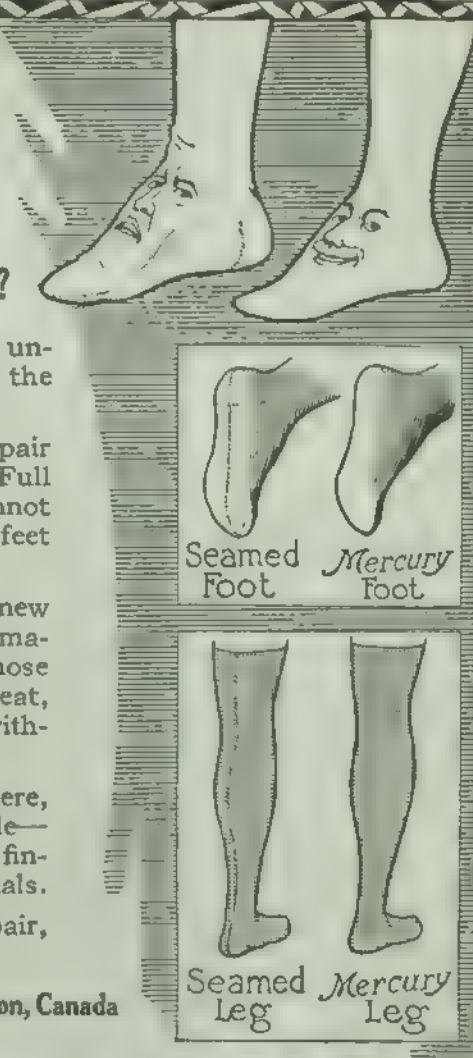
Two incidents of the following summer stand out in my memory, probably because they were so keenly and so understandably bitter. One day I heard Grandmother reading from a newspaper an item to the effect that the end of the world was to come the following Sunday. At that time I had a most absolute and piteous belief in everything that was "printed." Whatever was in a newspaper must be true. I have lost this touching faith, I regret to say, and life is the poorer by the absence of many thrills of delight and horror.

FROM the time I heard that awesome prediction until Sunday was over I lived in an agony of terror and dread. The grown-up folk laughed at me, and refused to take my questions seriously. Now, I was almost as much afraid of being laughed at as of the Judgment Day. But all through the Saturday before that fateful Sunday I vexed Aunt Emily to distraction by repeatedly asking her if we should go to Sunday-school the next afternoon. Her assurance that of course we should go was a considerable comfort to me. If she really expected that there would be Sunday-school she could not believe that the next day would see the end of the world.

But then—it had been *printed*. That night was a time of intense wretchedness for me. Sleep was entirely out of the question. Might I not hear "the last trump" at any moment? I can laugh at it now—any one would laugh. But it was real torture (*Continued on page 41*)

Sad Feet or Glad Feet—

Which are yours?



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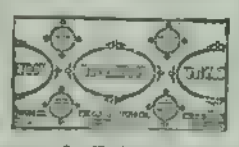

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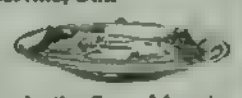

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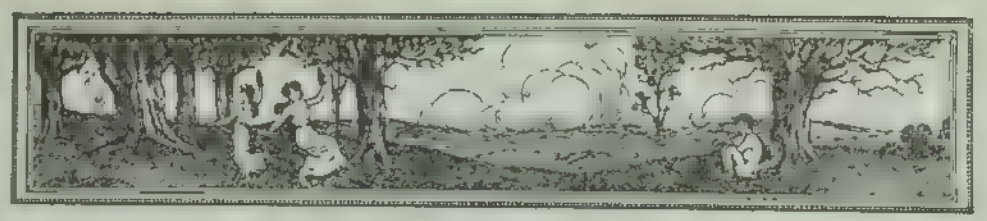

WHEN WAR CAME UP OUR STREET

(Continued from page 10)

into a dimly lighted room, filled with bric-a-brac. At the far end sat Mrs. Jelleby. She seemed like a china figure herself, dressed in a quaint, flowered silk gown and seated under the light of a yellow parlour lamp. We stated our mission.

"No," she said, "I don't believe in war. I can't give anything to this cause; it's absolutely against my principles."

"But," I said, "the Red Cross has nothing to do with fighting. It binds up wounds, gives help and comfort to any who need it, friend or foe." She looked at me and set her mouth as though it had a combination lock that not even an expert could open. We felt uncomfortable and wished we were on the street. If I had been alone, I think I should have bolted, but Mrs. MacIntosh is a friendly soul and wanted to leave a nice, comfortable feeling behind us, so she smiled and asked Mrs. Jelleby what church she attended. Then we found that our lady could talk. She told us there were none of her sect in Toronto. For one thing, she firmly believed in transmigration of souls.

"I can almost remember being one of Solomon's wives," she said dreamily.

"Dear me, how dreadfull" exclaimed Mrs. MacIntosh. "I would sooner have been a jelly fish!"

She paid no attention but went right on:

"I know I'm advanced far beyond the generation in which my many peregrinations have brought me. If my husband had lived, I suppose he would still be dragging me to the Methodist Church, but I've been emancipated. There is no such thing as poverty. No one is hungry; no one is thirsty. Can the all-mind feel cold?" I felt as though we were on the border land of the uncanny, so I said, "I think we'd better be going, seeing you have principles against helping your nation win this war Mind you, we did not start it!"

She went off on another airy oration:

"In one way I don't believe in war; in another I do. It's nature's way of preserving the fittest."

"You don't think Germany should win?" I shrieked, jumping up.

"No," she said, without emotion. "I don't know that she is the fittest; her women are in bondage. It is the law of life that the strong must win, the weak must go under. I've just been reading the works of a German professor, Nietzsche, and I must say that, in the main, I believe as he does."

I was thoroughly shocked, for I, too, had read a small book on Nietzsche. The whole room seemed full of smoke, burning villages, and the cries of helpless children. Red hot indignation surged up my spine and ran out at the tip of my tongue.

"Mrs. Jelleby," I exclaimed, "how can you sit there clothed comfortably and warm in a Christian country and say you have no pity for the poor, no stirrings of compassion for the downtrodden and oppressed? Do you dare say that might is always right, which means that if I am stronger than you, I am justified in knocking you down and taking for myself your wrist watch?" I noticed she had a very beautiful one and that she was small and thin, while I was—well, I could take her in one hand and do for her. She winced slightly but continued:

"Oh, I don't go quite that far; but in a general way I think Nietzsche is right. We must all cultivate our own individual ego." She seemed very proud of this speech and looked misty and far away, as though she were in spirit almost beyond anything earthly or human, and I guess she was.

"You know," she continued, "I am glad I have a son, a separate ego to propel into the light."

"God help the lad," I offered as a parting shot, "if he is to have his life patterned after that half-mad German, Nietzsche, who went the other half and died in an insane asylum."

I NEVER saw Mrs. Jelleby again, except at a distance, for a whole year. I was too busy to spend time cultivating her ego.

In the spring of 1916 she came to me, on the very morning I had heard that my Sandy was wounded. She looked like a plant that had been shrivelled by a fiery blast or withered by a biting frost. I had just finished my morning work and was alone with my grief, although the telegram stated, "not serious."

I saw Mrs. Jelleby coming up the path. I met her at the door and invited her in. It was plain she was in great trouble. She sank down, and through her white lips came the words, "My boy has enlisted!"

"Well," I said, "hundreds of others have done the same."

"Oh, but," she wailed, "he is all I have. I trained him so carefully, I never thought he could do such a thing."

"Tell me about it," I said, gently. You cannot rub it in when red-eyed trouble stands at the door.

"It was this way," she explained. "Guy joined the Young Men's Christain Association, just for the gymnasium work. At home things are a bit quiet for an only son. Last week he came to me and said, 'You have always taught me, Mother, that each individual must develop in his own way.'

"'Yes,'" I said, "'cultivate your ego.'

"How I did enjoy that phrase! It sounded so intellectual, but my boy soon made me think of things of the heart. He told me that the fellows at the Young Men's Christian Association had talked things over, and that he could not see that might was always right. There was a higher law, and now he must go to uphold it. Mrs. Ferguson, I know the boy has chosen the better part. I've sinned against the lad by trying to teach him things I did not half believe. These proud, fluttering rags of unworkable theories have utterly failed me in this crisis of my life."

"Cheer up!" I said. "God bless the lad!"

"Of all the sorrowing women," she continued, "I am the most miserable, because I withheld my gift until it was rudely wrenched from my breeding clasp by a power stronger than my love."

I PUT my hand gently on her shoulder, and a strange thing happened. We both wept. Women may laugh, gossip, drink tea, and even live together for years, and yet be as distant and cold as two snow-capped mountain peaks divided by a rushing torrent; but when women have wept together, they have looked into each other's souls. They can never be strangers again. All over Canada women are finding long-lost sisters—tears that come from the heart bind firmer than ropes of iron; not always the rich to the rich, nor the educated to the talented, but poor and rich, unlettered and gifted, the same great heart—sorrow makes them one What grand vistas are opening up for our Country after the War. We can see the golden sunlight struggling into our dark, neglected places, falling on the faces of poverty and distress, the blessed sunshine of sympathy and kindness making our Country a grand place in which to be born.

The spirit of giving has arisen and hovers over the land. There seems to be no limit to our generosity. Red Cross, Serbian Relief, Belgian Relief, and Patriotic days—each gather large sums. The soldiers are showered with gifts; needless to say, some quite useless. One lad had a large album presented to him, filled with the pictures of his relatives, dead and living. If he could have worn it over his heart, it might have warded off shot, but it would not fit under his uniform. Another soldier got a padded kimono from his best girl. Except for the kind thoughts that went with these and similar gifts, they were better left ungiven.

Some of our boys asked for what they wanted, and many named tobacco. In this connection I remember Mrs. Prescott, a little, sharp woman who reminded me of a small, gray bird with an unusually long beak.

"No tobacco," she declared, "goes to any soldier from me; it's the thin end of the wedge, the very tip of the claw of the devil's fangs." She does get eloquent like that and loses herself in a muddle of mixed metaphors when she is excited. "Cigarette-heart and brandy-liver go together. I make no compromise with Satan, war or no war." A month later I met her in a tobacco shop. She looked guilty for a minute, and then came up to me and said laughingly, "This War does rattle the slats of our most firmly established platforms. I am buying tobacco for my nephew. He wrote from the trenches asking for it. I'm a silly, weak woman, I suppose, but I could not refuse the lad. Really, with this dreadful War on, we don't know where we stand or whether we have any firm convictions about anything. I've backslidden terribly, I know."

We women pack boxes for the Young Men's Christian Association, that splendid organization which does so much for our boys at the Front. We put in all kinds of good things that a mother might send to her boy: socks, fruit, cake, candy, nuts, etc., and through all, from the lowest layer to the nailed timber on top, we cram in kind thoughts and fervent prayers. I often think when these boxes are opened, a sort of sweet, tender feeling must fill the place and soothe the poor boys who have come, footsore and weary, to the Secretary for comfort. We used to pray a lot for all kinds of things, but some of our most real prayers have been uttered without a sound, as we packed those boxes for our lads on the firing line. The boys who miss a good home, as well as those who never had one, come under the wing of the Young Men's Christian Association, and are mothered a bit by far-away women, who, with prayer and love, send these comforts.

The War also, with her tragic methods, has forced her gifts upon us; with no gentle touch she has broken up our self-content, thundered at our heart's door, until bolts long rusting in their sockets have shot open and now we look with compassion on a weeping world. Belgrade, Mons, Somme, St. Julien, Salonika—these are no longer spots on a map; they live before our eyes.

My Sandy is coming home; he has won the Military Cross for saving the life of his Commanding Officer. He writes, "I am only coming home on leave, dear love. In a year or

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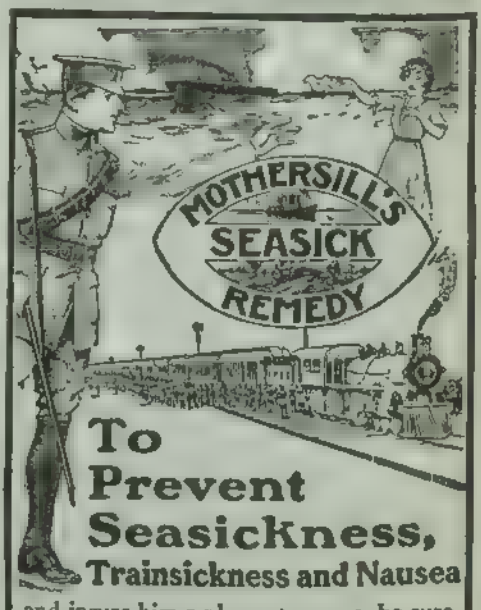

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so, if the War is still on, I may go back, but I am knocked out for the present."

It was asked by One of old, "What will a man give in exchange for his life?"

Many have given that most precious gift for the honour of their Country and freedom from German bondage. One of our dear lads went up in an airship to scout over the enemy lines. He flew away up, up into the eternal blue. His poor, broken body returned to earth, but his spirit remained up beyond the clouds, where there is no need of medal or military cross to gain the approval of The King of Kings. Some have given health, some eyesight. As these broken heroes come back to us, should we not receive them with joy, and make it our sacred duty, as a nation, to look after them and their dear ones, not as a charity, but as their just due?

What have we given to the War? Surely there is no Canadian who has not given.

Some of us have parted with our husbands, those dear partners to whom we are bound by love and honour until death us do part. Others have given brothers, those dear lads with whom we played, quarrelled, and made up in the happy days now past. Some of us have given lovers, those dear ones to whom our souls are knit by vows yet unfulfilled. Sons have been given, those bright lads for whom we have sacrificed in order to place their feet upon the level of our best ideals. How grandly all these precious ones have given themselves! How magnificently they have measured up to the awful demand of the Empire!

To all those who have thus sacrificed by giving their most precious treasures, other gifts seem as nothing; and yet money and time spent in loving service are both needed to win the War. When we sing:

"God bless our splendid men,
Send them safe home again,
God save our men.
Keep them victorious,
Patient and chivalrous,
They are so dear to us,
God save our men!"

Let us give not grudgingly, but royally, as those who know what freedom costs, and are gladly willing to pay the price.

The Truest Things

A vault of stars, a silver moon,
A rock-crowned mountain by the sea,
A white cloud sailing high in June,
Gave vision new, and spirit free.
A dark-eyed flower smiling bright,
A bird-song in an apple tree,
A martian drum-beat in the night,
Stirred deep, new springs of power in me.
A sacred pæon in the pine,
A rainbow resting on the hill,
The afterglow at day's decline,
Enkindled life with vital thrill.

—*James L. Hughes.*

THE ALPINE PATH

(*Continued from page 39*)

to a credulous child, just as real as any mental agony in after life.

Sunday was even more interminable than Sundays usually were, then. But it came to an end at last, and, as its "dark, descending sun" dimpled the purple sky-line of the Gulf, I drew a long breath of relief. The beautiful green world of blossom and sunshine had not been burned up; it was going to last for a while longer. But I never forgot the suffering of that Sunday.

Many years later I used the incident as the foundation of the chapter "The Judgment Sunday" in "The Story Girl." But the children of *King Orchard* had the sustaining companionship of each other. I had trodden the wine-press alone.

The other incident was much more trifling. The *Martin Forbes* of "The Story Girl" had his prototype in an old man who visited at my grandfather's for a week. *Forbes* was not his name, of course. He was, I believe, an amiable, respectable, and respected, old gentleman. But he won my undying hatred by calling me "Johnny" every time he spoke to me.

How I raged at him! It seemed to me a most deadly and unforgivable insult. My anger amused him hugely and incited him to persist in using the objectionable name. I could have torn that man in pieces had I had the power! When he went away I refused to shake hands with him, whereupon he laughed uproariously and said, "Oh, well, I won't call you 'Johnny' any more. After this I'll call you 'Sammy,'" which was, of course, adding fuel to the fire.

For years I couldn't hear that man's name without a sense of hot anger. Fully five years afterward, when I was ten, I remember writing this in my diary: "Mr. James Forbes is dead. He is the brother of a horrid man in Summerside who called me 'Johnny'."

I never saw poor old Mr. Forbes again, so I never had to endure the indignity of being called "Sammy." He is now dead himself, and I daresay the fact that he called me "Johnny" was not brought up in judgment against him. Yet he may have committed what might be considered far greater sins that yet would not inflict on any one a tithe of the humiliation which his teasing inflicted on a child's sensitive mind.

That experience taught me one lesson, at least. I never tease a child. If I had any tendency to do so, I should certainly be prevented by the still keen recollection of what I suffered at Mr. Forbes' hands. To him, it was merely the "fun" of teasing a "touchy" child. To me, it was the poison of asps.

(*Continued in July issue*)

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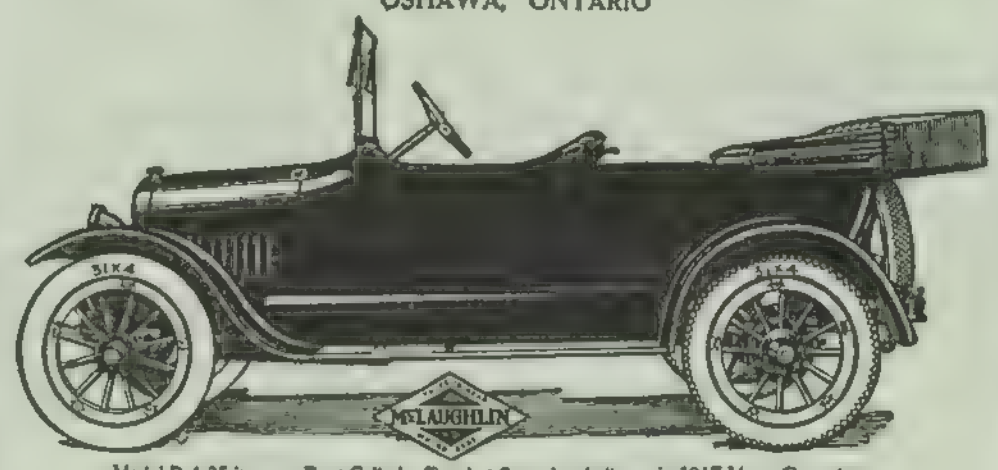

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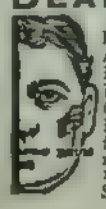

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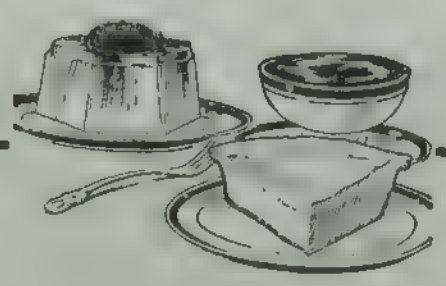

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THE SINGULAR CASE OF WILLIAM PLUMPTY

(Continued from page 11)

I am unique, and found it cold comfort, (I sometimes pick up Pinky's books). For the first time, I made the acquaintance of the words neurotic and neurosis and did not care about them; also I got a glimmer on the subject of suggestion. I turned for relief to a treatise on Commercial Fertilizers. We found, by experience, that I could not speak one of these sentences "of intent." If only I could have had an option as to which one to use, the consequence might not have been so awkward. But some sprite of misfortune, some frolic pixy, perhaps one of the mischievous native spirits I met in Pinky's theosophical magazines, seemed to have charge of affairs. Always it was the wrong sentence! Laughing over it afterward with Pink and Lenny was all that saved me from nervous collapse. Thank heaven for a sense of humour!

I MAY say Dr. Ketchum had given out I was suffering from temporary loss of spirits, caused by shock, and needed rest. He murmured the word "aphasia" but Pinky Patterson said that aphasia, either sensory, ataxic, or amnesic, did not describe my case. She also reeled off a long list of words—varieties of diseases affecting the speech by the nerves—that made me dizzy. I can neither spell them nor pronounce them, but as she decided none of them would do, it does not matter.

I had a capable Deputy Registrar of Deeds installed, and, as I was not altogether dependent on the office for my income, I had no financial anxieties.

Three examples of the sometimes exceeding appropriateness—or otherwise—of my remarks, will suffice here; but you who have imagination, can multiply them:

One day Mrs. Billows, who was a most ardent temperance worker, came to solicit funds for a new bell for the Division of the Sons of Temperance, the Crystal Clears, at Billowsville. She had overborne the objections of Jane, my wife (a great feat!), and pushed her way into my private sitting-room. Pinky was in the garden and Len had gone fishing, so I sat defenceless and listened to her flood of argument. I am the most temperate of men and feel quite rakish if I even indulge in too much ginger beer, but she reasoned with me as if I were a rum-soaked profligate. A woman (or man) with a hobby is like a dog with a bone—they never know when to stop chewing.

Hearing a voice, Pinky came quietly into the room through the open French window. I waved a signed cheque at her and started to say "Please give this to Mrs. Billows," but instead these words dropped like icicles into the air:

"*Great Crimson Christopher! She has run amuck!*"

Mrs. Billows has never spoken to me since, but she had the presence of mind to take the cheque from Pinky as she bounced out.

One day a rattly, country buggy drove up to our door. It was the mail-carrier from East Plumpty, and when I heard the penetrating voice of his passenger, floating to my window, I had a fit of goose flesh. Well I know the lady. Alas! alas! too well, for long and tedious had been her previous visitations. It was my great-aunt, Annabella Plumpty, who was the leading lady of East Plumpty, and had money.

She jerked into the room, barking her elbow on the door, as usual, as she entered.

"My dear, dear William," she said gushingly, "I have come help take care of you, and to make you a long, long visit."

From force of habit I began to reply, "Delighted, Aunt Annabella!" instead a groan burst from me, "*Oh! my poor wife!*"

I hear Aunt Annabella has left her money "elsewhere."

After this I refused myself to visitors for several days, but Pinky, Professor Wyse, and Len Briscom enjoyed so much my neat retort to Aunt Annabella, that I cheered up.

ONE afternoon my wife's minister, the Reverend Wilberforce Stone, called, and Jane insisted that I see him.

I do not need to describe him, his name just hits him off. I am sure his mother called him Wil-ber-force in his cradle. I did very well that day. I was reinforced by the presence of Pinky and Francis Wyse. I listened to the Reverend Stone's petrifactions and made polite replies on my slate. I was so proud of myself, that my pride was my undoing. Such a wave of relief went over me as he turned his stony back in departure, that I went to sing out for the benefit of my audience, "Come again, Mr. Stone." Instead a clear, cheerful voice rang out, with a touch of banter in it:

"*Good-bye, Bill!*" and Pink Patterson rushed for a sofa pillow.

I heard Wilberforce said I was very frivolous for one chosen for affliction.

Perhaps Professor Francis Wyse comes in here. He was brought into my room one day by Pinky Patterson, who was looking as sweet as a spray of mignonette in a green sprigged muslin. She had met him at a Tennis Tea and, I judged, had borne him away from all competitors; and not trying one bit either! Girls like Pinky Patterson don't have to try. They just walk off, looking as though nothing nearer than the horizon interested them, and the Francises follow. Such eyes she had, almost equal to Uncle Len's, such apple-blossom cheeks, such a dear she was! I admired the young man's taste.

It seems Wyse was Professor of Psychology at Queen's University and was spending his holidays at Harmony Centre. He was extremely interested in my case, as a psychologist, and more interested, as a (*Continued on page 44*)

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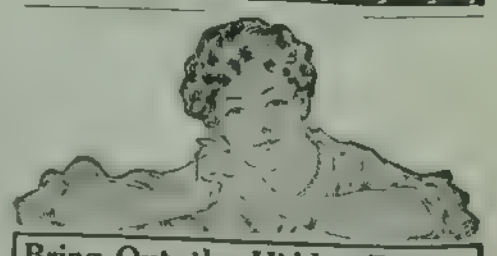

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THE SINGULAR CASE OF WILLIAM PLUMPTY

(*Continued from page 42*)

man, in my niece. But he was a nice fellow, though he did have such a foolish sounding job. I could not help wishing he was in the boot and shoe business or something I could set him up in in Harmony Centre. However, he seemed to "belong" and got real cosy with Len and me right away. He used to get new light on my case every day, and sometimes twice a day, and felt impelled to come right over from the hotel. Some days he had to come over for the third time and stay all evening, for he was in correspondence with other psychologists (it seems they are as thick as huckleberries) and wanted to read their opinions to Pinky. He used to laugh until he cried, when Pinky told him my latest, and I liked the honest sound of his laugh. Len beamed at him and I suspected Pinky liked him, and that was enough for me.

He encouraged me greatly. He said my body growing stronger every day, would help to release my brain from the dominance of the three sentences. It was as though the *idea* that I could say nothing else had worn a groove. The thought needed to be swerved in another direction, but, so far, nothing of a greater impelling interest had occurred. Some day "a more overmastering thought" would take possession of the brain and when I spoke, the obsession, the compelling, fixed conviction that I was unable to utter anything else would be over.

Well, I hoped so, and the days passed pleasantly enough, Pink and Francis, as I had come to call him, at his own request, were reading Theosophy together. He told me he considered Miss Patterson a most gifted and widely-read young lady—a marvel to find such an advanced person in a country town. One day they were on the subject of Reincarnation, and by Cricky! it was interesting; I think I shall be literary myself. I was supposed to be asleep in my armchair, but, in my dreams, heard him say, "I am convinced, dearest, that we have met in centuries that are past." I thought it time to wake up, so scribbled on my slate, and handed it to Pinky. "I am convinced, dearest, that in our last incarnation Len Briscom and I were twins!"

As newspapers say, the meeting broke up in confusion. The young couple retreated to the garden. I asked my niece, when she came in, what they had been talking about out there, and she said "of course, of our dear uncle," and ran to get tea, a very rosy Pink.

The change of thought came. I knew Providence sometimes comes in strange guises, but never dreamed it would come *brindled*.

It was like this:

I had gradually got into the habit of going to the office an hour or two every day. The Professor encouraged me to assume, as far as possible, my old habits of life. I had learned, to a great extent, to control the desire to speak. Much of my time, however, I spent in my garden. I draw the salary of a Registrar of Deeds, but on my heart is written the word *garden*

I AM an authority on early lettuce, strawberry culture, and slugs. Simp Cutter claims to beat me on green peas, but he is untruthful and a Conservative. My garden goes before everything. Jane says I put it before my Creator, because one Sunday evening when my plants were drooping I stayed home from church to water them. I could as easily have gone off and left a child crying for a drink. I told Jane I could worship as I watered. She said this was irreverence, but Pink understood and backed me up by quoting a man named Brown or Browning—I forget which—who it seems was Authority; this bowled Jane over for a minute, but she recovered and quoted Stone, who was her Authority. Here I find it very hard not to digress. I almost feel it in me to write a lengthy paper on The Voice of Authority as a Guide for the Individual, but perhaps a pamphlet on the Extermination of Cutworms would be of more benefit to the race.

Even Len has to wait for my garden. Had it been the day to transplant my lettuce, I could have found courage to refuse the fatal invitation. Yes, if even Gabriel came and found me sticking my peas, I should say, politely but firmly, "All right, Gabriel! I am pleased to go, but these peas must be left in order."

I did not know that Good was drawing near. We seldom do. We wait until it gives us a hit, before we are aware of its presence.

I was creeping home in the mizzling rain, from the office, feeling old and blue. Something unpleasant had happened and my three comrades were not with me to laugh it off and my sense of humour was missing. The last straw (although he looked more like a stalk) was an Italian umbrella mender. I had an umbrella—of a sort—he persisted in following me, pointing out that two of the ribs were unsewed. I knew it. I didn't care. I preferred it that way. Nothing in the world looks so abjectly miserable as an umbrella with the ribs sticking out. I enjoyed looking dejected. I glowered at him. I shook my fist at him. He insisted, "Um-brell-a, um-brell-a" in maddeningly musical tones, as though I could not understand him. I went to snap out "I prefer it that way!" but called out lightly, almost banteringly:

"*Good-bye, Bill!*"

Then, as the boys say, he went right off the handle. No, this is not a pun; I do not mean umbrella handle. I still cannot understand why this should have made him so mad, nor explain his aversion to the name of Bill. I recall him flinging off his coat, dancing with rage, threatening me with his fists, the gathering of a crowd, the arrival of the policeman and my hasty retreat.

"Is it never to end?" I asked, as I slunk low-spiritedly home, and even then fate was

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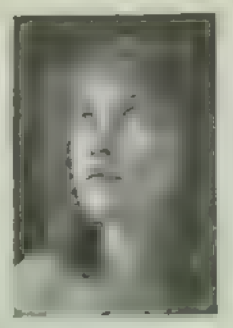

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ran peering over my garden. I wish I could describe my exact feelings when I set it on that summer afternoon: the buds of feathery carrots, the orderly ranks of onions the young beets just emerging and I will cease here to [illegible] When a farmer comes to the Registry office and asks for a description of Willow Tree Marsh, he does not want me to descant on the boundaries of the old Parker Homestead, so I must remember this is to be a study of a singular nervous condition, not a garden manual and confine myself strictly to [illegible]

The cure was troubled by a strange disposition, and a strayer from bounds, the property of my next-door-neighbour, Simp Cutter. My description of Simp would be everything I don't like, squeezed into a checked suit, bought at a bargain sale.

My peaceful garden. My spirit felt soothed as I neared it. I opened the gate. Then a pair of hens arose from the bed and I looked and, behold I destruction! Carrots, beets, cabbages, pulled up and half eaten. A row of green peas had absolutely vanished, (Dr. Ketchum sat up all night with the cow). Cucumbers, onions, she appeared to have tossed on her horns in wanton glee. Chompings and tramplings were over all.

Then something seemed to snap in my brain. The "*more otermastering thought*" had come.

The dumb spake.

He not only spake, he spake fluently.

"*Brindled Beezebub*" was only the mild beginning, as I chased the excited animal around trying to persuade its blind eyed besotedness to see the gate. I had one glimpse of Simp's white face peering over the fence, so I included him in my anathemas.

I gently recalled his hens that systematically scratched up my peas, the empty bottles and tin cans he throws over on my side of the fence after dark, the dead cat I found in my ash-barrel—no cat of ours—the peck of red astrakhans picked from my tree where it leaned over his fence and sold at Lilley's grocery, and many other reminiscences, a real Simposium.

I sat down to get my breath and the cow got a carrot.

The Professor and Pinky came into the yard, just then. My niece led me in the house and Wyse drove out the cow. Jane, it appeared, was attending a Committee Meeting for Belgian Relief.

Well, I have been talking ever since. Just as much as is advisable for a Presbyterian, and a Registrar of Deeds to talk.

Pink and Francis have left me. When the Professor was obliged to return to his psychologizing, he persuaded Pinky he would be useless without her. I venture to say she has astonished them all at Queen's. I understand that my case created great interest.

Uncle Lenny is my constant companion. He promised Pinky Wyse he would never invite me to go out for another little spin, and he has kept his word. He has a new red car and still goes racketting over our rough country roads, having marvellous escapes.

My soul is knit more closely to his as time tries to make old men of us. I am sure when Lenny Briscoe's time comes to float lightly up to the pearly portal, the Guardian of the Gate will smile as he sees the forget-me-not blue guilelessness of that glance, and he will exclaim: "*What child-eyed spirit have we here?*"

Our Dwelling

THREE considerations should govern you in furnishing your house—what you want, what you need, what you may have.

Usually this is the order in which the furnishing is considered. You begin by wanting many things which you do not need and cannot have. You end by having a number of things you do not need, several that you do not want, and the rest an indescribable jumble of what you have got—somehow.

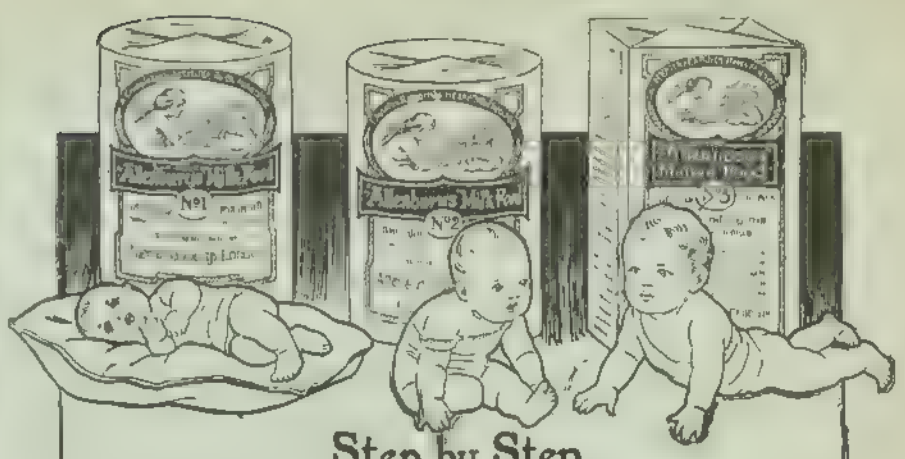
Probably you furnished without plan or reason, and the result is all that might be expected—likewise without plan or reason. The furnishing of the entire house should be considered, first, in regard to the needs of those who are to live in it, next, in regard to the amount which is to be expended in its upkeep, and then, in regard to the demand of the neighbourhood in which it is situated. The needs of those who are to live in the house are of first importance—it is a waste of room and furnishing to have a house furnished so that father feels at home in no part of it except the kitchen, and mother finds that spot the only place where she can really sit in comfort. The modern living-room should be substituted in most homes for the old fashioned parlour and the formal drawing room; and it is wiser to have the entire house furnished in a comfortable harmony rather than to have the downstairs well furnished and the upstairs shabby.

In considering each particular room, it saves trouble and worry to take some article as a key note, decorate walls and treat woodwork to harmonize with it, and furnish accordingly. For instance if you have a handsome rug, in good tones of blue, brown and tan, have the walls in tan, the woodwork in brown, the curtains in blue and brown, and the furnishing to match.

If the amount that is to be spent on the upkeep of the house is limited and the work must be done by the mother, then it is better to have as little nickel, brass, etc., to keep clean as possible, and this same rule holds good in all other furnishing.

In considering the neighbourhood, it is best to conform to some extent to the general style, as it is probable that the income of most of the dwellers in that section is about the same.

But it is in the little individual touches that one's personality should be shown. One's house, no matter how large or small, how pretentious or modest, should express something of one's own self; otherwise it is merely a house and not a home.



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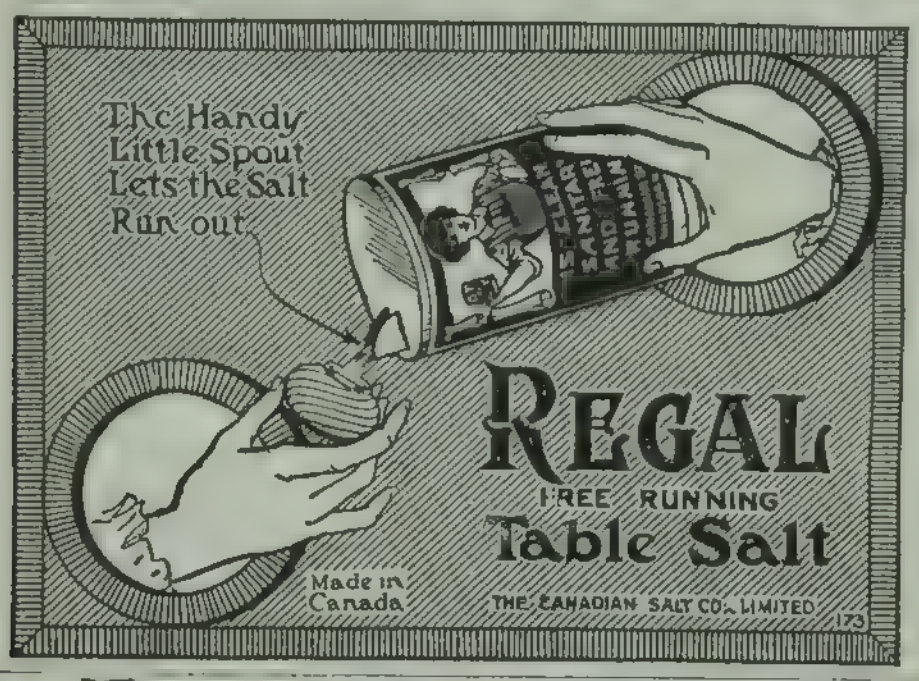

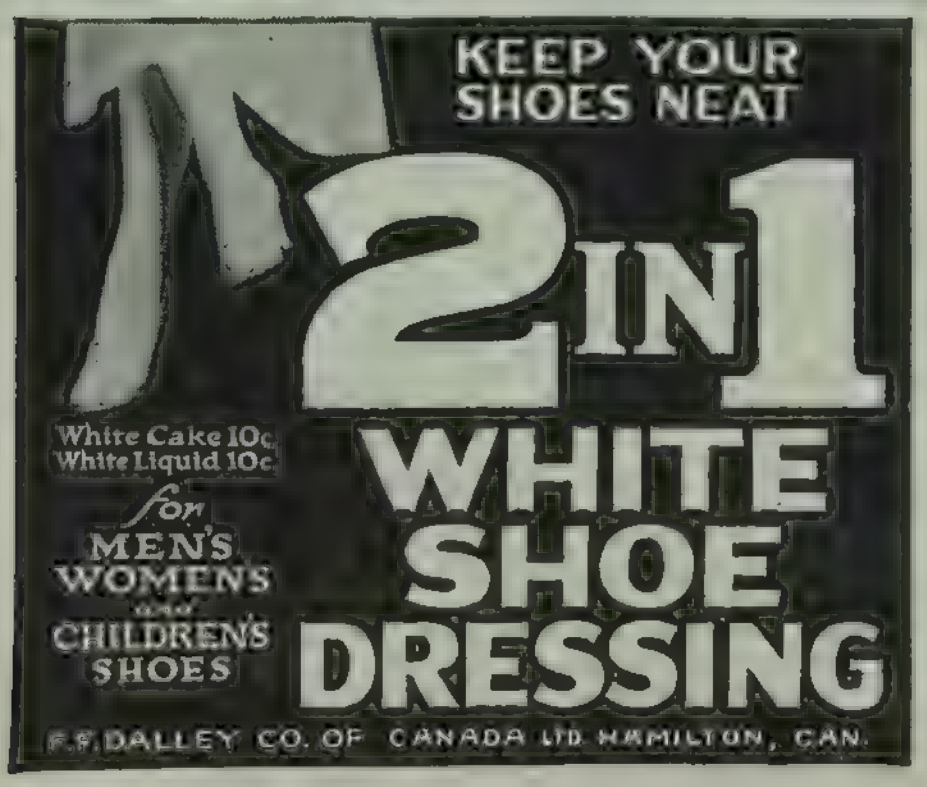

WHY I AM OPPOSED TO TOTAL PROHIBITION

(*Continued from page 14*)

They feared that the soldiers, being engaged in a fight for freedom, might consider this a small sector of the struggle and vote against the measure. They wanted to plant prohibition on the sly and give it three years to take root. They were right in fearing that the soldiers would vote against it. They inferred it from the fact that the soldiers stoned a prohibition parade at the time the bill was before the Legislature. Two years later they were quite certain—the British Columbia soldiers at the Front, being given a chance to vote on a prohibition plebiscite, defeated it by a thumping majority.

Thus, taking Ontario as an example, we see that Moral Reform, in achieving its prohibition goal, has disregarded most of the moral considerations which actuate ordinary citizens Not to put too fine a point on it they lie and break promises and do other contemptible things. Leader Rowell and his wing of the Liberal party broke a promise when they went on with the abolish-the-bar agitation after a general election had given it a slap in the face The Hearst Government obtained money under false pretences when it took a campaign fund from the liquor men and then sold them out to their enemies. I suppose they call this fighting the devil with fire. All I can say is that there is mighty little honour in it.

To cap the climax both the perjured parties in Ontario now get together to put across another imposture on a dumb, driven people. Having broken their promise to drop Prohibition if a general election was adverse, having broken their promise to the liquor men to treat them fairly in return for campaign contributions, the moral reformers on both sides of politics now join hands to break another promise to the moderate drinker who was told, that, if he helped with his good will, Prohibition for Ontario would be passed as a war measure and would go no further. Well, the moderate drinker did help with his good will, as requested, and now they throw him down. Strange ethics these! Not two wrongs only—but three wrongs to make a right.

The Ontario moral reformers, not content with a law which puts respectable hotels out of business, incommodes the travelling public, drives conventions away from our big cities, injures business, and makes the place look foolish, with its silly regulation against giving a friend a drink; not content with this, I repeat they now burn with a desire to extend the area of restriction until it is coterminous with the Dominion of Canada. They would march, as they announce, from victory unto victory. That is to say, they would steal a march on some four hundred thousand soldier-voters who are absent from our midst. In this march of victory the moral reformers would trample ordinary decencies, like truth and one's pledged word, under foot. Dominion-wide Prohibition is to be won, as I see it, by a series of dirty tricks—which prompts me to ask right here "Which is the greater sin—to lie and break faith or to take a little drink with St. Timothy for the stomach's sake"? All those who favour St. Timothy say, "Aye." The Ayes have it.

Dominion-wide Prohibition won by these methods would be the final triumph of falsehood and tergiversation. Outside of that there are practical considerations. Who will make up the twenty-five million dollars in revenue which Canada would lose if the manufacture and importation were stopped? Will the moral reformers, some of them millionaires, foot the deficit? I trow not. We shall need, at least, three hundred million dollars a year after the War to run Canada. Will the Dominion-wide Prohibitionists make up the loss their little hobby occasions? I trow not. Will they, perchance, avow a horror of confiscation and pay for the property they want the State to steal? I trow not three times. Will they even come forward with a scheme of hotel accommodation as good as the one they throw out? Consider me as trowing not again

I have several other objections to Dominion-wide Prohibition which are objections to prohibition in general, my chief reason being that prohibition prohibits. We are involved at present in a world struggle for freedom. What a traitor I would be to the cause if I meekly surrendered my individual liberty! I consider that the noisy minority which calls itself Moral Reform has as little right to tell me what I shall not drink as it has to forbid me to eat tripe on Tuesday or to stay away from church on Sunday. Because I do not drink myself is no reason why I should ask others to stop drinking. Though I turn virtuous the world may still have its cakes and ale. These are old arguments I know, but Armageddon gives them a new appeal.

Moreover, Prohibition does not do what it promises. It does not develop character by removing temptation from the path any more than it helps Baby to walk to put the stumbling blocks out of his way. It does not encourage truth—on the contrary, it encourages cant and humbug—when it says, as it does in Ontario, you can't drink in public but you can have all you like in your own cellar. I know several good church members who never had more than two bottles in the house before September, 16th, 1916, who never think now of sending to Montreal for less than two cases.

This would go to show that Prohibition does not encourage sobriety. It doesn't. I have it on good authority that in Toronto alone there are eight thousand persons engaged in the illicit sale of liquor. All Prohibition has done in Toronto has been to deprive the city of the license fees and make the liquor poisonous. Of course, it is the hard stuff that is sold, and deadly hard it is. Only the other day three men in Toronto died of drinking an alleged wine, heavily doctored with wood alcohol. If this sort of prohibition becomes Dominion-wide, I shudder to think what strange vices people may invent as substitutes for what is now a natural appetite.

Much has been made of the "economic waste" in liquor. Most of us assented to Prohibition as a war measure on that very ground. If space served, I could show that nature is full of waste, the scent of flowers, the song of birds, the changing glories of the clouds, which answer no useful purpose but which make life gladder all the same. I would only like to point out that if Canada passes Prohibition she will be the only belligerent country to do so.

None of the great Overseas Dominions of the British Empire has gone in for total prohibition. England has not abolished strong drink, though she has cut the output in two and halved the alcoholic content. She has not even abolished the bar, only curtailed the hours. It is greatly to her credit that she has not been swept off her feet by the cranks, but she has kept the even tenor of her way and—her beer. France still drinks her wines and brandies. All France did was to take advantage of the War to abolish absinthe—which is not a drink, but a gut-rotting drug. Russia got rid of vodka—which is about the same as if Canada got rid of potato-peeling whiskey—but the new democracy will still have a large range of liquors to choose from

WHY I AM IN FAVOUR OF TOTAL PROHIBITION

(*Continued from page 14*)

one of a company of entertainers who went to France to give good, clean, wholesome entertainment to the boys at the Front through the Young Men's Christian Association, told us in Toronto a few weeks ago, that when you go out to tea in England now, you must bring your own sugar for your tea, if you desire it, as it is short rations there, and families are limited in purchasing it.

And still again, there are the accidents in factories and machine shops due to drink. Billy Sunday's campaigns are teaching employers of labour this lesson in a very practical way. The vice-president of a great Iron Works concern in the United States said that his company could have afforded to pay its employees a quarter of a million dollars more than their wages during the period that Mr. Sunday was working among them, because of the increased efficiency of the men—there were fewer accidents because the men were sober and, therefore, steadier. Billy Sunday had them all on the water wagon. Their employers say they *know* now that the majority of the accidents in factories are due to drink; they *know* now that until the booze is prohibited, they can never have really efficient workmen. Lord Kitchener found this out also in the time lost through drink in the munition factories of England and the shipbuilding yards of the Clyde. No wonder Lloyd George pronounced Drink a greater enemy than Germany or Austria.

But however we may tolerate this waste of men and money and resources in times of peace, it is criminal and unpatriotic in times like the present, when the world's food supply is at an alarmingly low ebb, and Canada's granary should be carefully guarded for the Empire's need.

Is Canada doing her duty in wasting those 3 071 443 bushels of grain when Belgium is starving and the shortage of food is world wide? Is Canada doing her duty, when her soldiers in the hospitals and trenches are calling in vain for sugar in their tea and coffee, to put 14,884,560 pounds of molasses in beer and liquors? Eight of her provinces have declared for Prohibition, and over two-thirds of the ninth is under local option, and is it not clearly her duty to encourage these eight provinces and conserve her foodstuffs by prohibiting the *manufacture* of this, her greatest enemy, as well as the *importation* of it, for beverage purposes?

But some will tell us that our Dominion Gov-

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Home Made Bread

is appetizing nutritious and economical. Try this easy recipe, using,

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SEAMLESS

Aluminum Bread Pans

In 1 quart of water dissolve 2 cakes compressed yeast, 2 tablespoons salt and 2 of sugar. Stir in sifted flour (about 3 qts.) until a stiff dough is formed. Add 2 tablespoons lard and knead dough, adding a little flour from time to time, until smooth and elastic. Cover and set in a warm place for two hours or until light. Form dough into loaves, place in "WEAR-EVER" Bread Pans and let rise again until light. Brush lightly with milk and place in oven.

"WEAR-EVER" Bread Pans take the heat quickly and hold it so that your bread will be baked evenly and thoroughly all the way through.

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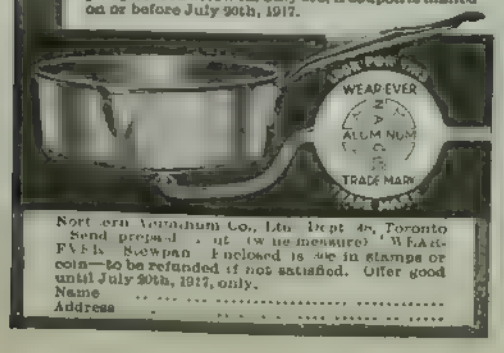
"WEAR-EVER" utensils cannot break, chip or rust—are pure and safe

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

Send for the sample 1-qt. (wine-measure) Stewpan pictured below for only 30c, if coupon is mailed on or before July 20th, 1917.



Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd. Dept 48, Toronto
Send prepaid ... qt. (wine measure) "WEAR-EVER" Stewpan. Enclosed is 30c in stamps or coin—to be refunded if not satisfied. Offer good until July 20th, 1917, only.
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Address .....

ernment has given these provinces under *Prohibition* the power to prohibit its import into their territory. True! But that does not empower the prohibition of its *manufacture* or *import* from *abroad*, but only *its import from other provinces;* and it would necessitate legislation in each of these Prohibition provinces, whereas the one Act of Legislation by the Federal Parliament would cover the whole Dominion, including the Province of Quebec, the Yukon and other North-West Territories yet unorganized. The responsibility rests with the Dominion Government. The United States Congress, a short time ago, passed such a law, by overwhelming majorities in both Houses of Congress, which contains this clause:

"Whoever shall order, purchase, or cause intoxicating liquors to be transported in interstate commerce (except for scientific, mechanical, or medical purposes) into any state or territory prohibiting the manufacture or sale therein for beverage purposes, shall be punished by a fine of not more than $1,000, or imprisonment for not more than six months, or both; and for any subsequent offence shall be imprisoned for not more than one year

Now for a few arguments of the liquor advocates

It is scarcely necessary to mention their one-time strong contention that it *helped business*, as this War has shown to the world the fallacy of this contention and has completely proved that the reverse is true

We need refer to but one of the *entente* nations, viz., Russia, which, at the very outset, put away the liquor which had lost her the war with Japan, though it brought her many millions in license fees; and a year ago her Finance Minister could report that, notwithstanding the cost of the War, the savings of the nation since the beginning had increased by 2,000,000,000 roubles, or about $1,030,000,000

Another favourite argument which prevailed for some time was that *alcohol is good as a medicine*, but Medical Science is too well informed for that now, and many doctors have uncomfortable memories of drunken death beds of patients for whom they had prescribed the fatal "medicines."

Neither does Medical Science any longer believe the statement that it has any perceptible nourishment; and now the traffic is so hard up for an argument that we are told the brewer produces milk through the refuse of the grain used in the breweries being fed to milch cows The truth of the matter is that these grains are condemned by the best medical authority in the production of milk for infants, as *involving them in grave dangers*, and that such grains are forbidden to the farmers who supply milk to Copenhagen, the capital city of Denmark, the world's example in dairy farming.

They are thus reduced to the last extremity, and say we could not enforce Prohibition if we had it. Perhaps not! But is any law on our statute books rigidly observed? Is the law against stealing, or the law against murder, which brings down on the offender the heaviest punishment for violating?

Allow us to quote a few more statistics. In Local Option days we were told that there was more drinking than under license; that it caused illicit selling, and that we had more "blind pigs" as a result of closing the bars; so we consulted the Government returns, and this is what we found.

That the Walker firm, of Walkerville, Ontario, closed down for one year, having enough on hand for all demands for that length of time.

That three breweries in Ontario had been turned into canning factories, and two distilleries were turning out denatured alcohol for running autos since gasolene has gone up in price; and another distillery has been turned into a munition factory.

That the five per cent. commission received by one Legislation on the sale of liquor in hotels before Prohibition came into force had fallen off nearly half in two years, from $366,737 in 1913 to $219,346 in 1915. The following table shows the violations under license and the number of blind pigs under license, as compared with those under Local Option:—

	Lawbreakers Under License			Under Local Option
Year	Licensed	Unlicensed	Blind Pigs	Blind Pigs
1910	404	1396	681	130
1911	363	1062	455	173
1912	242	973	500	157
1913	377	983	348	164
1914	352	715	369	170
	1738	5129	2353	784

From this table we find that there are more violations under License, and more than three times as many blind pigs as under Local Option. The traffic is ever a lawbreaker, as even those who have licenses cannot keep within the bounds of the law, as shown in the above table.

We have been under Provincial Prohibition in Ontario since the 16th of September, 1916, and in that short time have had abundant evidence of its success and also of the still greater success it might be under Dominion-wide Prohibition. Statistics in Ontario show a decrease in arrests for drunkenness all over the Province, and in the five largest cities such arrests number only one-third of what they were during the corresponding period last year. In Alberta the number of arrests for the first three months under no license were less than one-seventh of what they were for the same three months the previous year; and so we might continue the record of uplift through the other provinces.

Yes, we must have Dominion-wide Prohibition,

"For sure as the morning follows
The darkest hour of night,
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right."

Dampen your cheesecloth duster with a drop or two of O-Cedar Polish and you will collect the dust instead of scattering it. This is the sanitary way to dust, leaving a bright, clean, shining surface.

O-Cedar Polish

Cleans as it Polishes

Almost any polish will make furniture shine—just cover up the dirty surface and add a shine which readily comes off.

O-Cedar Polish "cleans as it polishes." A cloth slightly damp—a few drops of O-Cedar Polish on it—and off comes the accumulated dirt, leaving a clean, hard surface. A light, brisk rubbing with a dry cloth and the rich grain of the wood, long hidden by the grime and inferior polishes gleams like glass—in all its original beauty. O-Cedar Polish gives a lasting, lustrous finish.

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The oval, floating cake fits the hand, and holds its refreshing, cleansing qualities to the last
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"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"

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THE one grand thing that every boy and every girl really wants is a fine bicycle. Nothing else you could own will bring you as much real pleasure, as much convenience as grant an opportunity to get health giving fresh air, sunshine and exercise. Ride your bicycle to school. Ride it after school. Ride it around town. Ride it in the country. Everywhere you take this grand machine you will get pleasure out of it and you will be proud of it.
The bicycles we offer to boys and girls who will help us in our great advertising campaign are one of Canada's best known makes. They are this year's latest models, up to date in every thing, stylish, beautifully finished. Are absolutely guaranteed for a whole year. Just imagine being able to obtain an up-to-the minute guaranteed high-grade bicycle for just a little easy pleasant work in your own neighborhood.
Besides the opportunity to obtain a fine bicycle, every girl answering this advertisement will receive the beautiful "Princess Patricia" Vanity Bag shown here, and every boy will get a genuine Little Giant Typewriter—the wonderful machine that does real typewriting.
READ OUR FREE OFFER TO BOYS AND GIRLS
We want to introduce at once to everybody in the land our latest and greatest product, "Fairy Berries," the delightful, cream candy coated breath perfume that everyone just loves. Send your name and address to us to-day and we will send you, postage paid, just 30 handsome packages that we want you to introduce among your friends at only 10c a package. It is easy. One of the packages are for you. Open it and try a couple of "Fairy Berries" yourself. Then ask all your friends to try a "Fairy Berry." They will like them so much that everyone will buy a package or two at once. Just a couple of little Fairy Berries will purify the mouth, perfume the breath and leave a delightful lasting fragrance. They sell like hot cakes. Return our $3.00 when the Fairy Berries are sold and we will promptly send you either the Princess Pat Vanity Bag or the Little Giant Typewriter and the Grand B cycle you can also obtain without selling any more goods, by simply showing your grand prize to your friends and getting only eight of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did.
NO MONEY IN ADVANCE Just send your name and address. You take no risk. We trust you with our goods until sold and you can always return any that are unsold. Send your name to-day and you can soon be the proud owner of a fine present and a grand bicycle too. State whether you are trying for the girl's or the boy's bicycle. Address. 43
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THE LITTLE GIANT TYPEWRITER
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Beautiful Princess Patricia Vanity Hand Bag. Has richly engraved nickel silver top with full size mirror inside. This bag is high grade black ribbed silk, with pure silk flowing tassel and an 11 inch nickel silver chain. It will delight you.
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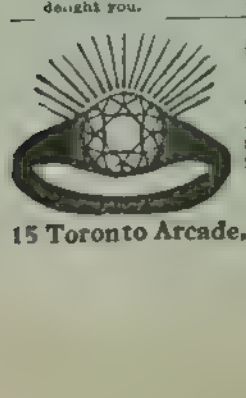
Boys, typewrite your letters, cards, or do printing for your friends. The Little Giant does real typewriting. Any boy can operate it. It is made of solid steel with fine rubber type faces, put up in a nice case with an extra brass tube of typewriter ink. Every boy is delighted with this grand typewriter. You will be too.



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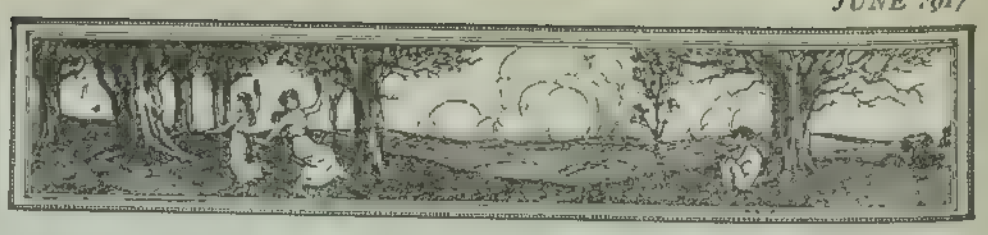


WILL MY DAUGHTER BE A GREAT SINGER

(Continued from page 8)

The fact that a marked development of the sound centres of the brain responsible for the success of the singer is usually accompanied by a good development of the near-by centres, which control digestion, explains why the majority of great singers become stout toward middle age; and possibly the relation of these centres also explains why some people consider music an aid to digestion.

Rhythm

Rhythm is another element in music which is of great importance to the singer, especially to those who would gratify the popular taste. A lack of sense of rhythm on the part of the singer makes the most popular song dull, uninteresting, and commonplace, while the swing of a strong sense of rhythm wins applause despite conspicuous defects of tone, quality, and technique.

Rhythm is so intimately related to all bodily motions that I would almost say it is necessary, if one is to feel rhythm, that it must be expressed in gesture or movement.

A strong natural sense of rhythm is indicated by a full, rounded form of the forehead just above the outer half of the eyebrows.

Given, then, these characteristics of a strong, healthy body, large lungs, flexible lips, fairly prominent eyes, and a forehead well rounded above and beyond the outer half of each eyebrow, we have the capacity of accomplishing first-class results in regard to enunciation, tone, and rhythm.

Feeling

The chief purpose of music is to express feeling, and if this be not accomplished, the music is colourless, unsatisfying, meaningless. The singer who masters the technique of enunciation, tone, and rhythm, has done much toward a pleasing and pleasant performance; but the singer who would succeed must give expression to feeling, and the wider the emotional range, the greater the success. Those who are limited in the range of their emotions and cannot readily and efficiently express themselves before an audience should confine themselves to the class of music which they most fully enjoy.

Some songs express simple exuberance of life and energy, and these are sung best and appreciated most by those with well rounded heads, having the greatest development in the lower section. Most of the ragtime music is in this class, and this explains why many admirers of classical music cannot sing and do not enjoy ragtime—they lack physical energy and vitality, and their sense of rhythm is not strong.

Another class of song expresses the different types of love—of the lover, the parent, the child; love of home, country, friend. To sing this class of song acceptably requires a head full and well rounded back of the ears.

Much of the classical music appeals particularly to a sense of perfection of beauty in form, and those who find most enjoyment in the classics, despising ragtime, usually are somewhat defective in the rhythm and tone centres, but have heads decidedly high and square above the temples, and eyes wide apart.

Sacred music naturally appeals to those of a religious disposition, and these have high heads in the middle top section.

The development of the back top head and the front top head play an important part in the work of the singer. A head well developed at the top and the back gives ambition, love of admiration, and of appreciation, without which the singer cannot do her best in public. If the crown of the head be developed rather well at the two sides, it shows just a little more sensitiveness and desire for appreciation than self-confidence. This corresponds to the rather short upper lip in the face. This formation is a disadvantage in the business world, making a man anxious to please, but not giving him sufficient self-confidence. In music, the successful singer must have a strong desire to please, but not too much self-confidence, or she will, too soon, become satisfied with her attainments and cease to work for even greater and greater perfection.

Fullness and breadth in the front part of the top of the head relates to the ability to imitate, and to learn readily by imitation; this development has much to do with dramatic talent, and when strong in the vocalist, adds life and interest to her art.

Children Are Original

The average child is original; and the earlier she is taught singing as a means of expressing her own ideas and feelings, the earlier will she learn to love music and the deeper and stronger will that love become.

This phase of music receives very little recognition and is much neglected. The average music teacher insists that pupils should train for years in the expression of the thoughts of other minds before they are even allowed to have thoughts of their own to express. The result is that originality and self-expression are smothered, and the child loses interest in a music which is, to her, more or less mechanical. The true meaning of education is lost sight of, and the teacher tries *to put into* the pupil something which may or may not prove of benefit instead of following the meaning of the word—education "to lead out" or "to draw out" and develop that which is in the child.

It is not easy to judge of the competency of the teacher as to the quality of the teaching. The value of instruction cannot be measured always by immediate results, as a teacher may train a child to play apparently well, and yet with such faulty technique that it has all to be unlearned should you send the child to a better instructor. Neither can the time spent at a lesson be taken as any criterion of quality, as some teaching is more expensive at ten cents an hour, than lessons from a really competent man or woman at five dollars for each half-hour lesson.

Correct early training is of the highest importance; it is especially true of music that while practice makes perfect, bad practice makes perfectly bad, and it is far more difficult to unlearn than it is to learn. An ancient Greek teacher always charged double fees to those pupils who had already studied under some one else, claiming that it was much more difficult to make him unlearn and learn correctly than it would have been to have taught him in the first place; and every teacher knows this to be true.

Your little girl may not have talent enough to become a great singer, but she should, at least, become as proficient as possible; otherwise you are denying her a most exquisite pleasure, and a means of developing a number of the higher qualities. You are doing more; you are forcing her to smother the natural love God has given her for one of the highest forms of self-expression, and no God implanted gift should be neglected.

Find Out For What Your Girl is Best Fitted

PROFESSOR FARMER requires for a personal reading of your girl, four cheap, unretouched photos, showing her full face, side face, back head, full length, a page from an actual letter written by her on unruled paper and including her signature; the following questions answered according to directions.

It is necessary that all these instructions be complied with if you wish a satisfactory reading. This service is for subscribers only.

1. Girl's name.
2. Age.
3. Weight.
4. Height, without shoes.
5. Measure from tip to tip of fingers with arms outstretched.
6. Size of head around the base just above the ears, the largest circumference, in inches.
7. Colour of hair. Send sample if possible.
8. Colour of skin.
9. Does her skin burn? Freckle? Tan?
10. Colour of eyes.
11. Is the edge of the iris (coloured part of the eye) darker than the rest?
12. Is the iris dark or whitish next the pupil?
13. Are there any spots or peculiar markings in the iris?
14. Is her general health good?
15. Has she good teeth?
16. Does she have headaches?
17. Indigestion?
18. Colds?
19. Fevers?
20. Has she had any serious illnesses?
21. Does she get along well at school?
22. What is her grade?
23. Is she considered quick or slow in classes?
24. What subjects does she like best?
25. What studies does she find most difficult?
26. What does she read?
27. What are her favourite games?
28. Has she any bad habits?
29. What do you consider her worst faults?
30. What do you consider her best qualities?
31. Does she resemble her father or mother?
32. What does she want to be when she grows up?
33. For what do you think she will be best fitted?
34. What would you most like her to be?

Write your answers to these questions on a separate paper, numbering each answer to correspond with the question number. Write your name and address plainly and enclose a three-cent stamp. Address your letter to Professor A. B. Farmer, Psychological Expert, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

Uncle Peter's Contest for March

Among all the competition letters Uncle Peter received in the competition for the best description of "The Happiest Day I Ever Had," the first prize of Two Dollars has been forwarded Velma Christian, Prosperity, Sask. The other six prizes for this competition have been sent to Teddy Moyer, Kitchener, Ont.; Mary Kemp, Stony Beach, Sask.; Constance Fraser, South Brookfield, Queens County, N.S.; Lilian Taylor, Creelman, Sask.; Ethel Fisher, Barrington, Que.; Ena Switzer, Holyrood, Ont. Prizes have also been sent to the following six new Bunnies: Daisy Cummings, Garrington, Alta.; Gwenith Hooper, Shoal Lake, Man.; Marguerite Reid, Oak Bay, B.C.; Doris Williams, Tillsonburg, Ont.; Beverly Scott, Lindsay, Ont.; Roy W. Kirk, Port Stanley, Ont.

PERCY'S PUZZLED! WANTS Your Help!!

$510.00 in Cash Prizes, and a fine 1917 Five Passenger Ford Touring Car to be Awarded

MARY'S letter is surely a puzzler. She has so mixed up the letters in the names of the things she would like Percy to give her for her birthday gift, that they spell something different entirely. Sometimes she has even made two or three words out of one name, as in number nine, which is undoubtedly "Diamond Ring."

Each of the names in Mary's letter represents a present that any girl would like to receive for her birthday. You know one of them; now try to solve the remaining nine puzzle names, and when you do, re-write Mary's letter (just in your own hand) substituting the correct names for those appearing above, and send your solution to us. In this interesting contest we will award

A 1917 Ford Touring Car (value $495.00) as First Grand Prize, and $510.00 in Cash Prizes

1st Cash Prize			$150.00
2nd "	"		75.00
3rd "	"		50.00

4th prize	$35.00	Cash	12th prize		$5.00	Cash	20th prize		3.00	Cash
5th "	25.00	"	13th "		5.00	"	21st "		3.00	"
6th "	20.00	"	14th "		5.00	"	22nd "		2.00	"
7th "	15.00	"	15th "		5.00	"	23rd "		2.00	"
8th "	10.00	"	16th "		5.00	"	24th "		2.00	"
9th "	10.00	"	17th "		3.00	"	25th "		2.00	"
10th "	10.00	"	18th "		3.00	"	26th "		2.00	"
11th "	10.00	"	19th "		3.00	"				

and Fifty Cash Prizes of $1.00 Each

Percy's Plan Will Help You

THE first thing Percy did was to walk through the stores and make a list of all the things that would make nice presents for a girl, so that he could compare his list with Mary's and see how many names would fit the puzzling words. He was surprised to find the number of nice things one could get for a girl, for very soon his list contained the following: Sewing set, umbrella, manicure set, kid gloves, lace handkerchief, ear-rings, silver thimble, diamond ring, candy, necklace, books, bracelet, slippers, card case, travelling bag, purse, brooch, shawl, toilet set, perfume, set of furs, lace collar, etc., etc. These suggested presents may help *you*. Get a pencil and paper and try!

How to Send Your Answers

(An extract from the rules.)

Use one side of the paper only, in writing out Mary's letter and keep it the same in form as given above, merely substituting your solution of the proper names in place of the jumbled ones. In the lower left hand corner instead of the postscript put your full name (stating Mr., Miss or Mrs.) and your full address. Anything else must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Do not send fancy, drawn or typewritten answers. A contestant may send as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle, but only one set may win a prize, and not more than one prize will be awarded in any family. Entry to the contest is barred to all employees of this Company and their relatives.

No Expense Attached to Entry to This Great Contest Any One Can Win a Fine Prize

All readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD are invited to help solve Percy's problem and send their answers to compete for these fine big cash prizes. It does not matter whether you are a subscriber to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD or not, and moreover you will not be asked or expected to take the magazine, or to spend a single penny in order to enter and win the car or a fine prize.

If you are a regular reader of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, you, no doubt, know the magazine thoroughly and have often discussed it with your friends. If you are not, we will gladly send you free, a sample copy of the latest issue in order that you may know what a live, interesting, up-to-the-minute magazine is being published right here in Canada, by Canadians, for Canadians. There is nothing in Canada like EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for bright, entertaining stories, timely, interesting articles, up-to-the minute news of the events of the day, live discussions on topics of vital national importance, and it abounds with beautiful illustrations and departments of interest to every one in the family. More than 130,000 Canadian homes gladly take EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and welcome it every month. It is fast supplanting American magazines in the favor of Canadians everywhere, and you will like it and agree that it is the biggest, brightest, and most interesting magazine being produced in Canada.

Frankly, this great contest is intended to advertise EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and to introduce it to friends and readers in all parts of Canada; so read carefully the copy which we send you, show it to the members of your family and discuss it with your friends. To qualify your entry to stand for the judging and awarding of these big cash prizes, we will ask you to help us further advertise and introduce it by showing your sample copy to only three or four of your friends and neighbours who will appreciate this worth-while Canadian magazine and want it to come to them every month. You can easily render this simple favor and for it an additional guaranteed Cash Reward will be given to you at once. As soon as your answers are received, we will write and tell you the number of names solved correctly and send you the big prize list and sample copy of the magazine.

How the Prizes Will be Awarded

The judging of the entries will be in the hands of three independent judges, having no connection with this firm, whose names we will tell you in due course, and contestants must agree to abide by their decisions. The awards will be given to the senders of the best sets of answers qualified according to the rules and conditions of the contest. In judging the entries to the puzzle, points of merit will be (a) sets having most correct answers, (b) general neatness and appearance of the entry (handwriting, spelling, punctuation and style all being considered) All answers must follow the form of Mary's letter, but containing the sender's solutions for the proper names as called for above. Answers in any other form will not be considered. The contest will close promptly at 5 P.M., August 28th, promptly after which, judging will be commenced and the prizes awarded. Study Mary's letter and try for the correct solution now. Entirely in addition to the competitive prizes an extra cash reward is guaranteed and sent at once to every contestant complying with the conditions of the contest. Address your answers to:—

THE CONTEST EDITOR, DEPT. A., EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62-64 TEMPERANCE STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO

MAGNIFIED COPY OF MARY'S LETTER

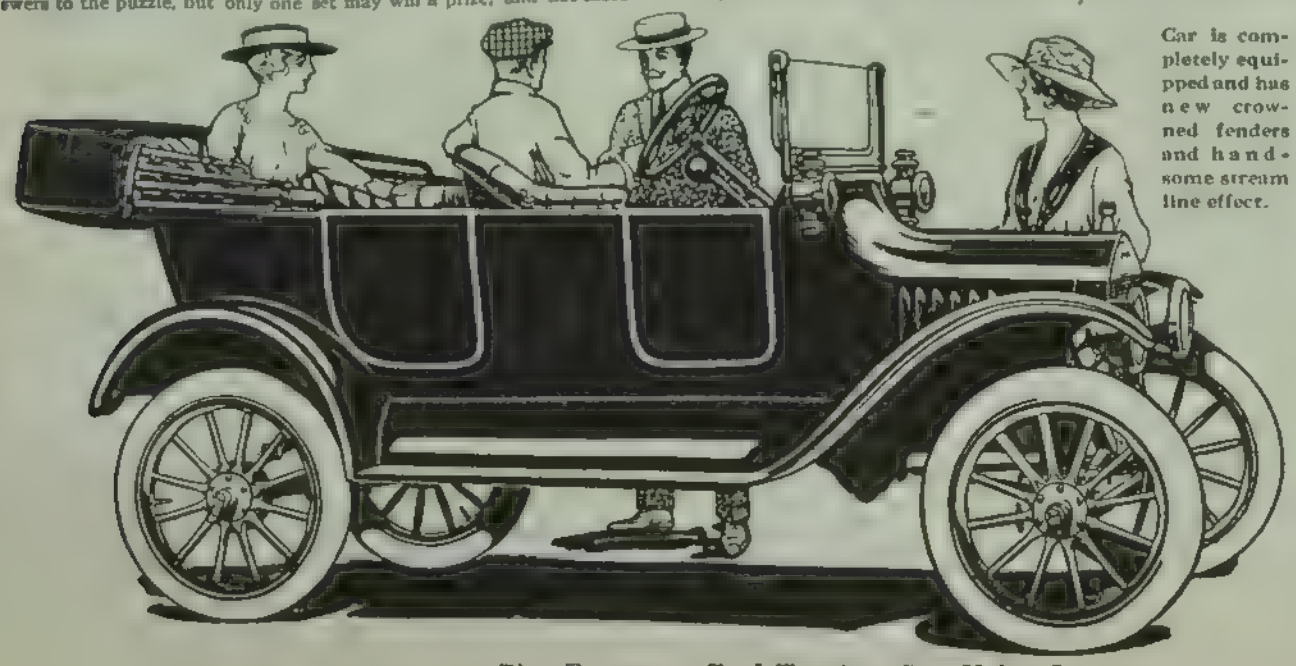
Dear Percy,

Since you have so kindly asked me to suggest a birthday present that I would like I am sending you a little list to think over. If you can puzzle this out in time for my birthday I would just love to receive any of the following:-

1. BALL RUME.
2. OH C ROB.
3. DEVILS KOG.
4. SORE STUFF.
5. BELT CARE.
6. SCARE CAD.
7. GRANSIRE.
8. C CAN LEEK.
9. DO MI DARNING.
10. TRAINE MUSEC

P.S. I have printed the words so that you can read them easily!

Sincerely yours
Mary.



The First Prize—1917 Five Passenger Ford Touring Car, Value $495.00

Car is completely equipped and has new crowned fenders and handsome stream line effect.

"Nature" chose Assam

Scientists tell us that Assam in Northern India was the original home of the tea plant. It is therefore natural that Assam teas are to-day famous for their flavor, fragrance and rich strength.

And because Red Rose Tea consists largely of these splendid Assam teas, blended with Ceylons, it naturally excels in flavor and strength—one evidence of its quality being that it goes fully one-third farther than ordinary tea.

To prove it try a package.

Sold only in Sealed Packages

Is Your Boy A BOY SCOUT?

When you send your boy out into the world to fight his own battles, let him go PREPARED, with a love of truth and justice, and a determination to play fair and to expect others to play fair with him also.

The Boy Scout is thus prepared. His training fits him for the developments that arise in the wider life he leads when he becomes a man.

Let all your boys be Boy Scouts?

We have a little booklet describing the ideals of the Boy Scouts, giving a great deal of information—useful and interesting to you and your boy. It is free for the asking

THE MILLER MFG. CO., Limited
44-46 York Street - - Toronto, Ont.

Originators and Sole Manufacturers of "Miller Official Scout Uniforms and Complete Supplies," also Choir Gowns for Church Use.

$500 Will Set Your Song Poem to Music

IF you have any poetic talent use it to your own advantage by writing song poems and having them set to music. Song writing is of one the most remunerative fields to-day. Handsome fortunes are being made by men and women who have never written music in their lives before, but who have had their song poems set to music by professional song writers.

PATRIOTIC SONGS ARE SELLING LIKE WILDFIRE TO-DAY

Music Manuscripts Bring Fortunes

THE manuscripts of music that have been written to simple little song poems have often been veritable gold mines for their owners. One Toronto song writer has sold 87,000 copies of a simple patriotic song at 25 cents the copy. Another is selling manuscripts outright, just as fast as they can be written. Over a million copies of "My Mother's Rosary" have been sold recently bringing the owner of the manuscript over twenty thousand dollars royalties. "My Own Iowa" has brought the writer fifteen thousand dollars royalties from the publishers.

Our Songs are Successes

WE have had a vast experience in the writing of popular songs and produce the kind of music people want; catchy rollicking popular airs, pompous patriotic marches, tender ballads etc. Our music is written in simple form so anyone can play it by America's greatest popular song writers.

We Know How to Popularize Songs

OUR connection with the largest song publishers in Canada, United States and England, keep us in touch with them in the handling of songs, and we arrange to place your songs for publication after we have written the music and you have approved of it. We also undertake the publishing and exploiting of songs on a royalty or straight sale basis. We will show you how the most successful song writers get their songs popularized. We will show you how to have your songs sung in public by actors, actresses, concert singers, bandmasters, in fact, everyone who will aid in making the song popular and compel large sales. Your manuscript (words written by you) and the music (written by us) will belong to you, and we will undertake the copyrighting of it for you in the United States and Canada free of charge.

Our Methods Will Win You Fame and Fortune

SEND us your poem to-day. If it's suitable we will write immediately and tell you so, and the music will be written and mailed to you in ten days' time, if the words are not suitable we will return it to you with the whole amount of your remittance. We are thoroughly reliable and trustworthy, and you can depend upon getting thorough honest treatment from us.

How to Send Your Song Poems

Send Your Remittance with Your Song Poem

WE are exceedingly busy and the low price of $5.00 we ask for writing Music will not allow us to write letter after letter soliciting your order. If we had to do this we would have to charge twenty-five dollars a manuscript instead of only $5.00, so that we make it a strict rule for all our clients—Enclose your remittance with your song poem.

Don't delay, send your poem to-day, and take the first step towards making a name and fortune for yourself.

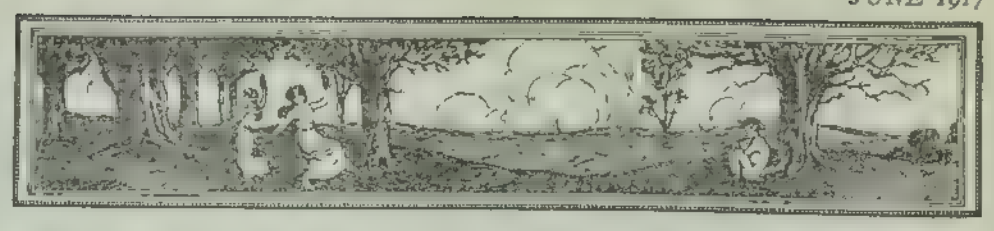
MURRAY MUSIC CO., DEPT. E.W. McCLURE BLDG., TORONTO

Irene Humble whose famous song "Were from Canada" has sold over eighty seven thousand copies bringing her thousands of dollars profit. You can do as well.

You May Earn $19.00 Per Week This Summer

WRITE to-day and get particulars that will show you how easy it is to earn $19.00 per week or more by devoting only a little of your spare time in evenings to the work of acting as our correspondent in your town or village. You need no experience, you do not invest a penny, we supply everything necessary. Address Dept. E.W.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 64 Temperance St., Toronto, Ont.



THE RHYTHM OF HEALTH

(Continued from page 12)

the pleasure we get out of it, for the sheer joy there is in it."

On the other hand, any experienced obstetrician will verify the statement that cases of extremely difficult childbirth (and not infrequently the fatalities resulting therefrom) usually are caused by injudicious over-development of the lower abdominal muscles to the point of an inflexible rigidity, due to an excess of strictly gymnasium work and other severe mechanical exercises which place an unduly proportioned strain upon the muscles surrounding the pelvis. There are thousands of cases on record, the facts of which have been volunteered by mothers themselves, to show that the over-strenuous exercise of these muscles in youth, particularly in school and college work, in gymnasiums and on the athletic field, have rendered women liable to difficult delivery and fatal eventuality in childbirth, if not making them altogether incapable of normal childbearing. And although these facts have been a matter of common knowledge to the medical fraternity for years, yet it is only recently that those in charge of the institutions of higher education for girls have taken cognizance of the need of a more modified form of physical exercise for the growing and developing girl. In this connection it is announced that one high school will, with the beginning of the next school year, adopt "natural" dancing as a regular course in the curriculum, to supplant very largely the work now done in the gymnasium.

Natural dancing gives a delightful and healthful exercise to every muscle in the entire body structure, as well as producing internal muscular activity which beneficially affects the collective system of vital organs. Also, it builds and strengthens the nerve cells and accelerates the circulation of the blood to and through the brain, thereby insuring greater efficiency of mental activity.

Aside from increasing the vigour and action of the vital organs, such natural exercise also stimulates the processes of elimination, which effectively acts as an insurance against auto-toxemia through toxic absorption, by freeing the system of all forms of waste matter. And there is no more potent factor in preventive practice than that of the effectual operation of the processes of elimination. And in scarcely any other way can these eliminative processes be so surely kept normally active as through the natural stimulation given to the vital organs and the muscular, nervous, and circulatory system, as promoted by the exhilarating exercise experienced in the practice of rhythmic dancing.

BUT such dancing, in the opinion of Miss Allan, must be essentially spontaneous and entirely free from any element of "mechanics." On this point Miss Allan has this to say:

"The moment that dancing becomes bound by rules and conventions, it loses the very *rationale* of its existence. Who, then, shall say that true dancing can be taught? As well might we try to teach the birds to sing, the butterflies to soar, by rote and measure among the glades and flowers. It was not with taught precision of scholastic method, it was not in ambition to realize perfection in a given mode, that we danced in the shady groves and sunlit meads of Argolis, or by the murmuring seas of the Sicily of Theocritus.

"The further I advance in the study and practice of natural or rhythmic dancing, I find that I am more and more attracted to the subject of physical culture. Almost immediately upon taking up this work I felt that a healthy, sound, well-tuned instrument was the first great necessity for the carrying out of this great work. My body was my instrument, and my thought was to test and find what was lacking, then to remedy the neglected parts.

"It had always been my habit to do physical exercises every morning after my bath; not set, one-two-three-four, hands-above-your-head, out-in-front-of-you, down-by-your-side kind of exercises, but just as the spirit moved me. So soon as physical exercises become mechanical—a matter of one, two, three, and a stolid expression or one of physical pain—their virtue is gone, from my point of view. Body and mind should be *en rapport*. Even in such a seemingly prosaic thing as after-bath exercises, the body should give expression to a thought. The better, the more poetic, or more musical the inspiration, the more graceful the physical expression

"A drill sergeant is all very well for soldiers; dumb-bells and elastic exercisers for raising lumps of muscles on the bodies of professional athletes; but a woman who seeks grace of movement is best served when she strives to harmonize motion with inspiration, be it that of music, the graceful figure of some picture or statue that imagination has endowed with moving life, or memory of some nature picture, a wind-rippled cornfield, or the dance of autumnal forest leaves.

"With such things as these for inspiration and stimulus, time does not count. There is a joy in them all. It is not a question of five minutes by the clock at one, two, three, four, heels together, hands above your head, out, down. One forgets one's self, yet effort and the desire for perfection are there, the desire to give truer, more perfect expression to the inspiration, and to attain the unattainable—perfection.

"All the drudgery of formal practising and training is lacking. At the same time, the body, by an almost unconscious process, grows more and more responsive to inspiration, a more ready instrument of expression. I have never in my life practised with one eye on a clock or to the tick of an imaginary metronome, any more than when my thoughts turned toward fitting draperies I contemplated pink tights and a stiff skirt like an inverted tea saucer.

"Francois Delsarte's theories teach us that every fibre, every vigorous impulse, every muscle, and every feeling should have its existence so well defined that at any moment it can actually assert itself. His teaching rests on the inseparability of body and spirit, which, united, results in an harmonious existence.

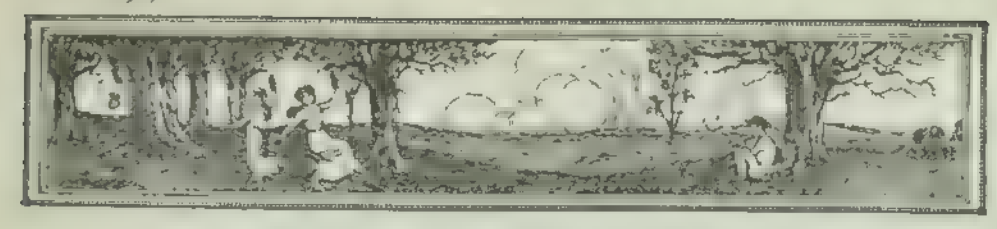
"FOR example, he compared the human being to a musical instrument, the back being the keyboard, the spinal column the keys, the various members and muscles the strings. The player of the instrument is the soul, which is designed to transpose the movements of the body into music.

"During the later period of my studies in Europe, I continued to give rhythmic physical expression to my fancies and the inspiration of silent music or the memories of pictures or nature. My joy in trying to give expression to my idea seemed to make the idea grow, and soon it would be dominating my thoughts. Perhaps of all the great painters whose works I have studied, Botticelli has influenced me the most. His lyrical imagination, his love of the wind and all things which the wind stirs—trees, draperies, floating hair—so wonderfully expressed in his paintings, and his pure love of the human form, never defiled by a descent to meretricious art, had deeply impressed themselves upon me. But if he inspired pose in those formative days, I was thinking more of the Greek dancing girls when I turned my thoughts to my draperies. And on those lines I fashioned my first dress. I used butter-cloth for the dresses that I designed and made myself, if 'made' be the right word for what was really no more than an arrangement of draperies and clasps and girdles, with an eye to soft folds and undulating lines."

Authorities in the field of physical education for young girls seem to agree that less than ten per cent. of young women of twenty have normal bodies. Also, that if more girls practised nature dancing, there would be far less cases of "nerves," as well as far fewer instances of girls who "go wrong." Nature dancing teaches the girl to love a beautiful body and to regard it as the temple of her soul. It is declared that if all young girls had to dance regularly as a part of their education, most of them would be possessed of bodies of which to be proud, and in addition, rhythmic dancing teaches the natural expression of the right to live rightly and of the joy of living, inculcating high ideals in the dancer.

One teacher of dancing believes that systematic instruction in rhythmic dancing—given preferably out-of-doors or in a breeze-swept room—will develop the highest degree of perfection in the figure of a girl, and that a girl who achieves a dancing figure need never wear corsets; further, that a girl who dances skips the awkward age, since rhythmic dancing gives mental and physical poise, as well as grace.

AS for the middle-aged woman who does little or no housework and who devotes most of her time to social affairs, there is but one hope—and that is dancing—not the modern ballroom dance, but the nature dance, which gives real exercise by bringing into play every muscle of the body. Shortly after Greek dancing was introduced as a regular course of exercise in a large ladies' college, the director of physical training of the institution said: "Every one should cultivate the rhythmic motion of nature dancing, should train the body for wholesome self-expression of joy, happiness, and kindred feelings, to inculcate a true spirit of artistic ideals in the soul, aside from the great benefit to be derived from it as physical exercise. There are, of course, other forms of helpful exercise, but as nature dancing embodies the best in all of them, it is to be recommended as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, adjuncts to human happiness. In the rhythmic dancing exercises, air freely reaches the lungs, the spine is not humped, and the organs of the body are not forced into positions where they crowd each other. Isn't it reasonable to suppose that a woman could do any sort of household work better if she felt physically fit, and dancing had taught her the secret of taking positions, either while standing or sitting, which would not punish her by making her physically uncomfortable. However, while we fully appreciate the wonderful benefits due to the physical exercise secured in natural dancing, yet we aim to develop a great deal more in a girl than form and muscle, vitally important as these are; for in all our rhythmic dances there must be an atmosphere of poetry and music, and all must follow one ideal to the end of exhibiting the highest and purest artistic sentiment, which will influence and direct their vision of artistic ideals through life."



"I MADE IT MYSELF"

A Whole Week of Pleasure in Making a Doll's House

By KATHERINE WYNNE

THE man-of-the-house is at the Front needing comforts, and we are all, right down to Baby, making sacrifices. But with the holidays coming and no prospect of going to mountain or lake, and very little money, I saw I must devise some means of keeping four lively, healthy children happy and busy; so we talked it over—the kiddies and I—and determined to make things. The children were delighted beyond measure, and I soon found that the greater part of the pleasure of toys is in the making and the pride of owning something that "I made all myself."

I wanted something with which all the children could help and that would be big enough to keep them busy for a whole week. So, buoyed up with the confidence of ignorance, we decided on a doll's house, and a good big one, too! I had once read of how it should be done, and I trusted to a natural aptitude for mechanics to help me out in difficulties; and the finished result, shown in the two pictures, more than justifies my confidence.

We bought a couple of packing cases at twenty-five and fifty cents each, selecting those having the grain of the wood straight and even and free from knots. We planned a house whose outside walls should measure, without the gables, twenty-four inches high, the depth being nineteen inches, with a width of thirty inches. In the picture the ground floor shows the living-room at the left, the hall and the dining-room. The kitchen, which you cannot see, is back of the dining-room. The floor space given to the living-room is ten inches in width, with the full depth of the house; the hall is six inches wide, and runs clear through to the back door; the dining-room is twelve inches in width and ten and a half inches deep, leaving eight inches for the depth of the kitchen. One-half inch is taken up by the outer walls and by the partitions.

We planned a house whose outside walls should measure, without the gables, twenty-four inches high, the depth being nineteen inches, with a width of thirty inches.

On the second floor the large double bedroom is over the living-room, a smaller bedroom over the dining-room, and the bathroom over the kitchen. The stairway is made in two parts, with a landing between where the stairs turn. On the second floor the hall must be widened by making the bathroom and the back part of the bedroom only nine inches wide instead of twelve. This is to give room for the elevator shaft, which runs up beside the stairway.

The top floor may be used as a ballroom, or as a playroom for the doll babies on rainy days. It is the whole width of the house, except that the very sharp angle made by the floor and roof is boarded in at a distance of a couple of inches from the outside edge, and the angle in the roof is boarded in to make the ceiling.

But the depth is only a little more than half, as it is partitioned across just in front of the elevator—it would never do to have the doll babies falling down and breaking their skins and scattering sawdust all over our nice new furniture, would it?

The front wall of the house is divided in the centre and opens on hinges, but it is more convenient to have the front wall of the third floor fasten on with wooden buttons.

The roof is made of two sections, each twenty-eight inches long by twenty-four inches wide, and the ridge is fifteen inches above the third floor. If the windows are cut four by five inches, camera plates can be used for glass. It is easier to hang curtains across the doors in the interior, making only the front and back doors.

Plans of each floor should be carefully drawn on heavy paper, and doors, windows, partitions, stairs, and elevator shaft marked in exactly right. The elevator may prove rather difficult, and if so, it may be left out. The chimney is a solid block of wood, two-and-a-half by three-and-three-quarter inches, and is painted to imitate bricks.

Cigar box wood is the best to use for the window and door trimmings, and to make hard wood floors all through the house. The glass can be puttied in, just the same as in "real" doors. Saucepan knobs, which may be bought by the half dozen, make excellent door knobs. It is better to glue the delicate parts of the stairs rather than to nail them; use toothpicks for the spindles in the balustrade.

THE opening in the second floor for the stairs and elevator shaft must be very carefully cut. It is at the back and against the double bedroom partition and measures six inches across and eight inches deep. The elevator shaft is beside the front stairs and takes up the three-and-five-twelfth inches which is the distance that the stairs run back to where it reaches the landing. The width of the elevator shaft is the width of the five steps from the landing to the second floor. An elevator is something new in dolls' houses and may be omitted if it promises to be too difficult; but if the plans are accurately drawn and care is taken, it can be successfully accomplished.

Material necessary for elevator—2 small pulleys, 4 feet of brass chain, 7 feet of No. 12 wire for the guide wires, half a dozen double pointed tacks or very small screw-eyes, a short piece of lead pipe, and a cigar box. Make the car of the cigar box, cutting it down to 2¼ inches wide, 3¾ inches deep, and 7 inches high. Put two of the double pointed tacks in each side of the car for the guide wires to run through, and another in the centre of the top from which to attach the brass chain. The guide wires are of very heavy wire that will not bend easily. Cut two pieces the same length, to reach from the first floor to the ballroom ceiling, and, after running them through the tacks in the sides of the car, fasten the two upper ends in the ballroom ceiling and the two lower in the ground floor. Care must be taken to have these wires fastened in exactly the right points, else the car will not run easily or balance properly.

Now run the car to the top of the shaft and mark upon the ceiling where the screw eye or double tack in the top of the car strikes. At this point bore a (*Continued on page 53*)

The elevator shaft is partitioned off—it would never do to have the doll babies falling down and breaking their skins and scattering sawdust all over our nice, new furniture, would it?

CLASSIFIED ADLETS

SALES AND EXCHANGES

A responsible directory arranged for the convenience of the vast number of more than 500,000 readers of Everywoman's World who wish to buy, sell or exchange. Each little adlet has much of interest for you.

AGENTS AND SALESMEN WANTED

MRS. COPE, MACGRATH, ALBERTA, cleared $102.00 in four days. Sold to every home in Macgrath. You can do as well. Fine territory open for live agents. Catalogue and terms free on request. Perfection Sanitary Brush Co., 1118 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ont. Only manufacturers in Canada.

AGENTS WANTED.—Big opportunity to make money in spare time and evenings, after business hours, in your own town or neighborhood—Specialty, which everyone needing it will want. Write me and I will start you in profitable business at once. J. W. Marlatt, Dept. E., 581 Ontario St., Toronto, Canada.

ARTICLES WANTED

THE ONE BEST OUTLET for farm produce, non-fertile eggs, poultry, separator butter. Write Gunns, Ltd., 78 Front St., East, Toronto.

WE PAY CASH FOR OLD false teeth. Value 50c. to $5.00, satisfaction guaranteed. Canadian Refining Co., Imperial Bank Bldg., Toronto.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FREE FOR SIX MONTHS.—My special offer to introduce my magazine, "Investing for Profit." It is worth $10 a copy to any one who has not acquired sufficient money to provide necessities and comforts for self and loved ones. It shows how to become richer quickly and honestly. Investing for Profit is the only progressive financial journal and has the largest circulation in America. It shows how $100 grows to $2,200; write now and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 560, 20 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

BABY OUTFITS

BABIES' BEAUTIFUL SOFT ROBES—and complete outfits. Everything required for the mother and child. Write for prices. Mrs. A. Wolfson, 37 Henry St., Toronto.

FAMILY REMEDIES

A GUARANTEED REMEDY. Dr Henderson's Herb Tablets natural cure for Rheumatism, Constipation, Eczema, Kidney, Liver and Stomach Troubles. 3 months' treatment for $1.00 postpaid. Henderson Herb Co., 173 Spadina Ave., Toronto. Agents wanted, exclusive territory.

PINK EYE is epidemic in the Spring. Murine Eye Remedy affords reliable relief. Apply Murine patiently and persistently.

FREE.—Harmless receipe destroys all craving for tobacco. Superba Co., B.P., Baltimore, Md.

FLOWER SEEDS

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IS HE CRAZY?—The owner of a plantation in Mississippi is giving away a few five-acre tracts. The only condition is that figs be planted. The owner wants enough figs raised to supply a Canning Factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the Factory by writing Eubank Farms Company, 941 Keystone, Pittsburg, Pa., U.S.A. They will plant and care for your trees for $6 per month. Your profit should be $1,000 per year. Some think this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his madness.

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WHEN PURCHASING your new spring coat or suit, save the price of a tiresome, expensive shopping trip (to spend on accessories) by writing "The Toronto Shopper," 306 Ryrie Building, Toronto. She buys for you, only what you cannot buy from your local merchant, in the exclusive shops. Service free.

STORIES—MANUSCRIPTS

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SEND US YOUR IDEAS for Photoplays, Stories, etc We accept them in any form—correct free—sell on commission. Big rewards! Make money. Get details now! Writer's Selling Service, Dept. 32 Main, Auburn, N.Y.

EARN $25 WEEKLY, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details free. Press Syndicate, 4275 St. Louis, Mo.

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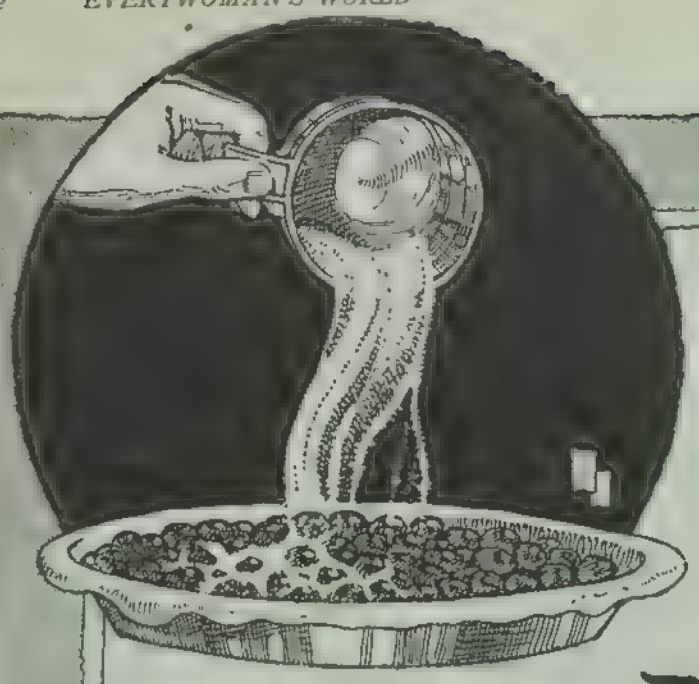

Can You Make a Good Pie?

Henry Ward Beecher once discoursed on pie crusts: "Let your paste be not like putty, nor rush to the other extreme and make it so flaky that one holds his breath while eating for fear of it blowing away. Let it not be plain like bread nor yet rich like cake."

Can you make a good pie? Watch the eyes of the man of the house—do they snap and sparkle when you bring on this favorite dessert?

Handle your pastry gently. Keep the materials of your pie cold. Sweeten your fruit filling with Dominion Crystal Sugar and—be sure your oven is hot when you pop in your cold pie.

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MARIAN STUDIES FOR HER EXAMS.

She Does, And Then Again She Doesn't

By EDNA I. MacKENZIE

AS a girl studies, she often allows thoughts to creep into her mind that are, undoubtedly, associated with her studies, but are not conducive to the attainment of those studies. This little story of how one girl studied explains this.

"Oh, Mother, *please* don't ask me to do the dishes. I have the awfullest lot of home-work, and I don't know when I'll get it done. You help Mother, Helen, and I'll tell you a story after we get to bed. It was composition day to-day, and every one wrote on a story they had read. There was a dandy about a handsome rich Duke marrying his gardener's beautiful daughter. It was just the most romantic thing I ever heard.

"Now, where on earth shall I begin? I guess I'll do Martin's subjects first; he fusses so when we haven't his work up. I'd better study Geography, as it's all the cities of Canada, and they're the dickens to learn. Now, how many can I give without looking them up? Toronto, on Lake Ontario, noted for the Exhibition. I had the swellest time at the Exhibition last Fall. We went through everything on the Midway. My, but some things were thrilly! Ottawa, on the Ottawa River, noted for its Parliament Buildings. Mabel Morris was at the Opening of Parliament last year, and she said it was worth the trip just to see the wonderfully graceful way in which Princess Patricia courtesied to her father. She said it was simply superb and just to the manner born; and oh! the dresses were beautiful beyond description! I wish I could go to the next. It's really an education in itself, just to see the Opening. Of course one really wouldn't need to listen to all the dry stuff, you know. Hull, on the Ottawa River, noted for its matches. Well, I should say it was! Doris Wright went to Hull to visit her aunt. They say she's a great match-maker, and that's my opinion, believe me! Doris wasn't there a month before she was engaged, and that's the sixth she's married off. What's next? London, on the River Thames, noted for—oh, let me see—noted for its Asylum. I know a girl who said she was going to marry a Methodist minister in Toronto, and she had everything ready, even to the wedding breakfast; and if she hadn't imagined the whole affair! Ada Merton gave her a cushion for a wedding present, and she never gave it back. No wonder she's in the asylum!

"Guelph, on the River Speed, noted for a—noted for its Agricultural College. They call the boys "Aggies" down there. I'm going to Guelph, when I'm engaged, to take the diamond ring course at MacDonald Hall. What's the sense of learning for years to bake, on the chance of getting married, when you can learn it in three months there when it's really necessary. Medicine Hat, in Alberta, noted for its gas. 'It has all Hell for a basement,' Kipling says. I wonder what it's like to be living over Hell all the time. I imagine it would be healthy. I don't see why they don't have Mapleton, on the Maitland River, noted for its fires and pretty girls. Ben Smith, who came from Toronto, says there are more pretty girls in our high school than in any collegiate there. Let me see—what's another city? I guess I'd better open the book and study them. There! I've spent enough time on Geography! We had Physical Geography yesterday. It's just perfectly wicked the way they teach how the earth was made. It isn't a bit like the way it's described in Genesis.

"Oh dear, I must get this Latin translated. It's all about somebody or other fighting. I wonder if those Latin people ever used slang. The children of our children's children's children will have a big time making out our language. I wonder what they would make out of 'That gets my goat,' or 'It's raining cats and dogs.' They'll likely think nature acted differently in our time and wonder what we did with all the cats. And then, suppose they were given some of Billy Sunday's sermons to study. Why, they would be completely gray with age before they could understand what he was getting at, and sermons are always taken as the highest standard, too. Well, say, I'm glad I'm an ancestress of the language rather than a posterity.

"We have a girl in the second form who has just come from the States. She uses the elegantest language. She says 'All ri-ght,' 'It's o-u-t of si-ght,' and 're-al nice.' I think it's so genteel and aristocratic. I'm going to practise it every chance I get. Now, Helen, don't bother me until I get this Latin translated. It's better for you to do your work yourself.

"Thank goodness, that's done at last! And now I must do my French. They have the craziest way of saying things. Just imagine saying 'The book of the father of the girl is in the room of the teacher of the child,' or 'The lambs pretty, white, play in the fields green of the farmer rich.' Isn't that perfectly silly? I lent my French book to Billy Smith this morning, and oh, here's something he's written in it. Why, it's a poem, and it's written to me. Isn't that dear of him! I think he's just lovely. Now, what has he written?

" 'To My Marian

"'As earth's below and heaven's above,
You're the only girl that I'll ever love.
I think of you by day and night,
And every time I take a bite.'

"Say! that's fine, isn't it?

"'You're the prettiest girl I know,
I wish you'd have me for a beau.
As long as hair sticks to the skin,
I'll stick to you, my Marian.'

"Now, isn't that the grandest poem out? It's every bit as good as any Tennyson ever wrote. I tell you he'll be a second Tennyson when he gets older. I guess if Martin knew what a genius he is, he wouldn't scold him and make fun of him because he can't do deductions. No poet's any good in mathematics. His brain's too sensitive. Ruby Gordon was so tickled because Herb Barnes wrote a poem to her. Here's the copy she gave me:

" 'Ode to My Weather-Vane

"'The sky is bloo'—I forgot, I should say blue—
"'The sky is blue, for thou art true,
My dearest dear.
I love thy eyes, they are so wise,
Nor ends my worship here.'

"And she's got the squintiest eyes you ever saw.

"'The sky is gray, for thou'rt away,
My sweetest sweet.
I love thy face so full of grace.
And adore thy little feet.'

"And she's got the biggest feet in the whole school; but then, they say love is blind!

"'The sky is clear, for thou are near,
My duckiest duck.
I love thy lips that honey sips—
Oh, gee! I guess I'm stuck!'

"JUST imagine such an ending as that! That poem isn't nearly as good as Billy's. The rhythm may be a little better, but then Billy has the personal touch when he says, 'I'll stick to thee, my Marian.' Ruby's poem could be written to any girl, but mine could be only for myself. Just wait until to-morrow, and I'll show her mine. Won't she turn green with envy! I guess she'll not put on any more airs. I wonder if I couldn't make up poetry:

"'Oh, Billy, you're the nicest boy I know,
You make my heart beat for joy.'

"That doesn't sound just right.

"There's something the matter with that line. I'll put 'up' after beat and see if that won't make it better.

"'You make my heart beat up for joy.'

"'There! That's better!

"'I think that——'

"What in the world shall I say next? I imagine you've got to be mighty clever to make up poetry and get the metre right. I have the dearest verse in French in my French Reader. Muriel gave it to me:

"'Je vous aime, je vous adore,
Oue voulez vous pas encore.'

"In English it means, 'I love you, I adore you; what more do you want?' Miss Gordon, who teaches French, saw it and said, 'You're learning French very rapidly, Marian. Now, suppose you translate this

(*Continued on page 53*)

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NO winding required; just push the button. It will run on any current, and can be attached to any lamp socket. The Motor runs absolutely true to pitch, and the tone quality is endorsed by Operatic Artists and Vocal teachers.

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is easily removed by one or two applications. Take a bottle with you when going camping or fishing; it will be very useful.

Men find it cooling and refreshing as an "after shave." Send to-day for a trial bottle of Blush of Roses.

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MARIAN STUDIES FOR HER EXAMS.

(*Continued from page 52*)

passage for me. It's not so interesting as your little verse, but it might be more beneficial.' Isn't she the horrid, sarcastic thing?

"There, I've written all this French exercise, and now for Ancient History. I've simply got to know it, for I made such a dreadful fluke of an answer to-day. I was trying to learn some Geography during History period to-day, and that old Norton saw me, so he pounced on me with the question, 'Why did Cæsar take away the arms of the Britons when he conquered them?' And I just guessed at the answer and said he had them cut off so that they couldn't carry any weapons, and the class simply roared. How was I to know that he meant fire-arms, or something like that? I'm sure the Germans have cut off lots of our soldiers' arms in this War. But Billy didn't laugh. He just looked at me so sorrowfully with his great big eyes—Billy has lovely brown eyes. Then, when I thought I was safe from any more questions, for Norton hardly ever asks the same person twice, he asked me what was Cæsar's chief characteristic? I was so startled, for I never thought of him asking me any more questions, and I was thinking of Billy's eyes, and I just blurted out, 'He has such lovely brown eyes.' Well, if the class howled before, they took a conniption fit then, and I felt so mean I could have sunk through the floor; and even Billy snickered. Then Mr. Norton said, in his dry, sarcastic tone, 'Marian seems rather preoccupied to-day. I wish she would occupy her mind with this lesson.' He thought he made a good joke, but he's always so stern and stiff that his trying to crack a joke is like an elephant trying to dance a tango, and you can imagine what that's like.

"I can't spend any more time on this History. I wish we had only English History to learn. I just adore English History and all about that wicked Henry VIII and his ten wives. I guess he must have started the saying that 'Variety is the spice of life.' And then it is so romantic to read about Queen Elizabeth and her love affairs, and her thousands of dresses. She was as homely as a hedge-fence, but I guess that doesn't keep the lovers away when you're a Queen. And oh, how I love Bonnie Prince Charlie, with his charming, gallant way. I wish I were living in those days. I'd hide him away from the horrid men who were seeking his life, and then I'd fall on my knees and kiss his hand and say, 'My prince, I'll give my life for you,' and he'll say, 'Arise, fair maiden, I do not want you to give your life for me, but to give your heart to me.' Wouldn't that be perfectly lovely, and isn't English History awfully delicious? Of course there are a lot of dry things in it like laws and wars and people's rights and things like that, but you don't need to bother about them except to cram up for an exam.

"And now, I must get at my Geometry. I left it until the last because I hate it like the dickens, and can't get a deduction to save my life. If two sides of a tri—

"Oh, Mother, it isn't time to go to bed yet! Ten o'clock! Why, I'm not half through, and I haven't wasted one minute. Helen can tell you that. Yes, I think it would be a good idea for the mothers to complain, for when a girl studies for three solid hours and can't get nearly finished, there's something wrong somewhere. Good-ni—; I mean Good-n-i-ght."

"I MADE IT MYSELF"

(*Continued from page 51*)

hole through the ceiling, and two inches back of it bore another hole. Screw the pulleys into these holes and see that the front one is directly over the centre of the top of the car. Fasten the brass chain to the screw in the top of the car, slipping a piece of lead pipe about an inch long over the chain and allowing it to rest on the car to make it heavier so that it will run more smoothly, and run the chain up over the first pulley and down over the second; to the lower end of the chain attach another piece of lead pipe for the contra balance. This must be just heavy enough to make a perfect balance between it and the car, and this can be secured by whittling off the end of the pipe until it balances exactly. The chain should be sufficiently long to permit the weight to rest on the first floor when the car is at the third floor. If the screws and pulleys have been placed properly, the car should run smoothly and balance correctly.

The nail heads should be driven below the surface and the holes filled with putty, and the house set on casters; then it is ready for painting. Cream, with white trimmings and a green roof, is pretty; or cream, with tan trimmings and a red roof. Strip the foundation to imitate stone work. The front door could be mahogany with panels indicated on it, or it may have glass panels.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the July number, Katherine Wynne will furnish this doll's house, giving clear directions that any boy or girl can follow.

How Would You Spend $500

In Improving Your Home?

WHAT would you do first in making improvements in your home if you had $500.00 to invest right now in such improvements as you want?

Woud you add comforts inside, or better appearance outside, or both?

Would you want a furnace, or some other modern heating system, to replace what you now have?

Would you want a bathroom, complete with running water, and closet sewage disposal system?

Would you want a kitchen sink, with drain to carry away water after dish-washing, etc.?

Would you change the interior of some of the rooms?

Would you add a clothes closet (or two) in a bedroom where there is now no suitable place to hang up clothes?

Would you tear down some partition, or build a new partition, to make a favorite room larger or smaller?

Would you put in a fireplace?

Would you want new laundry equipment—say a power washer and wringer, and some means of putting running water in your house?

Would you like a vacuum cleaner, and what kind?

Would you paint, paper, or alabastine the walls of your rooms?

Would you put in a new range or a new stove?

Would you want a lighting system? If so, what kind do you prefer?

Would you repaint your house outside? Or add a verandah or another room? Or change the windows—making them more up-to-date and cheerful?

Would you put in cement walks, a cement floor in the cellar, or a cement floor on the verandah?

Would you put hardwood floors in some or all of the rooms?

Or would you spend your $500.00 in new furniture—a piano, a phonograph, a kitchen cabinet, a new lamp, carpets or rugs, new beds and mattresses, or some other article to make your home more comfortable and cosy?

$100.00 To Help You

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD has added a new department of Home Decorating, Home Improving and Home Building. We want to know your needs in order that we may better help you through this department. Therefore we have set aside $100.00 in cash to be given in prizes to those whose ideas of the improvement they want in their houses are the best thought out and, in our judgment, the most thrifty and in the best taste to suit the circumstances.

1st Prize..... $50.00 cash
2nd Prize..... 20.00 cash
3rd Prize..... 5.00 cash
and 25 additional prizes of $1.00 each for the next best 25 ideas for spending $500.00 in improving a home

Plan What You Would Like to Do!

Plan out now what you would do. Get paper and pencil and put it all down.

If you want information, advice as to prices and costs on what you would like, write us for it. We will help you in any way we can, for it is for this purpose that we have started this new department of service for our readers.

A Few Suggestions

Fill out this form or copy it out on a larger sheet of paper as a guide, and send it to us for our information.

The Editor, Home Improvement Division
EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ont.

I am thinking of making some improvements in our home. I have checked off on the form below the improvements I would like to make, and have also stated what I expect the cost of such improvements to be—approximately, of course, since I cannot tell exactly.

Also, on another sheet I have described briefly just what it is that I want to do, and I should be glad of any advice and help you can give me in carrying out my plans.

I should like to put in:—

Check here		
	A hot water heating system.	costing about
	A hot air furnace	"
	A bathroom	"
	A fireplace	"
	Hardwood floors	"
	Cement floors in cellars	"
	Cement floor in verandah	"
	Cement walks	"
	A verandah	"
	Clothes closets	"
	New windows	"
	Another room or rooms	"
	Running water in the house	"
	A kitchen sink with drain	"
	A power washer	"
	A lighting system (state kind)	"
	A vacuum cleaner (state kind)	"
	A new range or stove	"
	(State what kind you prefer)	
	New furniture,—Piano	"
	—Phonograph	"
	—Kitchen cabinet	"
	—Lamp	"
	—Carpets	"
	—Beds, mattresses	"
	I would like to paint the house outside	costing
	I would like to paint rooms	"
	I would like to paper the rooms	"
	I would like to alabastine my walls	"

Or, if there is some other improvement that you want, that is not listed here, write and tell us about it just the same.

NOTE CAREFULLY—All replies in this Home-Improving contest must reach EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD not later than July 16th.

There is no expense to enter, and no string of any kind attached. All entries will be considered **absolutely confidential** where so desired, so feel free to write us fully, and get our help and advice.

Address all entries and correspondence to:—

The Editor, Home Improvement Division

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ont.

In an early issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, perhaps next month, we will announce $100.00 in prizes for "The Dream House"—an idea for the most modern, convenient house which any one would want to build. Following this, we will announce $ 0 0 for plans and photograph of a "Just Right" house a house that has actually been built somewhere n Canada, embodying a woman's own ideas, and which our readers will all want to know about. Watch out for these after announcements, and plan to take part in these contests, as well as in the foregoing one to win your share of the 00 00 which we are offering in prizes, for the home-making ideas we want.

Artificial Coloring of Sugar Prohibited by the Government

FOR many years the Canadian Public has been eating **Artificially Colored Sugars.** Government reports show that some refineries have used Ultramarine Blue to make their granulated sugar look better than it actually is. Others made use of Aniline and Vegetable Dyes to give a brilliant appearance to their soft or yellow sugars.

The use of dyes or coloring matter of any kind is unnecessary in refining Cane Sugar. This is emphasized in a notification sent to all refiners by the Dominion Government prohibiting the coloring of sugar, and in cases where it is found, prosecution proceedings will be entered under the Adulteration of Foods Act.

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The reason for this enormous business is not hard to explain. It means that the discriminating consumer has learned by actual use that Lantic Pure Cane Sugar is superior to all others.

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NO BEETS ARE USED
NO ULTRAMARINE BLUE IS USED
NO ANILINE DYES ARE USED
NO VEGETABLE DYES ARE USED

During the last two years we were told that we could increase our business in certain sections of Canada, if we would color our yellow soft sugars, as the public were accustomed to the more brilliant color. We refused and are glad we did so. The recent action of the Government has since vindicated our judgment.

Look for the Red Ball Trade-Mark

To be absolutely certain of getting Lantic Pure Cane Sugar, see that the Red Ball Trade-mark is on every bag or carton. It is our guaranty to you of Canada's Purest Sugar.

Your grocer has Lantic Sugar in stock or will get it for you if you insist.

Atlantic Sugar Refineries Limited

MONTREAL, P.Q. ST. JOHN, N.B.

Lantic Sugar

What Readers Think of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

HERE are a few of the many tokens of appreciation we have received from admiring readers. The strong popularity of the splendid stories, first class articles, up-to-date fashions, and interesting special departments contained in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is evidenced in a comparatively small way by the following interesting extracts from letters received lately.

A Real Benefit

To say your magazine is improving is expressing it mildly. Since reading the last few numbers, I find that the improvement is simply wonderful. The stories are splendid, and I am always proud to pass the magazine on to my friends. I am especially interested in Professor Farmer's articles. They are unique and are indeed a great help to ambitious parents "The Magpie's Nest" is an excellent story, and I also like to read the editorials. They show a comprehensive breadth of view and insight that is nothing short of remarkable, and keep your readers well informed on present day political conditions. What appeals to me most of all is the general atmosphere of Canadianism that is so irresistible in these patriotic times and that is a characteristic feature of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. —*Mary D. Clarke, Hamilton, Ont.*

Nothing but Praise

I wish to tell you that I hear nothing but praise of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD from all I know who are taking it. The covers are, I think, very attractive, and look splendid in frames. I enjoy the home talks by Jean Blewett, and the hints for the busy housewife. They seem to give the magazine such a homelike tone. It is just the thing for a tired mother to sit down with after a hard day's work The stories are refreshing and interesting, and I wouldn't want to be without EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD now that I have become so attached to it.—*Mrs. Thomson, Brantford, Ont.*

Nearly Perfection

I must compliment you on the remarkable progress you have made since you started in this business. Your magazine has greatly improved during the past year, and is now about as near perfection as any one could wish, and is infinitely superior to any other I have read The general style of the magazine is high class, and the stories and articles are enlightening and uplifting. There is no other magazine that finds such a welcome in my home and that is such an all round entertainer and instructor. It is inexpensive but popular amusement for a whole year.—*Mrs. R. Porter, Socrates, Sask.*

Good Recipes, Too

We have, for some time, been taking your valuable paper, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, and can truly say that it is well worth the price, and more. Each month we look forward to receiving our copy, and you may be sure it gets a warm reception. We made good use of the recipes; they are certainly practical and sensible.

We enjoy the stories very much, too, and are now looking forward with great anticipation to another instalment of "The Magpie's Nest." We are glad to be able to enjoy your big contests, too, and spend many a pleasant evening over those puzzles.—*Elva DeEllion, Success, Sask.*

Really Delightful

I think EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is a delightful magazine. I consider the stories interesting and wholesome, the illustrations beautiful, and the stories of interest to every member of the household. "The Magpie's Nest" is splendid, and I can hardly wait in patience for the next number to see how it turns out. All your serials are good as indeed is everything else in the magazine, but above all I am interested in Margaret Anglin's Career, and articles of that kind.

With a word of praise for the very excellent fashion pages, I will close, with best wishes for your success and prosperity.—*Barrie M. Dawe, Newfoundland*

For Old and Young

We have read your magazine for some time now and I think I am in a position to judge of its many merits. It is a clean family journal, and I would recommend it as good, wholesome reading for old and young. The stories are bright, entertaining, and second to none. The articles and household pages are instructive and interesting The fashions are smart and up-to-date and there are so many other interesting sections that I think it is a magazine well worth the whole year's subscription price for a single copy.—*Mrs. F. Clayton, New Albany, N.S.*

Serves a Double Purpose

The various subscribers whom I have secured for your magazine are unanimous in their praises for EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. In my opinion, it is a clean, healthy, entertaining, and educating periodical and should find a warm welcome in every home in Canada. The special articles on political questions keep our women abreast of the times and are especially interesting. Then your department for the benefit of the women in the home helps her to be efficient about the house, so that EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD serves a double purpose. It is now becoming a genuine necessity in Canadian homes.—*Mrs. N. Lachien, Montreal, Que.*

Superior to All Others

I read quite a number of journals, but I consider that EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is exceptionally fine, and far superior to any other I have read, either Canadian or American. The March number I found especially interesting, and I enjoy your stories very much. "The Magpie's Nest" is really a good story, and I am glad to see that it is by a Canadian author.

Success and prosperity will surely attend such an excellent publication as yours.—*A. A. Saunders, Ilford, England.*

Why Worry?

THE common soldier, whatever his nationality, is generally a cheerful philosopher. Especially if he is a Frenchman. Here is the newest statement of the philosophy of the French *poilu:*

Of two things one is certain: Either you're mobilized or you're not mobilized.

If you're not mobilized there's no need to worry; if you're on the Front, of two things one is certain: Either you're behind the lines or you're on the front.

If you're behind the lines there is no need to worry; if you're on the front, of two things one is certain: Either you're resting in a safe place or you're exposed to danger.

If you're resting in a safe place there is no need to worry; if you're exposed to danger, of two things one is certain: Either you're wounded or you're not wounded

If you're not wounded there is no need to worry; if you are wounded, of two things one is certain: Either you're wounded seriously or you're wounded slightly.

If you're wounded slightly there is no need to worry; if you're wounded seriously, of two things one is certain: Either you recover or you die.

If you recover there is no need to worry; if you die you can't worry.

Not bad philosophy, in the trenches or out.

THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPER

Keeping Pace With the High Cost of Everything

Practical Hints on the Question of Food

By DORIS HEMMING

DEAREST MARGUERITE:

You funny little witch! Your tale of housekeeping disasters is twice as amusing as it is tragic! Honey, did you really think you could be a successful cook and caterer without ever learning how?

You really must understand the first principles of food values, the use of proteins, carbohydrates, fats, and mineral matter, if you would be a successful caterer and cook.

Proteins, water, and mineral matter, build up and repair the tissues of the body, while carbohydrates, fats, and proteins, create energy. Proteins are found in meat, fish, milk, cheese, eggs, bread, and other articles made of wheat, oats, and corn, and also in legumes, by which I mean pod-bearing plants such as peas and beans. A sufficient amount of protein is especially necessary for growing children who are adding to their tissue as well as repairing it, and also for those engaged in severe brain work or any activity that requires more than a normal amount of effort. Protein is found in larger quantities in some foods than in others, and the diet must be varied so that the required quantity is consumed each day. Under normal conditions, there is enough protein for an adult in one helping of meat a day, in addition to ordinary amounts of milk, eggs, or cheese, and puddings and other dishes containing eggs and milk.

Fish is cheaper than meat and should be used more freely. A quart of milk thickened with flour and served with half a pound of dried codfish or finnan haddie contains as much protein as a pound and a half of sirloin steak—and costs much less. If two hard boiled eggs are added, the protein is increased still more, and you have a dish of high protein value that will serve a number of people. But don't use too much protein; too much is as bad as too little.

Next to protein comes water. We require 4½ pints of water daily, but as a great deal is already contained in our food, five tumblerfuls should be sufficient. Water keeps the skin and other parts of the body moist, and assists in maintaining a normal temperature.

Mineral matter, or "ash" as it is technically known, forms the bones, hair, nails, and teeth, and is, therefore, especially necessary for growing children. It is contained in small quantities in ordinary food, and, to a greater extent, in fruits and vegetables. Salt is the only food that is entirely composed of mineral matter. A diet that supplies protein, fats, and carbohydrates, in sufficient quantities, supplies all the mineral substances needed by the body, with the exception of salt.

The "fuel foods" are carbohydrates and fats; carbohydrates, is only long for starches and sugars. The fuel foods supply heat and energy, and we require greater quantities in cold weather when the low temperature of the air tends to reduce the heat of our bodies. Protein furnishes heat, also, but the idea is to supply sufficient carbohydrates to create energy in order to conserve the protein for the more important work of keeping the tissues in repair. Starches include potatoes, bread, cakes, rice, oatmeal, and other cereals. Watch the market closely and try substituting rice or hominy for potatoes when potatoes are dear. Sugar plays a prominent part in the heating proposition. Have plenty of jams and jellies on the table. Honey and syrups are also wholesome and cheap foods. Your well balanced menu must have a certain proportion of this class of food.

FATS and oils perform the same function as carbohydrates, and here again you can do some substituting. Try serving toast with bacon or eggs for breakfast, and less butter is required.

Milk is a very valuable food, particularly for children and invalids; its food value is high in comparison with other foods. Milk is 87 per cent. water, the remaining 13 per cent. is protein, carbohydrate, and fat, in perfect proportions. Since it needs no preparation the cost of fuel and labour is saved, and there is no waste. This is important, when we remember the percentage of waste in the preparation of fruits, vegetables, and meats. Worked out on a basis of to-day's prices, 11 cents expended on a quart of milk will buy the same amount of nourishment as 30 cents spent on animal foods.

Now that we have become familiar with the values of different foods, the next step is to study the combining of various articles to form a healthful diet. A diet should be composed of one-fifth protein, one-fifth fat, and three-fifths carbohydrates, to furnish the body with the nourishment required. Bread is a fairly complete food, lacking only in fat and water. Therefore, we butter our bread and eat it when drinking our tea.

Why do you suppose peas are usually served with lamb, and pork with apple sauce and "greens" of some sort? Simply because the percentage of protein in lamb is low and requires some supplement from the accompanying vegetables; therefore peas are chosen rather than a watery vegetable like tomatoes. In the pork, on the other hand, the excess of fat contained must be offset by the excess of water in the greens and the mineral qualities they contain. Thus it follows that when we have lamb, veal, poultry, or fish, we should serve a substantial vegetable such as macaroni, lima beans, parsnips, or sweet potatoes, or an especially nourishing dessert, such as a boiled pudding. When we have beef, mutton, or pork, we should combine them with watery vegetables, spinach, cabbage, vegetable marrow, lettuce, or tomatoes, and the dessert should be a jelly or fruit—something light and cool. If the meal we plan contains a superabundance of one food value, we should balance it with the other meals during the day. In cold weather serve a fairly large percentage of fat for the lower temperature will help to balance the excessive heat production.

NOW, let us turn our attention to the care of foods. There is more in this than you probably think. I cannot tell you how many times I have spent good money on food I have never used, having allowed it to spoil. Suitable cupboard space plays a prominent part in keeping food in condition. Cereals should be kept in a cool, dry place; spices and condiments, sugar and salt, tea and coffee, should all be in air-tight tins; canned and preserved goods stowed away in the dark.

Fresh fruits, such as oranges, lemons, peaches, tomatoes, etc., should be left in their original individual wrappings until ready to use; otherwise they are liable to bruise each other. Cut onions should never be left exposed to the air, for they attract all the germs that are flying about. If you have ordered berries, pick out the mouldy ones as soon as they arrive, rather than allow them to stand in the box until supper time. A mouldy berry will soon contaminate half-a-dozen others and you will find that, instead of having a dozen to throw away, you will lose quite a handful. Lettuce is particularly difficult to keep satisfactorily over night. The best way in summer is to lay it right on the ice. If this is not possible, the stalks can be put in a jar of water and covered with a heavy paper bag to keep the warm air away, taking care that the water is not allowed to rot the leaves.

Root vegetables, such as turnips, parsnips, etc., are better if some of the tops are left on, and a little earth is allowed to remain, in this way they do not dry up so quickly. Beets require very careful handling. They should never be cut until they are cooked, for otherwise the mineral matter will be extracted into the cooking water and the flavour and colour will be lost. When large potatoes are peeled for cooking they should never be cut up until ready to put on the stove to boil. If cut potatoes stand in water for awhile, enough starch will come out to form a sediment in the bottom of the vessel. Prove this yourself by straining off the top water and boiling down the residue.

If meat is to be kept raw over night in hot weather, a good plan is to sear the surface to make a thin outer coating to hold in the juices. Little pieces of cooked meat can be kept fresh if wrapped in waxed paper. Meat should never be washed in water when it comes from the butcher's. This is mistaken cleanliness. The water will draw out the juices of the meat and they are lost when the water is thrown away. A better way is to wipe the meat with a cloth dipped in salty water.

Milk requires a great deal of care, and should be kept closely covered. Don't pour out more than enough for a meal at a time, as a little milk that has stood about in a warm room will soon infect a whole bottle full of pure milk. Keep milk as cold as possible, and never leave it in the sun or on the back of the stove. Scald any milk that is left over at night and it is quite good enough for cooking next day. Sour milk can be used in many ways; with soda for gingerbread or pancakes, or to make a cottage cheese.

I have a few little wrinkles to keep the dinner warm when my perverse family insists on being unpunctual. This is really a very difficult problem if one is depending on a gas stove; many a good dinner has been dried to a chip by waiting half an hour on a low gas. Put a stopper in the sink and run it half full of hot water. Into this set the saucepans, adding more hot water as it cools. If only one member of the family is late, I serve a plate, cover it and place it over a saucepan of water to steam. This is an excellent plan, as the steam keeps the food both moist and warm.

Under the care of foods comes preserving. Of course, delicious canned fruits and vegetables can be bought at the grocer's, but most housekeepers still find that it is good policy to lay in a stock of home-made preserves, for with careful buying and still more careful bottling, a considerable saving is effected.

Very few realize what wonderful possibilities there are in bottling vegetables. Canned corn, peas, beans, and tomatoes, are turned out in such huge quantities by our canneries that it probably will not pay to preserve much of these varieties. But how about little carrots or whole chunks of rhubarb, or beets and onions when they are at their most delicate stage? They can all be preserved, bottled in cold water, salted or sweetened to taste. When the tops of the gem jars have been screwed on tight they should be placed in a cauldron of cold water, brought to a boil and kept simmering for an hour and then allowed to cool. In this way the original fresh flavour is preserved with very little cost or trouble.

The same method may be applied to meat. Sometimes I have bought a whole forequarter at a very low cost. The meat is cut up into roasts and stews and cooked in different ways, then bottled in gem jars, using gravy instead of water to fill the jars. These bottled meats are very handy if you haven't time to cook meat for dinner, for, as in the case of canned vegetables, all you have to do is to warm up and serve.

DO you know it is wonderful how much you can save by pickling eggs! When my neighbours are paying 45 cents a dozen in December and January for storage eggs that taste of every brand of sawdust, we are using eggs that I put away last April at about 20 or 25 cents a dozen. One satisfactory method is to preserve the eggs in water glass; in this way they can be kept for a whole year fresh enough for boiling. The amount of water glass necessary for your year's supply will amount to something like 25 cents which is trifling compared with the actual money saved. Try it next year. Another way of preserving eggs is in paraffin wax. Place the eggs—small ends down and fitting into the spaces between the wires—in a wire basket having a handle. Have the wax boiling and dip the basket with the eggs, into it, allowing it to remain not more than ten seconds. The eggs are coated evenly with the wax on the outside, and the heat cooks a thin layer of the albumen on the inside. Eggs treated in this way may be kept indefinitely. Wrap each egg carefully in soft parchment tissue paper, taking care not to scratch the wax surface.

Once you have mastered the first principles of cooking, without which a girl's education is not complete, you must turn your attention to using all the left-overs. A stock pot is a splendid way of disposing of little pieces of vegetables and meat, and even the water the vegetables are boiled in can be used. A plateful of meat left from dinner may be combined with cream sauce and baked in individual dishes for supper. Cold meat minced and stewed can be made to go much further if placed on buttered toast.

LITTLE pieces of cheese can be grated over cauliflower, which greatly improves its flavour and makes a nice change. The oil in a tin of salmon or sardines is very useful for frying fish. I save all my fats and drippings, and keep each kind separate in labelled jars. I always have a jug of fine bread crumbs handy for croquettes or scallops and, in this way, use up the ends of the loaves and the dry outside slices of bread. Rusks for soup are another good way of eliminating waste. Dry cake can be doctored up with custard and jelly into a most delicious dessert. Tops of vegetables or wilted lettuce can be used as greens in summer and very appetising they are, too, with a hard boiled egg sliced on top!

Oh, I could go on for another hour telling you all the inner secrets of my household economy—but it is late.

We'll down that High Cost of Living spectre yet, though it may tax our ingenuity to the utmost! Good-night and good luck!

Some Food Values

FOOD	Per cent. of Water	Per cent. of Protein	Per cent. of Fat	Per cent. of Carbohydrates	Per cent of Ash
Potatoes...	78.3	2.2	.1	18.4	1.0
Cabbage...	91.5	1.6	.3	5.6	1.0
Tomatoes..	94.3	.9	.4	3.9	.5
Rolled Oats.	7.7	16.7	7.3	66.2	2.1
Wheat Foods	9.6	12.1	1.8	75.2	1.3
Flour.....	12.3	11.7	1.1	74.5	.4
Lean Beef..	70.0	21.3	7.6	....	1.1
Dried Beef.	54.3	30.0	6.2	.4	9.1
Milk.....	87.0	3.3	4.0	5.0	.7
Cheese	34.2	25.9	33.7	2.4	3.8
Butter.....	11.0	1.0	85.0	....	3.0
Eggs.....	73.7	14.8	10.5	....	1.0
Beans.....	89.2	2.3	0.3	7.4	0.8
Shelled Peas	74.6	7.0	.5	16.9	1.0
Lentils	8.4	25.7	1.0	59.2	5.7
Dried Peas.	10.5	24.5	.1	62.0	2.9

Two Good Salad Recipes

Stuffed Beef Salad

Have ready, tender, cooked beets, from which the skin has been slipped. Cut a slice from the top of each beet that it may stand level; with a small round cutter score the root end and remove the centre at the scoring to form thin shelled cups or cases. Let these stand in French dressing half an hour or longer. For eight beets, chop fine from one to two cucumbers, add a scraping of onion, about four tablespoons olive oil, two of vinegar, and one-fourth teaspoon each of salt and paprika; mix thoroughly and fill the beets; set figures, cut from the beet removed, above the cucumbers. Garnish with lettuce. Shredded cabbage, endive, cress, or celery may be used in place of cucumber.

A Luncheon Salad

Cut two pieces from a grape fruit to leave a basket shape with handle. With a grape-fruit knife (these knives are particularly good for peeling potatoes) remove the grape fruit pulp in neat sections. Save all the juice with the pulp for the salad. With the knife and scissors remove all membrane from the grape-fruit basket and set it aside to become chilled. Peel three choice bananas, scrape off all threads, then cut in shreds (not too thin) about an inch and a half long. As fast as these are cut, pour over them a little grape fruit or lemon juice, or a little of both. Peel three ripe tomatoes, cut them in slices a generous half-inch thick, and each slice in three or four strips. When ready to serve, fill the basket with mayonnaise dressing and set it in the centre of a serving dish; around it dispose the prepared tomato, banana, and grape fruit (at least half of a second grape fruit will be needed). Garnish the edge of the dish with heart-leaves of lettuce.

Marjory Dale's Recipe Page

TASTY MENUS FOR JUNE

By MARJORY DALE

JUNE is an in between month, in Canada, for fruits and vegetables.

Dining well on small means is an art only to be acquired through experience and study. In the following menus, the way is made easy for the young housewife, the directions are exact, and if followed out will be found absolutely reliable.

Sardines on Toast

Cut bread one inch thick and fry in butter or olive oil. Place sardines on toast, cover, let heat. Serve at once.

Omelet, Egg Fluff (Individual)

Separate yolk and white; beat white to stiff froth, beat yolk; thoroughly mix together; turn into a small frying pan in which butter has been melted; fry slowly on one side. Double, turn on plate or platter.

Veal Souffles

Take left-over veal and run through mincer; pound to a paste, and moisten with two tablespoons of cream or milk and butter; add the beaten yolks of one or two eggs according to the amount of veal and season with parsley, salt and pepper; add the froth white of the egg; put quickly and lightly into a buttered mould and set, either in a hot oven for a few minutes, or in a saucepan of boiling water. Cook only long enough to set the egg. Too much cooking will toughen the egg, and spoil souffle. Serve at once, with thinned and reheated veal gravy.

Baked Salmon

Two pounds salmon steak or one small fish, butter, salt, pepper, and bread crumbs. Prepare fish, and open flat. Butter baking pan well; thoroughly season fish with salt and pepper, cover with bread crumbs and add lumps of butter. Bake until golden brown, about twenty-five minutes, basting often.

Spinach

Put spinach in a pan of cold water for several hours. Pick over each leaf carefully, wash in several waters to get out all the sand; when perfectly clean, there will not be any sand on the bottom of pan. Cook in 3 pints of boiling water, to which a teaspoon of salt has been added, for twenty-five minutes; drain, add salt and pepper, a little thickening, and a generous piece of butter. Arrange on platter garnished with slices of hard boiled eggs.

Chocolate Pudding

Heat 2½ cups of milk with 1 square of chocolate, stirring constantly until chocolate is dissolved; then add four level tablespoons of corn starch mixed with ½ cup of cold milk or water. Boil for fifteen or twenty minutes in a double boiler; add the yolks of 2 eggs beaten with a tablespoon of sugar and a pinch of salt. Beat well, cook two minutes, flavour with a teaspoon of vanilla. Turn into a mould and serve ice cold with the following sauce:

Sauce

Froth the egg white and whip into 1 cup of boiling milk, sweeten with a tablespoon of sugar, add a few grains of salt, and flavour with a teaspoon of vanilla and a dust of nutmeg. Set on ice.

Tuna Fish Salad

One can Tuna fish, 2 hard boiled eggs, 1 green pepper, lettuce, salad dressing. Remove Tuna fish and break with a fork. Cut in hard boiled eggs and green pepper finely chopped. Mix with the following dressing:

Yolk of 1 egg, 1 cup olive oil, salt, paprika, juice of 1 lemon. Have plate, fork, and olive oil, ice cold; beat egg, drop oil, drop by drop, it will become quite firm like jelly, add salt and paprika to taste, and beat in lemon juice.

Creamed Celery on Toast

Wash, string and dice celery, about 2½ cups, put on to boil in cold salt water to just cover; when tender, and water has boiled down considerably, add 1½ cups of milk, butter, salt and pepper to taste, and thickening; bring to boiling point. Serve on toast.

Jellied Veal

Line a pint bowl with slices of hard boiled eggs, fill with chopped veal, seasoned with salt, pepper and a little melted butter; pour over 1 cup of cold water in which 1½ tablespoons of gelatine has been dissolved. Set on ice.

Potato and Green Pepper Salad

One and one-half cups of cold diced potatoes, 2 hard boiled eggs, 1 spray of parsley finely chopped, juice of 2 onions, 3 minced green peppers, salt and pepper. Mix all together and add a mayonnaise. Serve on shredded lettuce.

Liver Surprise

Make usual Patti de Forqu and form in croquettes, roll in egg and bread crumbs, and fry in oil.

Strawberry Shortcake

Sift together ½ cup flour, ½ even teaspoon baking powder, and a large pinch of salt; cut into this butter size of ¼ an egg; add ¼ cup milk. Spread this paste in a jelly cake pan, and bake fifteen or twenty minutes in a hot oven.

Pick over 1 box of berries, mash with a cup of sugar, cut open cake and spread berries between, put on top. Serve with cream. Canned strawberries may be used.

Strawberry Whip

Mash to a pulp 1½ to 2 cups of ripe strawberries and sweeten to taste, add 2 tablespoons of gelatine soaked in a tablespoon of cold water and then melted; add the beaten whites of 2 eggs. Set on ice and serve ice cold in sherbet glasses, with a little whipped cream.

Cream of Lettuce Soup

Wash four heads of leaf lettuce or one of head lettuce; simmer slowly three quarters of an hour, covered with water; run through colander to rub out all liquid. To the liquid add 1½ cups of milk, generous piece of butter, salt and pepper to taste, and a little dissolved corn starch for thickening. Serve hot with croutons.

Ivory Cream with Berries

Heat in a double boiler 1 pint of milk, ¼ cup of sugar, 1½ tablespoons gelatine soaked in ¼ cup cold water, cool and add 1 teaspoon of vanilla; as it begins to stiffen fold in 1 cup of whipped cream. Mould and serve on platter, surrounded with berries. Blend together flour, milk and seasoning, beat the egg very light and combine the mixtures. Melt the butter in a frying pan and when very hot turn in the mixtures. Place in the lower part of a very hot oven, and when it is puffed up and browned on the bottom, set it on the upper grate to finish cooking, and brown slightly. When this is done spread cheese over and when it melts, fold, turn on a hot platter and serve at once.

MENU CALENDAR FOR JUNE

Fri., June 1st	Sat., June 2nd	Sun., June 3rd	Mon., June 4th
BREAKFAST Oranges Top Milk Cream of Wheat Toast Coffee	BREAKFAST Prunes Egg Fluff Toast Tea	BREAKFAST Banana Uncooked Cereal Top Milk Toast Bacon Curls Coffee	BREAKFAST Stewed Apricots Shredded Wheat Whole Milk Poached Eggs on Toast Cereal Beverage
LUNCHEON Sardines on Toast Lettuce Salad Cake Iced Tea	LUNCHEON Veal Souffle Iced Milk Graham Bread Butter Rice Pudding	DINNER Clear Veal Broth Roast Beef Lettuce Browned Potatoes Watercress Salad Lemon Pie Coffee	LUNCHEON Creamed Boiled Celery on Toast Watercress Iced Milk Gingerbread
DINNER Roast Veal Boiled Rice New Buttered Carrots Strawberries Cream Coffee	DINNER Baked Salmon Spinach Bread and Butter Baked Potatoes Chocolate Pudding Coffee	SUPPER Tuna Fish Salad on Lettuce Brown Bread & Butter Fingers Jelly Crackers Tea	DINNER Jellied Veal (made from the soup meat) Potato and Green Pepper Salad Strawberry Whip Tea
Tues., June 5th	**Wed., June 6th**	**Thur., June 7th**	**Fri., June 8th**
BREAKFAST Oranges Toast Scrambled Eggs Coffee	BREAKFAST Boiled Eggs Fruit Toast Cocoa	BREAKFAST Prunes Curried Eggs Toast Coffee	BREAKFAST Swedish Omelet Coffee Rice Muffins
LUNCHEON Liver Surprise Crackers Mashed Potatoes Brown Bread Butter Jelly Tea	LUNCHEON Reheated Lamb Curry Baked Green Apple Butterscotch Sauce Iced Tea	LUNCHEON Left-over Cold Boiled White Fish with Parsley Sauce Toast Fingers Tea	LUNCHEON Brown Bread Butter Tuna Fish Salad Tea
DINNER Cream of Lettuce Soup Curry with Rice Toast Pudding Coffee	DINNER Boiled White Fish Parsley Sauce Baked Stuffed Potatoes Lettuce Salad Strawberry Short Cake Tea	DINNER Stock Soup Roast Lamb Mint Sauce Rice Lettuce Salad Prune Fluff	DINNER Clear Soup with Spaghetti Cold Roast Lamb Beets in Jelly Coffee Strawberries
Sat., June 9th	**Sun., June 10th**	**Mon., June 11th**	**Tues., June 12th**
BREAKFAST Boiled Rice with Dates Top Milk Toast Coffee	BREAKFAST Oranges Omelet Rolls Coffee	BREAKFAST Uncooked Cereal Whole Milk Toast Coffee	BREAKFAST Cereal with Bananas Top Milk Toast Coffee
LUNCHEON Panned Tomatoes on Toast Cream Sauce Cake Iced Tea	LUNCHEON Roast Beef Brown Sauce Corn Baked Potatoes Fruit Salad Coffee Canned Berry Pie	LUNCHEON Sardines on Lettuce Baking Powder Biscuits Tea	LUNCHEON Corn Pudding Whole Wheat Bread Tea Jelly
DINNER Casserole Steak Potatoes Spinach Ivory Cream Berries Coffee	SUPPER Celery stuffed with Home-made Pimento Cheese Lettuce and Cress Crackers Jelly Iced Tea	DINNER Cold Roast Beef Brown Bread Butter Beet Salad Strawberries	DINNER Beef Pie Lettuce Salad Custard Cake Tea
Wed., June 13th	**Thurs., June 14th**	**Fri., June 15th**	**Sat., June 16th**
BREAKFAST Boiled Rice Top Milk Toast Coffee	BREAKFAST Stewed Cherries Toast Omelet Coffee	BREAKFAST Poached Eggs Coffee Whole Wheat Gems	BREAKFAST Boiled Rice with raisins Top Milk Toast Coffee
LUNCHEON Tomatoes heated and served on Toast Baking Powder Biscuits Tea	LUNCHEON Cream Spaghetti Pimento Cheese Brown Bread	LUNCHEON Puree of Lima Beans Brown Bread Butter Strawberry Short Cake	LUNCHEON Poached Eggs on Toast Tomato Sauce Tea
DINNER Cream of Pea Soup Stuffed Breast of Veal Brown Sauce Boiled Rice Buttered Carrots Cherry Pie	DINNER Tomato Soup Veal Croquettes Peas Lettuce Mayonnaise Prune Pie	DINNER Normandy Soup (veal bones) Casserole Steak with Potatoes Spinach Fruit	DINNER Stock Soup Suet Dumplings Boiled Leg of Mutton Caper Sauce Rice Pudding Coffee

Lamb Curry with Rice

Two pounds of lamb (clear meat), 1 large onion, 1 clove of garlic, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 2 tablespoons shredded cocoanut, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 1 teaspoon ground allspice, 1½ tablespoons butter, juice of 1 small lemon.

Boil lamb in salted water till almost tender, then cut in small pieces. Melt the butter, add the garlic and onion, mince and cook slowly until onion is soft, then turn in salt, pepper, curry, cocoanut, and spices. Add to meat. There should not be more than 2 cups of broth; return the meat and curry mixture to the broth and thicken with a tablespoon of flour to each cup of liquid. Cook for thirty minutes more; add lemon juice, and serve in a border of rice.

Toast Pudding

Six pieces of stale toast, no butter; butter baking dish and lay in the toast; beat 2 eggs with 3 tablespoons sugar, and nutmeg to taste, add pint of milk; pour over bread. Bake in a very slow oven until custard is set.

Prune Fluff

One pound dried prunes, ¼ cup whipping cream. Wash prunes, put into boiling water for a few minutes. Drain and soak for twenty-four hours in sufficient cold water to cover. Drain off liquid, remove stones, pass the prunes through a colander, whip the cream, and fold in the prune pulp. Serve in sherbet glasses.

Curried Eggs

Three hard boiled eggs, 1½ tablespoon melted butter, 1½ tablespoons flour, salt, curry to season, a dash of pepper, and a cup of hot milk; slice eggs, placing all together, and warm in a saucepan, then serve.

Swedish Omelet

Three eggs, ¼ cup milk, ¼ teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, ¼ tablespoon flour, ¼ tablespoon butter, little over ¼ cup of thinly sliced cheese, 3 teaspoons corn starch, ¼ cup boiling water. Boil beets (or use canned), make a jelly by mixing together corn starch, vinegar, and boiling water; cook until clear, which will be in about five minutes, pour mixture round the beets and cool. Turn out on lettuce leaves and serve with mayonnaise.

Puree of Lima Beans

Soak over night 1 cup of dried beans in 2 quarts of cold water. In the morning throw away the water, add a slice of lightly browned salt pork, cover with a quart of fresh cold water, add a couple of slices of onions, ½ teaspoon salt, and cook until beans are mushy; strain; add to the liquid one teaspoon of butter rubbed with the same of flour, boil up, and add boiling milk enough to make like soup of an agreeable consistency, with salt and pepper to taste.

Giblet Sauce

Wash and cut giblets, put on to boil, covered in water until tender; brown 3 tablespoons of flour in 1½ tablespoons of butter or dripping; add the giblets and liquid to this, season with salt and pepper.

Rice Muffins

Two and one-quarter cups flour, ¾ cup hot cooked rice, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 cup milk, ½ teaspoon salt, 5 teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons sugar. Mix and sift the flour, baking powder, sugar and salt together. Add milk to the dry ingredients. Mix thoroughly, add butter, and fold in the rice. It will take a scant ¼ cup of raw rice to make ¾ of a cup of boiled rice. Turn into buttered gem pans and bake in a quick oven, twenty to thirty minutes.

Beets in Jelly

Four small beets, 5 tablespoons sugar, ½ cup vinegar, 3 teaspoons arrowroot or corn starch, ¼ cup boiling water. Boil beets, cool and set in small moulds. Make a jelly by mixing together the sugar, corn starch, vinegar, and boiling water. Cook until clear, about five minutes. Pour mixture around beets, set away to cool. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.

Baked Cheese

Buttered bread, 1 egg, 1½ cups dried cheese, ¾ cup milk, salt and pepper to taste. Butter a baking dish or casserole and line it with buttered bread. Put in cheese; beat egg, add to it the milk and seasoning. Pour over cheese and bake in a moderate oven until the cheese is melted and brown. 1½ to 2 pounds round steak chopped, a little nutmeg, tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, tabelspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 beaten egg, ½ cup bread crumbs soaked, strained, and wrung dry in a cloth. Mix thoroughly and shape into rolls. Bake about thirty-five minutes, basting every five minutes with bacon or salt pork. Serve with tomato sauce.

Macaroni Jambalaya

Four ounces elbow macaroni or 1 cupful broken into 1-inch lengths, 1 green pepper, 3 hard cooked eggs, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 onion, 1 cup canned tomatoes, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon paprika, cheese. Boil macaroni ½ hour, drain, rinse with cold water. Chop the pepper and onion, and cook with the tomatoes, butter and seasoning for fifteen minutes. Then add macaroni and the egg whites chopped fine. Heat through, and serve on a rather flat dish, sprinkling the cheese mixed with the egg yolks, which have been pressed through a sieve.

Creamed Tuna Fish

One can Tuna fish, 1 hard boiled egg, 1 green pepper, white sauce. Remove Tuna fish from can and break with fork. Make a white sauce of 1 cup milk, 1 cup water, butter size of an egg, salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons flour for thickening. Wash green pepper, remove membrane and chop fine, cook till tender in water. Then add fish, green pepper, hard boiled egg finely chopped, to the white sauce. Bring to boiling point, and serve.

Coffee Ice Cream

Dissolve ½ cup sugar in ½ cup strong coffee; whip ¾ of a pint of ice cold thick cream, whip the coffee and sugar thoroughly into this. Pour into vessel, and pack quickly in ice freezer.

Orange Jelly Salad

The prepared jelly may be used, or make a jelly of 1 pint of boiling water, juice of 3 oranges, 1 teaspoon of orange flavour, and 2½ tablespoons or ½ package of gelatine; set away to cool and jell. When ready to serve, cut in cubes. Pile on lettuce leaves with a little chopped nut meats, mayonnaise dressing mixed with cream or milk.

Chicken Fricasee

Prepare a nice fat boiling chicken, wash thoroughly, and put on to boil with a little onion, salt, some celery, and a carrot, in a pot. Cover with water and let simmer until tender; the liquid can be used for soup. Chop fine 2 cloves of garlic and fry a golden brown in butter. Then add 3 to 4 tablespoons flour. Stir until brown; season with salt and pepper; stir in 2 cups of chicken liquor, bring to boiling point. Disjoint chicken, place in the pan and heat thoroughly. Serve on platter with gravy thrown over it.

Lettuce and Egg Salad

Four hard boiled eggs, remove shell. Chop the white and lay on shredded lettuce leaves; sprinkle with a little onion juice, salt, and a little chopped green pepper. Rub egg yolk through a sieve and mix with mayonnaise. Place on top of salad. Serve.

Potato Savoury No. 1

Cut an onion, add 1 cup tomato pulp, and put in a well buttered pie dish. Make the next layer of potatoes sliced, put a layer of chopped peppers next, sprinkle with small sago. Make the top layer of sliced potatoes, season with salt and cayenne, and dot well with butter. Fill the dish with boiling water and bake in a slow oven for three hours.

Potato Savoury No. 2

Three medium sized potatoes, ½ small onio 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup water, 1½ teaspoons salt. Peel and slice the onion in the bottom of a buttered pan. Then slice the potato. There should be 1 pint of sliced potatoes. Sprinkle with salt and pour over the hot water. Bake in a slow oven for two hours.

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